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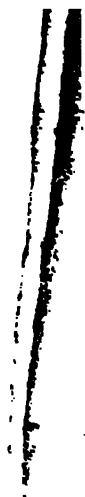








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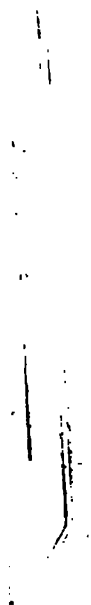


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BELL's
BRITISH THEATRE.

VOL. III.



BELL's
BRITISH THEATRE.

CONSISTING OF
THE MOST ESTEEMED
ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING

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CATO, — ADDISON,
JANE SHORE, — ROWE.
ROMAN FATHER, — WHITEHEAD.

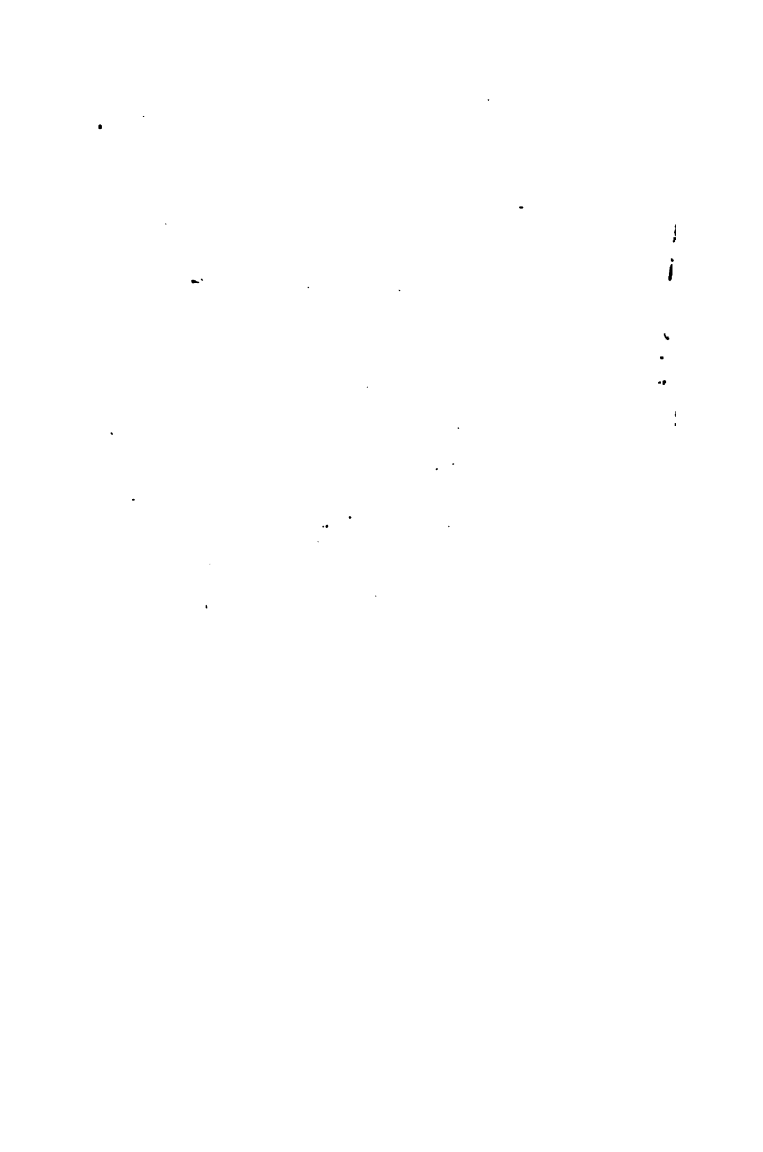
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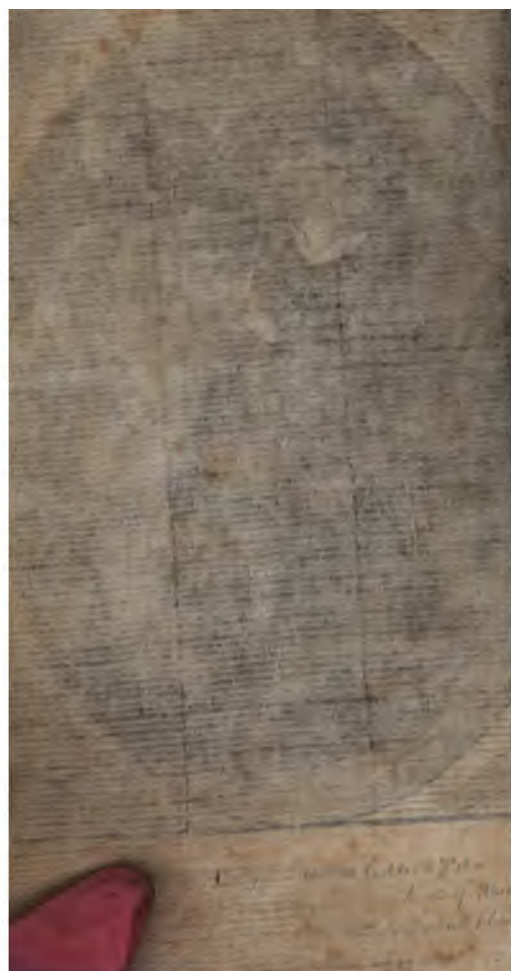


Do Wills and ever prove?

MISS BRUNTON as CALISTA.

*And you, ye glittering heavenly hosts of Stars
Hide your fair heads in Clouds, or I shall blun*





THE
AIR PENITENT.

A
TRAGEDY.

BY NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

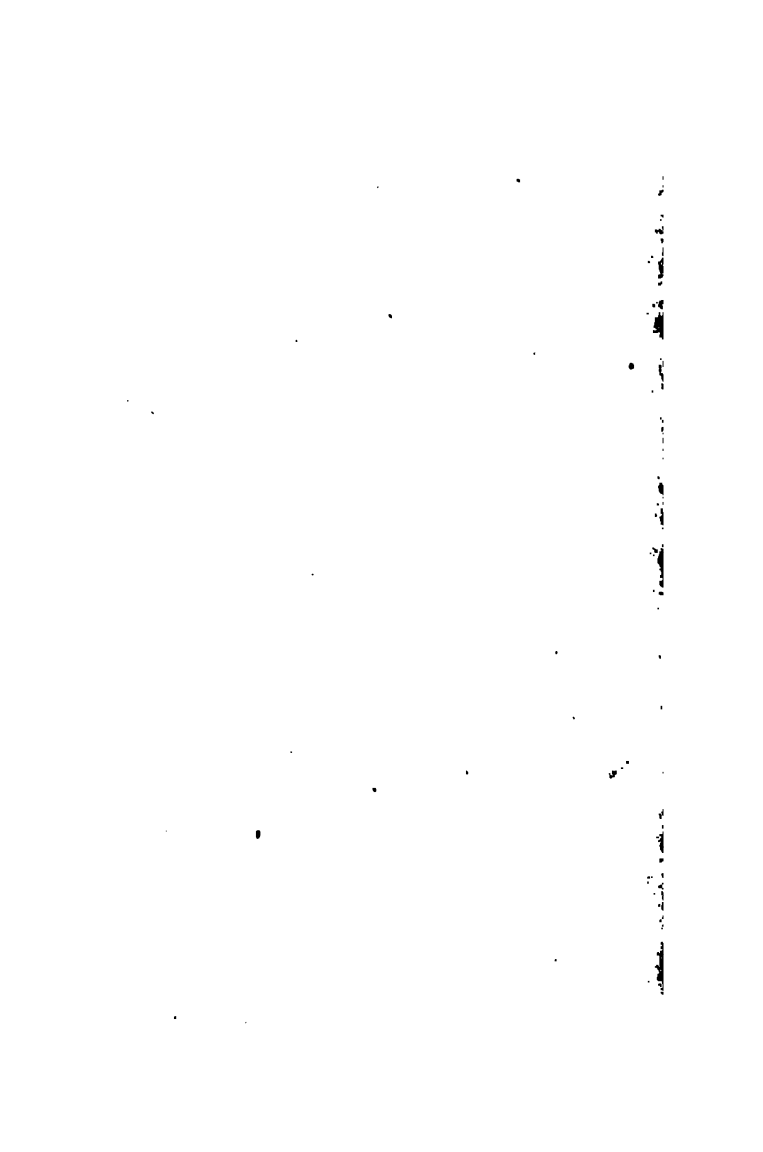
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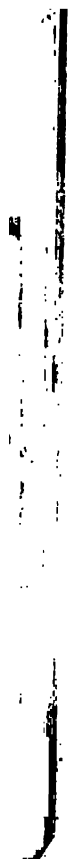
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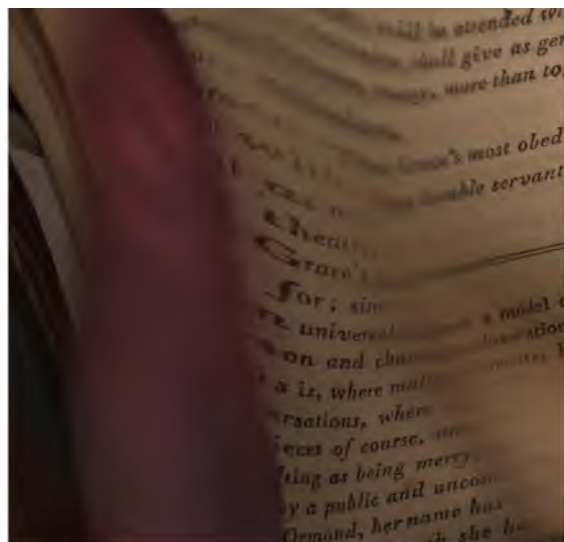
TO HER GRACE THE
DUTCHESS OF ORMOND.

MADAM,

THE privilege of poetry (or it may be the vanity of the pretenders to it) has given 'em a kind of right to pretend at the same time, to the favour of those, whom their high birth and excellent qualities have placed in a very distinguishing manner above the rest of the world. If this be not a received maxim, yet I am sure I am to wish it were, that I may have at least some kind of excuse for laying this tragedy at your Grace's feet. I have too much reason to fear that it may prove but an indifferent entertainment to your Grace, since, if I have any way succeeded in it, it has been in describing those violent passions which have been always strangers to so happy a temper, and so noble and so exalted a virtue as your Grace is mistress of. Yet, for all this, I cannot but confess the vanity which I have, to hope that there may be something so moving in the misfortunes and distress of the play, as may be not altogether unworthy of your Grace's pity. This is one of the main designs of tragedy; and

excite this generous pity in the greatest minds, may pass for some kind of success in this way of writing. I am sensible of the presumption I am guilty of by this hope, and how much it is that I pretend to in your Grace's approbation; if it be my good fortune to meet with any little share of it, I shall always look upon it as much more to me than the general applause of the theatre, or even the praise of a good critick. Your Grace's name is the best protection this play can hope for; since the world, ill-natured as it is, agrees in an universal respect and deference for your Grace's person and character. In so censorious an age as this is, where malice furnishes out all the public conversations, where every body pulls and is pulled to pieces of course, and where there is hardly such a thing as being merry, but at another's expence; yet by a public and uncommon justice to the Dutchess of Ormond, her name has never been mentioned, but as it ought, though she has beauty enough to provoke detraction from the fairest of her own sex, and virtue enough to make the loose and dissolute of the other (a very formidable party) her enemies. Instead of this, they agree to say nothing of her but what she deserves. That her spirit is worthy of her birth; her sweetness, of the love and respect of all the world; her piety, of her religion; her service, of her royal mistress; and her beauty and truth, of her lord; that, in short, every part of her character is just, and that

thing further to add, the loss we shall suffer by Grace's journey to Ireland; the Queen's plea- and the impatient wishes of that nation, are to deprive us of our public ornaments. But is no arguing against reasons so prevalent as Those who shall lament your Grace's absence, yet acquiesce in the wisdom and justice of her Majesty's choice: among all whose royal favours, could be so agreeable, upon a thousand ac- counts, to that people, as the Duke of Ormond. With joy, what acclamations shall they meet a Governor, who, beside their former obligations to his Majesty, has so lately ventured his life and fortune for their preservation! What duty, what submission they not pay to that authority which the Queen has delegated to a person so dear to them? And with what honour, what respect, shall they receive your Grace, when they look upon you as the noblest and



NICHOLAS ROWE.

WAS the son of JOHN ROWE, Esq, Serjeant at Law---A place called Little Berkford in Bedfordshire had the honour of the birth of this Poet in the year 1673.---A private seminary at Highgate gave him the rudiments of learning, and, that he might be perfect as a classic, he was sent to Westminster, under Busby. .

His father, designing him for his own profession, entered him at 16 years of age a Student of the Middle Temple, but he was destined to rise alone in the Temple of the Muses—He had some law there is no doubt, but he had more poetry.

Business of a graver nature, however, he at a distant period accepted—he was Under-Secretary to the Duke of Queensberry, when that Nobleman was Secretary of State.

Under the reign of George I. he united two *emoluments not often combined*, for he became

Poet Laureat and Land-Surveyor of the Customs
 —He was, further, Clerk of the Prince's Council,
 &c. but death frustrated the honours of Office,
 Dec. 6, 1718, in the 45th year of his age.

He sought the public approbation by various
 channels—He edited SHAKSPERE—he translated
 LUCAN, and he composed the following PLAYS.

<i>Adapted from Andromache</i>			
<i>Ambitious Step-Mother</i>	1700	<i>Ulysses</i>	1706
<i>Tamerlane</i>	1702	<i>Royal Convert</i>	1708
<i>Fair Penitent</i>	1703	<i>Jane Shore</i>	1713
<i>Biter</i>	1705	<i>Jane Gray</i>	1715

FAIR PENITENT.

THIS Tragedy has the usual characteristics of ROWE—Suavity—Pomp—a sententious Morality—little action, less passion. He wins upon the ear—he never irresistibly seizes on the heart.

Dramatically, ROWE must be considered as the founder of a subordinate idea of the nature of Tragic structure—He is content to be graceful, and occasionally aims to be grand—his characters sooth and satiate—they are wearisomely uniform—Sympathy he has seldom the secret to command—SHORE does draw tears, and only Shore.

This play bespeaks *Italian* reading, and yet of Italian, ROWE knew so little that he sounds SCIOLTO a trisyllable. What is his merit it may be asked?—moral purpose? not always. Versification is nearly the whole of it.—But though majestic and harmonious, it is not the versification best adapted to the Stage.—It is too perpetually polished—his lines are not sufficiently broken by pauses.

PROLOGUE.

*LONG has the fate of kings and empires been
The common bus'ness of the tragic scene,
As if misfortune made the throne her seat,
And none could be unhappy, but the great.
Dearly, 'tis true, each buys the crown he wears,
And many are the mighty monarch's cares;
By foreign foes and home-bred factions prest,
Few are the joys he knows, and short his hours of rest.
Stories like these with wonder we may hear;
But far remote, and in a higher sphere,
We ne'er can pity what we ne'er can share:
Like distant battles of the Pole and Swede,
Which frugal citizens o'er coffee read,
Careless for who should fall or who succeed.
Therefore an humbler theme our author chose,
A melancholy tale of private woes:
No princes here lost royalty bemoan,
But you shall meet with sorrows like your own:
Here see imperious love his vassals treat
As hardly as ambition does the great;
See how succeeding passions rage by turns,
How fierce the youth with joy and rapture burns,
And how to death, for beauty lost, he mourns.*

*Let no nice taste the poet's art arraign,
If some frail vicious characters he feign :
Who writes, should still let nature be his care,
Mix shades with lights, and not paint all things fair,
But shew you men and women as they are.
With deference to the fair, he bade me say,
Few to perfection ever found the way :
Many in many parts are known t' excel,
But 'twere too hard for one to act all well ;
Whom justly life would through each scene commend,
The maid, the wife, the mistress, and the friend ;
This age, 'tis true, has one great instance seen,
And Heav'n, in justice, made that one a queen.*

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

SCIOLTO, a nobleman of Genoa	- - -	Mr. Aickin.
ALTAMONT, a young lord, in love with Calista	- - -	Mr. Barrymore.
HORATIO, his friend	- - -	Mr. Bensley.
LOTHARIO, a young lord and enemy to Altamont	- - -	Mr. Palmer.
ROSSANO, his friend	- - -	Mr. Williams.

Women.

CALISTA, daughter to Sciolto	- - -	Mrs. Siddons.
LAVINIA, sister to Altamont, and wife to Horatio	- - -	Mrs. Ward.
LUCILLA, confidant to Calista	- - -	Miss Palmer.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

SCIOLTO, a nobleman of Genoa	- - -	Mr. Aickin.
ALTAMONT, a young lord, in love with Calista	- - -	Mr. Farren.
HORATIO, his friend	- - -	Mr. Harley.
LOTHARIO, a young lord, and enemy to Altamont	- - -	Mr. Holman.
ROSSANO, his friend	- - -	Mr. Evatt.

Women.

CALISTA, daughter to Sciolto	- - -	Miss Brunton.
LAVINIA, sister to Altamont, and wife to Horatio	- - -	Miss Chapman.
LUCILLA, confidant to Calista	- - -	Miss Stuart.

Servants to Sciolto.

SCENE, Sciolto's palace and garden, with some part of the street near it, in Genoa.



THE
HONOURABLE
PENITENT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter SCIOLTO's palace. Enter ALTAMONT and HORATIO.

Altamont.

Thy day be ever sacred,
Thy misfortunes happen on it :
Thy triumphs and rejoicings ;
Thy ever make it holy,
Thy their hopes, and crown their wishes,
Thy give me my Calista.

Thy lay thy better stars
Thy best influence on thee ;
Thy s'd thee first,
Thy thy father's grave,
Thy restores thy name
Thy lustre which it boasted,
Thy had forgot
Thy father's arms ;
Thy lie long had serv'd
Thy winter-camps,
Thy want and wretchedness.

And made their court to faction by his ruin.

Alt. Oh, great Sciolto ! Oh, my more than father !

Let me not live, but at thy very name ! 20

My eager heart springs up, and leaps with joy.

When I forget the vast, vast debt I owe thee——

Forget ! (but 'tis impossible) then let me

Forget the use and privilege of reason,

Be driven from the commerce of mankind,

To wander in the desert among brutes,

“ To bear the various fury of the seasons,

“ The night's unwholsome dew and noon-day's heat,”

To be the scorn of earth and curse of Heav'n !

Hor. So open, so unbounded was his goodness,

It reach'd ev'n me, because I was thy friend.

When that great man I lov'd, thy noble father,

Bequeath'd thy gentle sister to my arms,

His last dear pledge and legacy of friendship,

That happy tie made me Sciolto's son ;

He call'd us his, and, with a parent's fondness,

Indulg'd us in his wealth, bless'd us with plenty,

Heal'd all our cares, and sweeten'd love itself.

Alt. By Heav'n he found my fortunes so abandon'd,

That nothing but a miracle could raise 'em : 40

My father's bounty, and the state's ingratitude,

Had stripp'd him bare, nor left him ev'n a grave.

Undone myself and sinking with his ruin,

I had no wealth to bring, nothing to succour him,

But fruitless tears.

Hor. Yet what thou could'st, thou didst,

And didst it like a son ; when his hard creditors,

Urg'd and assisted by Lothario's father,
 (Foe to thy house, and rival of their greatness)
 By sentence of the cruel law forbid
 His venerable corpse to rest in earth,
 Thou gav'st thyself a ransom for his bones;
 With piety uncommon didst give up
 Thy hopeful youth to slaves who ne'er knew mercy,
 Sour, unrelenting, money-loving villains,
 Who laugh at human nature and forgiveness,
 And are like fiends, the factors of destruction.
 Heav'n, who beheld the pious act, approv'd it,
 And bade Sciolto's bounty be its proxy,
 To bless thy filial virtue with abundance. 60

Alt. But see he comes, the author of my happiness,
 The man who sav'd my life from deadly sorrow,
 Who bids my days be blest with peace and plenty,
 And satisfies my soul with love and beauty.

Enter SCIOLTO; he runs to ALTAMONT, and embraces him.

Sci. Joy to thee, Altamont! Joy to myself!
 Joy to this happy morn that makes thee mine;
 That kindly grants what nature had denied me,
 And makes me father of a son like thee.

Alt. My father! Oh, let me unlade my breast,
 Pour out the fulness of my soul before you;
 Shew every tender, every grateful thought,
 This wond'rous goodness stirs. But 'tis impossible,
 And utterance all is vile; since I can only
 Swear you reign here, but never tell how much.

"Sci. It is enough; I know thee, thou art honest;

“ Goodness innate, and worth hereditary
“ Are in thy mind; thy noble father’s virtues
“ Spring freshly forth, and blossom in thy youth.
“ *Alt.* Thus Heav’n from nothing rais’d his faint c
ation,

“ And then, with wondrous joy, beheld its beauty
“ Well pleas’d to see the excellence he gave.”

Sci. O, noble youth! I swear since first I knew th
Ev’n from that day of sorrows when I saw thee,
Adorn’d and lovely in thy filial tears,
The mourner and redeemer of thy father,
I set thee down, and seal’d thee for my own :
Thou art my son, ev’n near me as Calista.
Horatia and Lavinia too are mine ; [*Embraces He*
All are my children, and shall share my heart.
But wherefore waste we thus this happy day ?
The laughing minutes summon thee to joy,
And with new pleasures court thee as they pass ;
Thy waiting bride ev’n chides thee for delaying,
And swears thou com’st not with a bridegroom’s ha
Alt. Oh! could I hope there was one though

Altamont,

One kind remembrance in Calista’s breast,
The winds with all their wings would be too slow
To bear me to her feet. For, Oh, my father!
Amidst the stream of joy that bears me on,
Blest as I am, and honour’d in your friendship,
There is one pain that hangs upon my heart.

Sci. What means my son ?

Alt. When at your intercession,

Last night, Calista yielded to my happiness,
 Just ere we parted, as I seal'd my vows
 With rapture on her lips, I found her cold,
 As a dead lover's statue on his tomb;
 A rising storm of passion shook her breast,
 Her eyes a piteous show'r of tears let fall,
 And then she sigh'd, as if her heart were breaking.
 With all the tend'rest eloquence of love
 I begg'd to be a sharer in her grief:
 But she, with looks averse, and eyes that froze me,
 Sadly reply'd, her sorrows were her own,
 Nor in a father's power to dispose of.

Sci. Away! it is the cozenage of their sex;
 One of the common arts they practise on us:
 To sigh and weep then when their hearts beat high
 With expectation of the coming joy.
 Thou hast in camps and fighting fields been bred,
 Unknowing in the subtleties of women; 121
 The virgin bride, who swoons with deadly fear,
 To see the end of all her wishes near,
 When blushing; from the light and public eyes,
 To the kind covert of the night she flies,
 With equal fires to meet the bridegroom moves,
 Melts in his arms, and with a loose she loves. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter LOTHARIO and ROSSANO.

Loth. The father, and the husband!

Ros. Let them pass.

They saw us not.

Loth. I care not if they did;
 Ere long I mean to meet 'em face to face,

And gall 'em with my triumph o'er Calista.

Ros. You lov'd her once.

Loth. I lik'd her, would have marry'd her,
But that it pleas'd her father to refuse me,
To make this honourable fool her husband :
For which, if I forget him, may the shame
I mean to brand his name with, stick on mine.

Ros. She, gentle soul, was kinder than her fath

Loth. She was, and oft in private gave me hear
Till, by long list'ning to the soothing tale,
At length her easy heart was wholly mine.

Ros. I've heard you oft describe her, haughty
solent,
And fierce with high disdain : it moves my wond
That virtue, thus defended, should be yielded
A prey to loose desires.

Loth. Hear then, I'll tell thee:
Once in a lone and secret hour of night,
When ev'ry eye was clos'd, and the pale moon
And stars alone shone conscious of the theft,
Hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood,
Hap'ly I stole unheeded to her chamber.

Ros. That minute sure was lucky.

Loth. Oh, 'twas great !
I found the fond, believing, love-sick maid,
Loose, unattir'd, warm, tender, full of wishes ;
Fierceness and pride, the guardians of her honor
Were charm'd to rest, and love alone was waking
Within her rising bosom all was calm,
As peaceful seas that know no storms, and only

Are gently lifted up and down by tides.
 I snatch'd the glorious golden opportunity,
 And with prevailing, youthful ardor press'd her,
 'Till with short sighs, and murmuring reluctance,
 The yielding fair one gave me perfect happiness.
 Ev'n all the live-long night we pass'd in bliss,
 In ecstasies too fierce to last for ever ;
 At length the morn and cold indifference came ;
 When, fully sated with the luscious banquet,
 I hastily took leave, and left the nymph
 To think on what was past, and sigh alone.

Ros. You saw her soon again ?

Loth. Too soon I saw her :

For, Oh ! that meeting was not like the former :
 I found my heart no more beat high with transport,
 No more I sigh'd, and languish'd for enjoyment ;
 'Twas past, and reason took her turn to reign,
 While every weakness fell before her throne.

Ros. What of the lady ?

180

Loth. With uneasy fondness

She hung upon me, wept, and sigh'd, and swore
 She was undone ; talk'd of a priest, and marriage ;
 Of flying with me from her father's pow'r ;
 Call'd every saint, and blessed angel down,
 To witness for her that she was my wife.
 I started at that name.

Ros. What answer made you ?

Loth. None ; but pretending sudden pain and illness,
 Escap'd the persecution. Two nights since,
 By message urg'd and frequent importunity,

C ij

Some keeping cardinal shall doat upon thee,
And barter his church treasure for thy freshness.

Luc. What! shall I sell my innocence and youth,
For wealth or titles, to perfidious man!
To man, who makes his mirth of our undoing!
'The base, profest betrayer of our sex!
Let me grow old in all misfortunes else,
Rather than know the sorrows of Calista!

Loth. Does she send thee to chide in her behalf?
I swear thou dost it with so good a grace,
That I could almost love thee for thy frowning. 260

Luc. Read there, my lord, there, in her own sad
lines, [Giving a letter.
Which best can tell the story of her woes,
That grief of heart which your unkindness gives her.
[Lothario reads.

*Your cruelty—Obedience to my father—Give my hand to
Altamont.*

By Heav'n 'tis well! such ever be the gifts
With which I greet the man whom my soul hates.
[Aside.

But to go on!

—Wish—Heart—Honour—too faithless—
Weakness—to-morrow—last trouble—lost Calista.
Women, I see, can change as well as men.
She writes me here, forsaken as I am,
That I should bind my brows with mournful willow,
For she has giv'n her hand to Altamont:
Yet, tell the fair inconstant—

Luc. How, my lord!

Loth. Nay, no more angry words: say to Calista,
The humblest of her slaves shall wait her pleasure;
If she can leave her happy husband's arms,
To think upon so lost a thing as I am.

Luc. Alas! for pity, come with gentler looks: 280
Wound not her heart with this unmanly triumph;
And, tho' you love her not, yet swear you do,
So shall dissembling once be virtuous in you.

Loth. Ha! who comes here?

Luc. The bridegroom's friend, Horatio.
He must not see us here. To-morrow early
Be at the garden gate.

Loth. Bear to my love
My kindest thoughts, and swear I will not fail her.

[*Lothario putting up the letter hastily, drops
it as he goes out.*

[*Exeunt Lothario and Rossano one way, Lucilla another.*

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Sure 'tis the very error of my eyes;
Waking I dream, or I beheld Lothario;
He seem'd conferring with Calista's woman;
At my approach they started, and retir'd.
What business could he have here, and with her?
I know he bears the noble Altamont
Profest and deadly hate—What paper's this?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Ha! To Lothario!—'s death! Calista's name!

[*Opening it.*

Confusion and misfortunes!

[*Reads.*

‘ Your cruelty has at length determined me,
 ‘ have resolv’d this morning to yield a perfect
 ‘ dience to my father, and to give my hand to
 ‘ mont, in spite of my weakness for the false
 ‘ rio. I could almost wish I had that heart, and
 ‘ honour to bestow with it, which you have
 ‘ me of :

Damnation to the rest——

[*Reads*

‘ But, Oh! I fear, could I retrieve ’em, I should
 ‘ be undone by the too faithless, yet too love
 ‘ thario. This is the last weakness of my peni-
 ‘ to-morrow shall be the last in which I will in-
 ‘ my eyes. Lucilla shall conduct you, if you are
 ‘ enough to let me see you ; it shall be the last time
 ‘ you shall meet with from

‘ *The lost Ca*

The lost, indeed! for thou art gone as far
 As there can be perdition. Fire and sulphur!
 Hell is the sole avenger of such crimes.
 Oh, that the ruin were but all thy own!
 Thou wilt even make thy father curse his age ;
 At sight of this black scroll, the gentle Altamoro
 (For, Oh! I know his heart is set upon thee)
 Shall droop, and hang his discontented head,
 Like merit scorn’d by insolent authority,
 And never grace the public with his virtues.—
 “ Perhaps even now he gazes fondly on her,
 “ And, thinking soul and body both alike,
 “ *Blesses the perfect workmanship of Heaven :*

23. 200

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another.



Lav. Alas! you know not what you make me suffer.

Why are you pale? Why did you start and tremble?
Whence is that sigh? and wherefore are your eyes
Severely rais'd to Heav'n? The sick man thus,
Acknowledging the summons of his fate,
Lifts up his feeble hands and eyes for mercy,
And with confusion thinks upon his exit.

Hor. Oh, no! thou hast mistook my sickness quite;
These pangs are of the soul. Wou'd I had met 361
Sharpest convulsions, spotted pestilence,
Or any other deadly foe to life,
Rather than heave beneath this load of thought!

Lav. Alas! what is it? "Wherefore turn you from me?"

"Why did you falsely call me your Lavinia,
"And swear I was Horatio's better half,
"Since now you mourn unkindly by yourself,
"And rob me of my partnership of sadness?
"Witness, ye holy pow'rs, who know my truth,
"There cannot be a chance in life so miserable,
"Nothing so very hard but I could bear it,
"Much rather than my love should treat me coldly
"And use me like a stranger to his heart."

Hor. Seek not to know what I would hide from all
But most from thee. I never knew a pleasure,
Ought that was joyful, fortunate, or good,
But straight I ran to bless thee with the tidings,
And laid up all my happiness with thee:
But wherefore, wherefore should I give thee pain?

le

thoughts,

ring fire,

ves you

ver;

anging,"

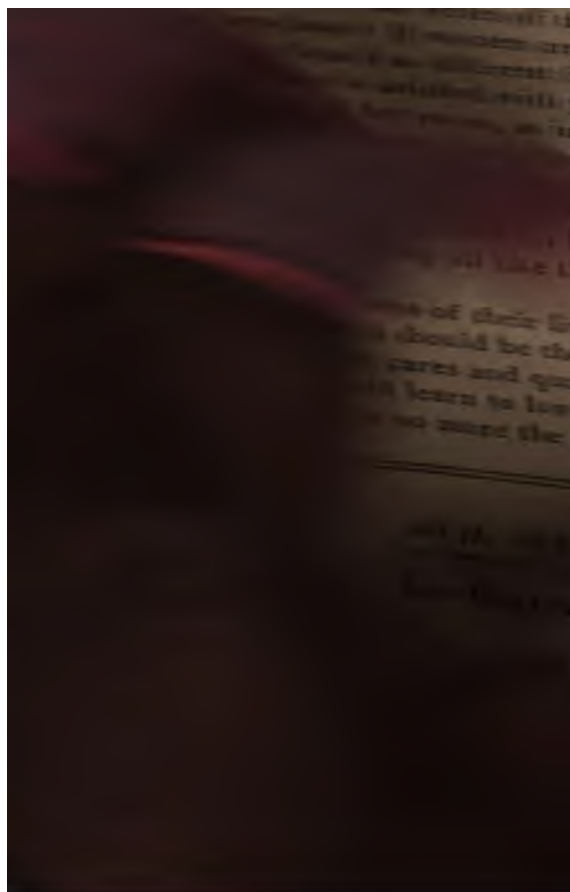
ay.

and soul

ark

a.

ance;



With me, tell some dismal tale
 Of grief, and black despair;
 Gone around through all my thoughts,
 Ignation, love, or shame,
 Each of mind is lost for ever.

Will you follow still that wand'ring fire,
 And your weary steps, and leaves you
 In wilderness of woe,

Orario? Turn from the deceiver;

And where gentle Altamont,

The best virgin of our sex,

And the simple village swain,

Now the courtly vice of changing,"

And woe's you to be happy.

Think not of him. My sad soul

In melancholy scene,

Would wish to find;

20

A vale, o'ergrown with trees

Whose lonesome shade

Ill-omen'd only dwell:

There, where the wind's low wail

And the dark mark

And the lone, and die in.

And hide me

From malice, and from shame;

And of my soul

D

And now
I am

up all his
harbours and
the good man,
the lonely il-

THE FAIR PENITENT.

Smooth delusion; but alas!
my weakness, gentle maid, but pity me)
business hangs about me still;
blush, and tell thee all my folly.
I not see the dear betrayer
and sigh to be forgiven,
my heart would pardon all,
'twas he that had undone me,
and pow'rs, whose gracious provi-

our good, guard me from men,
bitful tongues, their vows, and flat-
neglected by their eyes,
ther, and my form decay,
think it worth his while to ruin

er be my bane." [Exit.

sta, now be wary,
with dissembling: 82

ves explore
uous thoughts,
thy reason.

to the winds,
happy Altamont;
a of my love,
ucceeding days
D ij

Never to live with public loss of honour :
'Tis fix'd to die, rather than bear the insolence
Of each affected sly that tells my story,
And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous.
To be a tale for fools ! Scorn'd by the women,
And pity'd by the men ! Oh, insupportable !

Luc. Can you perceive the manifest destruction,
The gaping gulf that opens just before you, 41
And yet rush on, tho' conscious of the danger ?
Oh, hear me, hear your ever faithful creature !
By all the good I wish, by all the ill
My trembling heart forebodes, let me intreat you,
Never to see this faithless man again ;
Let me forbid his coming.

Cal. On thy life
I charge thee no : my genius drives me on ;
I must, I will behold him once again :
Perhaps it is the crisis of my fate,
And this one interview shall end my cares.
My lab'ring heart that swells with indignation,
Heaves to discharge the burthen ; that once done,
The busy thing shall rest within its cell,
And never beat again.

Luc. Trust not to that :
Rage is the shortest passion of our souls :
Like narrow brooks that rise with sudden show'rs,
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon ; 60
Still as it ebbs the softer thoughts flow in,
And the deceiver Love supplies its place.

Cal. I have been wrong'd enough to arm my temper

Against the smooth delusion; but alas!
 (Chide not my weakness, gentle maid, but pity me)
 A woman's softness hangs about me still:
 Then let me blush, and tell thee all my folly.
 I swear I could not see the dear betrayer
 Kneel at my feet, and sigh to be forgiven,
 But my relenting heart would pardon all,
 And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me.

" *Luc.* Ye sacred pow'rs, whose gracious providence

" Is watchful for our good, guard me from men,
 " From their deceitful tongues, their vows, and flat-
 " teries;

" Still let me pass neglected by their eyes,
 " Let my bloom wither, and my form decay,
 " That none may think it worth his while to ruin
 " me,

" And fatal love may never be my bane." [Exit.

Cal. Ha, Altamont! Calista, now be wary,
 And guard thy soul's accesses with dissembling: 80
 Nor let this hostile husband's eyes explore
 The warring passions, and tumultuous thoughts,
 That rage within thee, and deform thy reason.

* Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. Begone, my cares, I give you to the winds,
 Far to be borne, far from the happy Altamont;
 " For from this sacred æra of my love,
 " A better order of succeeding days

D ij

*"In vain I call; for she, like fleeting air,
"When press'd by some tempestuous wind,
"Flies swifter from the voice of my despair,
"Nor casts one pitying look behind."*

Sci. Take care my gates be open, bid all welcome
All who rejoice with me to-day are friends:
Let each indulge his genius, each be glad,
Jocund and free, and swell the feast with mirth;
The sprightly bowl shall chearfully go round,
None shall be grave, nor too severely wise;
Losses and disappointments, cares and poverty,
The rich man's insolence, and great man's scorn,
In wine shall be forgotten all. To-morrow
Will be too soon to think, and to be wretched.
Oh, grant, ye pow'rs, that I may see these happy,

[*Pointing to Alt. and C*

Completely blest, and I have life enough;

And leave the rest indifferently to fate. [*Exit*

Hor. What if, while all are here intent on revelling
I privately went forth, and sought Lothario?

This letter may be forg'd; perhaps the wantonness
Of his vain youth, to stain a lady's fame;
Perhaps his malice to disturb my friend.

Oh, no! my heart forebodes it must be true.

Methought, ev'n now, I mark'd the starts of guilt
That shook her soul; tho' damn'd dissimulation
Screen'd her dark thoughts, and set to public view
A specious face of innocence and beauty.

"Oh, false appearance! What is all our sovereign

FAIR PENITENT.

3

, thro' sickness and misfortune,
urn of grateful love,
bless this day,
ppy.

120

e my hand to Altamont;
r it for ever.

RATIO, and LAVINIA.

et pleasure know no pause,
this day.

cred to your loves;
r you looks gay;
for Calista.

master touch
tly-breathing flute,
tle passion,
er fears in love,
sh at her feet.

h with music;
with

rt.

Music.

isher would you fly,
maid?

die;

id.

140

More open and martial—Ha
Lath. Damnation! He again!—
To-day he has cross'd me, like you
Her. I thought you, Sir,
Lo.

to draw, Rossano holds him.
I think where you are,
hurtful to your honour
in this place,
City with a broil.
dost provoke my vengeance,

's wealth, for all
ur Ligurian shore, 240
I with that fond wanton,
could be as public
air, earth, or water,
of nature.
shame should be conceal'd?
ceance, all I wanted
o bear the news

But like the birds, great Nature's happy commoners,
That haunt in woods, in meads, and flow'ry gardens
Rifle the sweets and taste the choicest fruits,
Yet scorn to ask the lordly owner's leave.

Hor. What liberty has vain presumptuous youth,
That thou should'st dare provoke me unchastis'd?
But henceforth, boy, I warn thee, shun my walks.
If in the bounds of yon forbidden place
Again thou'rt found, expect a punishment,
Such as great souls, impatient of an injury,
Exact from those who wrong 'em much, ev'n death
Or something worse: an injur'd husband's vengeance
Shall print a thousand wounds, tear thy fair form,
And scatter thee to all the winds of Heav'n. 31

Loth. Is then my way in Genoa prescrib'd
By a dependent on the wretched Altamont,
A talking Sir, that brawls for him in taverns,
And vouches for his valour's reputation?

Hor. Away! thy speech is fouler than thy manner

Loth. Or, if there be a name more vile, his parasite
A beggar's parasite!

Hor. Now learn humanity,

[*Offers to strike him, Rossano interposes*
Since brutes and boys are only taught with blows.

Loth. Damnation! [They draw]

Ros. Hold, this goes no further here.

Horatio, 'tis too much; already see
The crowd are gath'ring to us.

Loth. Oh, Rossano!

Or give me way, or thou'rt no more my friend.

Ros. Sciolto's servants, too, have ta'en th'alarm;
You'll be oppress'd by numbers. Be advis'd,
Or I must force you hence. Tak't on my word,
You shall have justice done you on Horatio.
Put up, my lord. 340

Loth. This wo'not brook delay;
West of the town a mile, among the rocks,
Two hours ere noon, to-morrow, I expect thee,
Thy single hand to mine.

Hor. I'll meet thee there.

Loth. To-morrow, Oh, my better stars! to-morrow
Exert your influence; shine strongly for me;
'Tis not a common conquest I would gain,
Since love as well as arms, must grace my triumph.

[*Exeunt* LOTHARIO and ROSSANO.]

Hor. Two hours ere noon to-morrow! ha! ere that
He sees Calista! Oh, unthinking fool——
What if I urg'd her with the crime and danger?
If any spark from Heav'n remain unquench'd
Within her breast, my breath perhaps may wake it.
Could I but prosper there, I would not doubt
My combat with that loud vain-glorious boaster.
Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,
Did you but think how seldom fools are just,
So many of your sex would not in vain
Of broken vows, and faithless men, complain: 360
Of all the various wretches love has made,
How few have been by men of sense betray'd?
Convinc'd by reason, they your pow'r confess,

Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bless,
And conscious of your worth can never love you less.

[Exit.]

Æt III. SCENE I.

*An Apartment in SCIOLTO's Palace. Enter SCIOLTO
and CALISTA.*

Sciolto.

Now, by my life, my honour, 'tis too much !
Have I not mark'd thee, wayward as thou art,
Perverse and sullen all this day of joy ?
When ev'ry heart was cheer'd and mirth went round,
Sorrow, displeasure, and repining anguish,
Sat on thy brow ; " like some malignant planet,
" Foe to the harvest and the healthy year,
" Who scowls adverse, and lours upon the world ;
" When all the other stars, with gentle aspect,
" Propitious shine, and meaning good to man."

Cal. Is then the task of duty half perform'd ?
Has not your daughter giv'n herself to Altamont,
Yielded the native freedom of her will
To an imperious husband's lordly rule,
To gratify a father's stern command ?

Sci. Dost thou complain ?

Cal. For pity do not frown then,
If in despite of all my vow'd obedience,
A sigh breaks out, or a tear falls by chance :

proof—

cause they scorn you,
and impotence: 286
they would die virgins,
unkind,

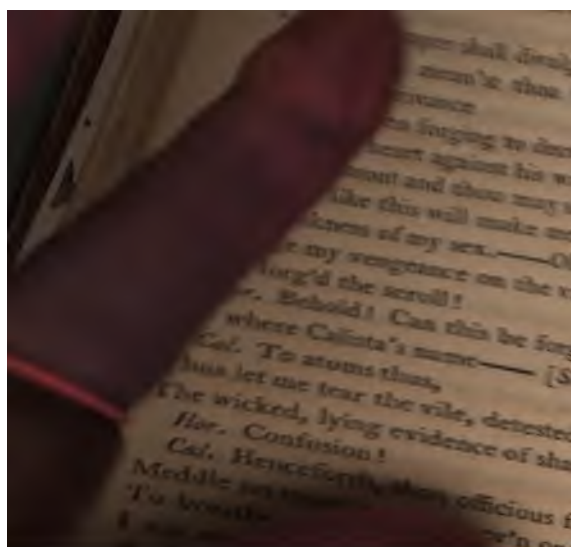
be secure,
's. Dream on;
thou feel'st it.
and then farewell:
virtue,

to hurt;
y Altamont,
with blood,
not have
ne profan'd.

speech;
you are met
r dress,
r selves;
ndings.

solemn order,

ter loose, 300
nith



But roll into the sea, one common flood ?
 Then who can give his friendship but to one ?
 Who can be Altamont's and not Calista's ?

Cal. Force, and the wills of our imperious rulers,
 May bind two bodies in one wretched chain ;
 But minds will still look back to their own choice.
 " So the poor captive in a foreign realm, 80
 " Stands on the shore, and sends his wishes back
 " To the dear native land from whence he came.

Hor. When souls that should agree to will the same,
 To have one common object for their wishes,
 Look different ways, regardless of each other,
 Think what a train of wretchedness ensues :
 Love shall be banish'd from the genial bed,
 The night shall all be lonely and unquiet,
 And ev'ry day shall be a day of cares.

Cal. Then all the boasted office of thy friendship,
 Was but to tell Calista what a wretch she is.
 Alas ! what needed that ?

Hor. Oh ! rather say,
 I came to tell her how she might be happy ;
 To sooth the secret anguish of her soul ;
 To comfort that fair mourner, that forlorn one,
 And teach her steps to know the paths of peace.

Cal. Say thou, to whom this paradise is known,
 Where lies the blissful region ? Mark my way to it,
 For, Oh ! 'tis sure I long to be at rest. 100

Hor. Then—to be good is to be happy—Angels
 Are happier than mankind, because they're better.

Shall dare to tax Calista's name with guilt

Hor. None should ; but 'tis a busy, talk
That with licentious breath blows like the wind
As freely on the palace as the cottage.

Cal. What mystic riddle lurks beneath this tale
Which thou would'st seem unwilling to explain
As if it meant dishonour to my virtue ?
Away with this ambiguous shuffling phrase
And let thy oracle be understood.

Lothario !

Cal. What would'st thou mean by this ?

Lothario and Calista ! thus they join
Names, which Heav'n decreed should never be

Have the talkers of this populous city
A wonderful tale to tell, for public sport,

A happy beauty, a false fair one,
Who sold to a noble youth her faith,

And giv'n her honour to a wretch
And confusion ! Have I liv'd

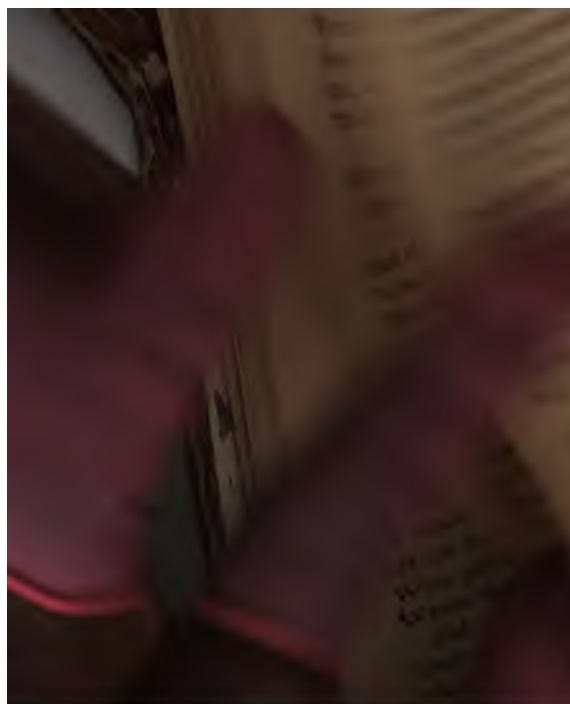
And with my name in such a

Hor. By honour and fair truth, you wrong me much;
 For, on my soul, nothing but strong necessity
 Could urge my tongue to this ungrateful office.
 I came with strong reluctance, as if death
 Had stood across my way, to save your honour,
 Your's and Sciolto's, your's and Altamont's;
 Like one who ventures through a burning pile;
 To save his tender wife, with all her brood
 Of little fondlings, from the dreadful ruin. 140

Cal. Is this the famous friend of Altamont,
 For noble worth and deeds of arms renown'd?
 Is this the tale-bearing officious fellow,
 That watches for intelligence from eyes;
 This wretched Argus of a jealous husband,
 That fills his easy ears with monstrous tales,
 And makes him toss, and rave, and wreak at length
 Bloody revenge on his defenceless wife,
 Who guiltless dies, because her fool ran mad?

Hor. Alas! this rage is vain; for if your fame
 Or peace be with your care, you must be calm,
 And listen to the means are left to save 'em.
 'Tis now the lucky minute of your fate.
 By me your genius speaks, by me it warns you,
 Never to see that curst Lothario more;
 Unless you mean to be despis'd, be shunn'd
 By all our virtuous maids and noble matrons;
 Unless you have devoted this rare beauty
 To infamy, diseases, prostitution——

Cal. Dishonour blast thee, base, unmanner'd slave!
 That dar'st forget my birth, and sacred sex, 161



orth never let me see thee more. [*Going out.*
 ve thee still, ungrateful as thou art,
 and will preserve thee from dishonour,
 pite of thee. [*Holds him.*

go my arm. 301

honour be thy care, if thou would'st live
 e name of credulous, wittol husband,
 bride, shun her detested bed,
 yields are dash'd with poison——

e but a minute more is fatal.
 is polluted, stain'd——
 lness and raging!

hour'd by the man you hate——
 ythee loose me yet, for thy own sake,
 orth the keeping——

Lothario.

dition take thee, villain, for the falsehood!

[*Strikes him.*

ing but thy life can make atonement.
 blow! thou hast us'd me well—— [*Draws.*
 s to thy heart——

: hold—By Heav'n his father's in his face!
 y wrongs, my heart runs o'er with tender-
 ess 321

ld rather die myself than hurt him.
 fend thyself; for by my much wrong'd
 ave,
 e poor evasion shall not save thee.

Hor. Yet hold—"thou know'st I dare—think how
we've liv'd——

[*They fight; Altamont presses on Horatio, who retires.*

"Nay then, 'tis brutal violence; and thus,

"Thus Nature bids me guard the life she gave.

"[*They fight.*"]

LAVINIA enters, and runs between their swords.

Lav. My brother, my Horatio! Is it possible!
Oh, turn your cruel swords upon Lavinia.

If you must quench your impious rage in blood,
Behold, my heart shall give you all her store,
To save those dearer streams that flow from yours.

Alt. 'Tis well thou hast found a safe-guard; none
but this,

No pow'r on earth could save thee from my fury.

"*Lav.* O fatal, deadly sound!"

Hor. Safety from thee!

Away, vain boy! Hast thou forgot the rev'rence
Due to my arm, thy first, thy great example,
Which pointed out thy way to noble daring,
And shew'd thee what it was to be a man?

Lav. What busy, meddling fiend, what foe to good-
ness,

34^o

Could kindle such a discord? "Oh, lay by

"Those most ungentle looks, and angry weapons,

"Unless you mean my griefs and killing fears

"Should stretch me out at your relentless feet,

"A wretched corse, the victim of your fury."

Hor. Ask'st thou what made us foes? 'Twas base ingratitude,

'Twas such a sin to friendship, as Heav'n's mercy,
That strives with man's untoward, monstrous wickedness,

Unwearied with forgiving, scarce could pardon.
He who was all to me, child, brother, friend,
With barb'rous, bloody malice, sought my life.

Alt. Thou art my sister, and I would not make thee
The lonely mourner of a widow'd bed;
Therefore, thy husband's life is safe: but warn him,
No more to know this hospitable roof.
He has but ill repaid Sciolto's bounty.
We must not meet; 'tis dangerous. Farewel.

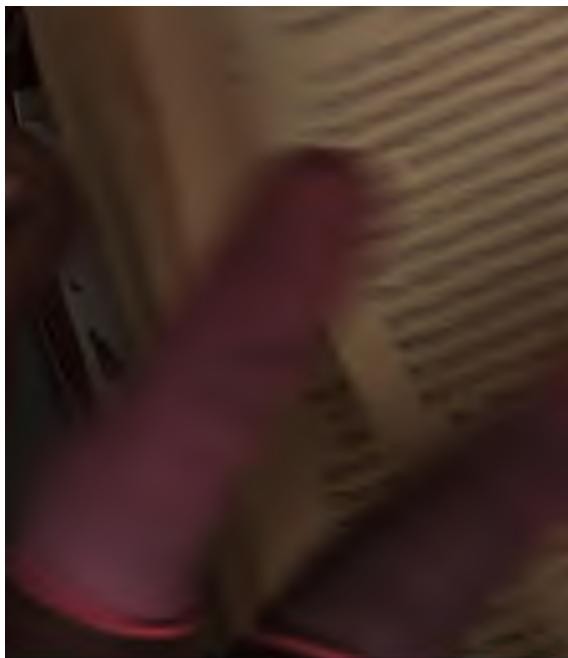
[*He is going out, Lavinia holds him.*]

Lav. Stay, Altamont, my brother, stay; "if ever
" Nature, or what is nearer much than nature,
" The kind consent of our agreeing minds, 360
" Have made us dear to one another, stay,
" And speak one gentle word to your Horatio.
" Behold, his anger melts, he longs to love you,
" To call you friend, then press you hard, with all
" The tender, speechless joy of reconciliation."

Alt. It cannot, shall not be—you must not hold me.

Lav. Look kindly, then.

Alt. Each minute that I stay,
Is a new injury to fair Calista.
From thy false friendship, to her arms I'll fly;
" There, if in any pause of love I rest,
" Breathless with bliss, upon her panting breast,



my cares, nor will I lose one thought,
shall live, or purchase food and raiment.
Pow'r, who cloaths the senseless earth,
fills, with fruits, with flow'rs, and verdant
grasses,
merciful hand feeds the whole brute crea-
ture,
our wants, and has enough to give us."
Genoa, from falshood and inconstancy,
the best, distant clime we'll go.
Farewell to my country,
farewell, the partner of my flight.
I will follow thee; forsake, for thee,
brother, friends, ev'n all I have.
A little all; yet were it more,
so far, it should be left for thee,
that I would keep, should be Horatio.
A merchant sees his vessel lost,
sighted from a foreign coast,
the treasure he would give;
to escape, and live:
gains, no more employ his mind;
after the billows with the wind, 421
the faithful plank, and leaves the rest
behind. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Garden. Enter ALTAMONT.

Altamont.

- “ WITH what unequal tempers are we form’d?
“ One day the soul, supine with ease and fulness,
“ Revels secure, and fondly tells herself
“ The hour of evil can return no more;
“ The next, the spirits, pall’d and sick of riot,
“ Turn all to discord, and we hate our beings,
“ Curse the past joy, and think it folly all,
“ And bitterness and anguish. Oh, last night!
“ What has ungrateful beauty paid me back,
“ For all the mass of friendship which I squander
“ Coldness, aversion, tears, and sullen sorrow,
“ Dash’d all my bliss, and damp’d my bridal bed.
“ Soon as the morning dawn’d, she vanish’d from
 me,
“ Relentless to the gentle call of love.
“ I’ve lost a friend, and I have gain’d—a wife!
“ Turn not to thought, my brain; but let me find
“ Some unfrequented shade; there lay me down,
“ And let forgetful dulness steal upon me,
“ To soften and assuage this pain of thinking. [*Ex*]

LOTHARIO and CALISTA discovered.

Loth. Weep not, my fair; but let the God of Love
Laugh in thy eyes, and revel in thy heart,

'tis in vain :
 ay, nor I be ruin'd.
 of fond delight,
 ; those that remain
 , anguish, and repentance.
 with a long account,
 have known already,
 me; thou hast undone me.
 tal dost thou call it ruin,
 lone; to melt, to languish,
 at exquisitely happy,
 'n to that wish's height?
 straight to live again; 40
 nd with tumultuous transport—
 ar no more; I cannot bear it;
 ibrance. Let that night,
 blotted from the year;
 of mirth or music know it.

Loth. Hear this, ye pow'rs! mark, how the fair deceiver

Sadly complains of violated truth;
She calls me false, ev'n she, the faithless she,
Whom day and night, whom heav'n and earth have
heard

Sighing to vow, and tenderly protest,
Ten thousand times, she would be only mine;
And yet, behold, she has given herself away,
Fled from my arms, and wedded to another,
Ev'n to the man whom most I hate on earth.—

Cal. Art thou so base to upbraid me with a crime,
Which nothing but thy cruelty could cause? 61
If indignation raging in my soul,
For thy unmanly insolence and scorn,
Urg'd me to a deed of desperation,
And wound myself to be reveng'd on thee,
Think whom I should devote to death and hell,
Whom curse as my undoer, but Lothario;
Hadst thou been just, not all Sciolto's pow'r,
Not all the vows and pray'rs of sighing Altamont,
Could have prevail'd, or won me to forsake thee.

Loth. How have I fail'd in justice, or in love?
Burns not my flame as brightly as at first?
Ev'n now my heart beats high, I languish for thee,
My transports are as fierce, as strong my wishes,
As if thou ne'er hadst blest me with thy beauty.

Cal. How didst thou dare to think that I would live
A slave to base desires, and brutal pleasures,
To be a wretched wanton for thy leisure,

To toy, and waste an hour of idle time with ?
My soul disdains thee for so mean a thought. 80

Loth. The driving storm of passion will have way,
And I must yield before it. Wert thou calm,
Love, the poor criminal, whom thou hast doom'd,
Has yet a thousand tender things to plead,
To charm thy rage, and mitigate his fate.

Enter behind them ALTAMONT.

Alt. "I have lost my peace"—Ha ! do I live and
wake ?

Cal. Hadst thou been true, how happy had I been !
Not Altamont, but thou, hadst been my lord.
But wherefore nam'd I happiness with thee ?
It is for thee, for thee, that I am curst ;
For thee my secret soul each hour arraigns me,
Calls me to answer for my virtue stain'd,
My honour lost to thee : for thee it haunts me ;
With stern Sciolto vowing vengeance on me :
With Altamont complaining for his wrongs—

Alt. Behold him here— *[Coming forward.*

Cal. Ah ! *[Starting.*

Alt. The wretch ! whom thou hast made.
Curses and sorrows hast thou heap'd upon him, 99
And vengeance is the only good that's left. *[Drawing.*

Loth. Thou hast ta'en me somewhat unawares, 'tis
true :

But love and war take turns, like day and night,
And little preparation serves my turn,
Equal to both, and arm'd for either field.

We've long been foes, this moment ends our quarrel
Earth, Heav'n, and fair Calista judge the combat!

Cal. Distraction! Fury! Sorrow! Shame! and
death!

Alt. Thou hast talk'd too much, thy breath is
poison to me;

"It taints the ambient air; this for my father,

"This for Sciolto, and this last for Altamont."

*[They fight; Lothario is wounded once or twice
and then falls.]*

Loth. Oh, Altamont! thy genius is the stronger!
Thou hast prevail'd!—My fierce ambitious soul
Declining droops, and all her fires grow pale;
Yet let not this advantage swell thy pride,
I conquer'd in my turn, in love I triumph'd.
Those joys are lodg'd beyond the reach of fate;
That sweet revenge comes smiling to my thoughts,
Adorns my fall, and cheers my heart in dying. *[Dies]*

Cal. And what remains for me, beset with shame,
Encompass'd round with wretchedness? There is no
But this one way to break the toil, and 'scape.

*[She catches up Lothario's sword, and offers to kill
herself; Altamont runs to her, and wrests it from
her.]*

Alt. What means thy frantic rage!

Cal. Off! let me go.

Alt. Oh! thou hast more than murder'd me; yet
still,

Still art thou here! and my soul starts with horror,
At thought of any danger that may reach thee.

Cal. Think'st thou I mean to live? to be forgiv'n?
 Oh, thou hast known but little of Calista!
 If thou had'st never heard my shame, if only
 The midnight moon and silent stars had seen it,
 I would not bear to be reproach'd by them,
 But dig down deep to find a grave beneath,
 And hide me from their beams.

Sciolto within.] What, ho! my son!

"*Alt.* It is Sciolto calls; come near and find me;
 "The wretched'st thing of all my kind on earth."

Cal. Is it the voice of thunder, or my father?
 Madness! Confusion! let the storm come on,
 Let the tumultuous roar drive all upon me;
 Dash my devoted bark, ye surges, break it! 240
 'Tis for my ruin that the tempest rises.
 When I am lost, sunk to the bottom low,
 Peace shall return, and all be calm again.

Enter SCIOLTO.

Sci. Ev'n now Rossano leap'd the garden wall—
 Ha! Death has been among you—Oh, my fears!
 Last night thou had'st a diff'rence with thy friend,
 The cause thou gav'st me was a damn'd one.
 Did'st thou not wrong the man who told thee truth?
 Answer me quick—

Alt. Oh! press me not to speak;
 Ev'n now my heart is breaking, and the mention
 Will lay me dead before you. See that body,
 And guess my shame: my ruin! Oh, Calista!

Sci. It is enough! but I am slow to execute,

And justice lingers in my lazy hand ;
Thus let me wipe dishonour from my name,
And cut thee from the earth, thou stain to goodness—
[Offers to kill Calista, Altamont holds him.

Alt. Stay thee, Sciolto, thou rash father, stay,
Or turn the point on me, and through my breast
Cut out the bloody passage to Calista : 160
So shall my love be perfect, while for her
I die, for whom alone I wish'd to live.

Cal. No, Altamont ; my heart that scorn'd thy love,
Shall never be indebted to thy pity.
Thus torn, defac'd, and wretched as I seem,
Still I have something of Sciolto's virtue.
Yes, yes, my father, I applaud thy justice ;
Strike home, and I will bless thee for the blow :
Be merciful, and free me from my pain ;
'Tis sharp, 'tis terrible, and I could curse
The cheerful day, men, earth, and heav'n, and thee,
Ev'n thee, thou venerable good old man,
For being author of a wretch like me.

Alt. Listen not to the wildness of her raving ;
Remember nature ! Should thy daughter's murder
Defile that hand, so just, so great in arms,
Her blood would rest upon thee to posterity,
Pollute thy name, and sully all thy wars.

Cal. Have I not wrong'd his gentle nature much ?
And yet behold him pleading for my life ! 180
Lost as thou art to virtue, Oh, Calista !
thou can'st not bear to be outdone ;
wilt thou die, and be oblig'd no more.

Sci. Thy pious care has giv'n me time to think,
And sav'd me from a crime; then rest, my sword;
To honour have I kept thee ever sacred,
Nor will I stain thee with a rash revenge.
But mark me well, I will have justice done;
Hope not to bear away thy crimes unpunished:
I will see justice executed on thee,
Ev'n to a Roman strictness; and thou, nature,
Or whatsoe'er thou art that plead'st within me,
Be still; thy tender strugglings are in vain.

Cal. Then am I doom'd to live, and bear your
triumph?

To groan beneath your scorn and fierce upbraiding,
Daily to be reproach'd, and have my misery
At morn, at noon, at night told over to me,
"Lest my remembrance might grow pitiful,
"And grant a moment's interval of peace;"
Is this, is this the mercy of a father?
I only beg to die, and he denies me.

200

Sci. Hence, from my sight! thy father cannot bear
thee;

Fly with thy infamy to some dark cell,
Where, on the confines of eternal night,
Mourning, misfortune, cares, and anguish dwell;
Where ugly shame hides her opprobrious head,
And death and hell detested rule maintain;
There howl out the remainder of thy life,
And wish thy name may be no more remember'd.

Cal. Yes, I will fly to some such dismal place,
And be more curs'd than you can wish I were;

This fatal form that drew on my undoing,
Fasting, and tears, and hardship shall destroy;
Nor light, nor food, nor comfort will I know,
Nor ought that may continue hated life.
Then, when you see me meagre, wan, and chang'd,
Stretch'd at my length, and dying in my cave,
On that cold earth I mean shall be my grave,
Perhaps you may relent, and sighing say,
At length her tears have wash'd her stains away;
At length 'tis time her punishment should cease;
Die, thou poor suff'ring wretch, and be at peace.

[Exit Calista]

Sci. Who of my servants wait there?

Enter two or three Servants.

Raise that body, and bear it in. On your lives
Take care my doors be guarded well, that none
Pass out, or enter, but by my appointment.

[Exeunt Servants, with Lothario's body]

Alt. There is a fatal fury in your visage,
It blazes fierce, and menaces destruction.

" My father, I am sick of many sorrows,
" Ev'n now my easy heart is breaking with 'em;
" Yet, above all, one fear distracts me most ;"
I tremble at the vengeance which you meditate
On the poor, faithless, lovely, dear Calista.

Sci. Hast thou not read what brave Virginius did
With his own hand he slew his only daughter,
To save her from the fierce Decemvir's lust.
He slew her, yet unspotted, to prevent

The shame which she might know, Then what should
I do?

But thou hast ty'd my hand.—I wo' not kill her;
Yet, by the ruin she has brought upon us, 240
The common infamy that brands us both,
We shall not 'scape.

Alt. You mean that she shall die then?

Sci. Ask me not what, nor how I have resolv'd,
For all within is anarchy and uproar.

O, Altamont! What a vast scheme of joy
Has this one day destroy'd? Well did I hope
My daughter would have blest my latter days;
That I should live to see you the world's wonder,
Happy, great, and good that none were like you.
While I, from busy life and care set free,
Had spent the evening of my age at home,
Among a little prattling race of yours:
Here, like an old man, talk'd a-while, and then
Laid down and slept in peace. Instead of this,
Grief and shame must bring me to my grave—
Oh, damn her! damn her!"

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Arm yourself, my lord:
Assano, who but now escap'd the garden,
Has gather'd in the street a band of rioters, 260
Who threaten you and all your friends with ruin,
Unless Lothario be return'd in safety. [Exit.

Sci. By Heav'n, their fury rises to my wish,
For shall misfortune know my house alone,

But thou, Lothario, and thy race shall pay me
 For all the sorrows which my age is curs'd with.
 I think my name as great, my friends as potent,
 As any in the state; all shall be summon'd;
 I know that all will join their hands to ours,
 And vindicate thy vengeance. When our force
 Is full, and arm'd, we shall expect thy sword
 To join with us, and sacrifice to justice.—

[Exit Sciolto.

“ *Alt.* There is a stupid weight upon my senses;
 “ A dismal sullen stillness, that succeeds
 “ The storm of rage and grief, like silent death,
 “ After the tumult and the noise of life.
 “ Would it were death, as sure 'tis wond'rous like it,
 “ For I am sick of living; my soul's pall'd,
 “ She kindles not with anger or revenge:
 “ Love was th' informing, active fire within: 280
 “ Now that is quench'd, the mass forgets to move,
 “ And longs to mingle with its kindred earth.”

[A tumultuous noise, with clashing of swords,
 as at a little distance.

Enter LAVINIA, with two Servants, their swords drawn.

Lav. Fly, swiftly fly; to my Horatio's aid,
 Nor lose your vain officious cares on me;
 Bring me my lord, my husband, to my arms;
 He is Lavinia's life; bring him me safe,
 And I shall be at ease, be well and happy.

[Exit Servants

Alt. Art thou Lavinia? Oh! what barb'rous hand

Could wrong thy poor defenceless innocence,
And leave such marks of more than savage fury?

Lav. My brother! Oh, my heart is full of fears;
Perhaps ev'n now my dear Horatio bleeds.—
Not far from hence, as passing to the port,
By a mad multitude we were surrounded,
Who ran upon us with uplifted swords,
And cry'd aloud for vengeance, and Lothario.
My lord, with ready boldness, stood the shock,
To shelter me from danger; but in vain,
Had not a party from Sciolto's palace
Push'd out, and snatch'd me from amidst the fray.

Alt. What of my friend?

301

Lav. Ha! by my joys, 'tis he! [*Looking out*
He lives, he comes to bless me, he is safe!—

*Enter HORATIO, with two or three Servants, their swords
drawn.*

1st Ser. 'Twere at the utmost hazard of your life
To venture forth again, till we are stronger:
Their number trebles ours.

Her. No matter, let it;
Death is not half so shocking as that traitor.
My honest soul is mad with indignation,
To think her plainness could be so abus'd,
To mistake that wretch, and call him friend;
I cannot bear the sight.

Alt. Open, thou earth,
Open wide, and take me down to thy dark bosom,
To hide me from Horatio.

Hor. Oh, Lavinia!

Believe not but I joy to see thee safe :
Would our ill-fortune had not drove us hither :
I could ev'n wish we rather had been wreck'd
On any other shore, than sav'd on this.

Lav. Oh, let us bless the mercy that preserv'd us
That gracious pow'r that sav'd us for each other :
And, to adorn the sacrifice of praise,
Offer forgiveness too ; be thou like Heav'n,
And put away th' offences of thy friend,
Far, far from thy remembrance.

Alt. I have mark'd him,
“ To see if one forgiving glance stole hither ;
“ If any spark of friendship were alive,
“ That would by sympathy at meeting glow,
“ And strive to kindle up the flame a-new ;
“ 'Tis lost, 'tis gone ; his soul is quite estrang'd,
“ And knows me for its counterpart no more.

Hor. Thou know'st thy rule, thy empire in
ratio ;
“ Nor canst thou ask in vain, command in vain,
“ Where nature, reason, nay, where love is judge
“ But when you urge my temper to comply
“ With what it most abhors, I cannot do it.

Lav. Where didst thou get this sullen gloom
hate ?

“ It was not in thy nature to be thus ;
“ Come, put it off, and let thy heart be cheerful,
“ Be gay again, and know the joys of friendship,
“ The trust, security, and mutual tenderness,

double joys, where each is glad for both ;
 friendship, the wealth, the last retreat and strength,
 are against ill fortune, and the world."

I am not apt to take a light offence.
 Patient of the failings of my friends,
 willing to forgive ; but when an injury
 to the heart, and rouses my resentment,
 'tis it is the fault of my rude nature)

I cannot easily forgive it.

Thou hast forgot me.

No.

Why are thy eyes
 bent of me then, scornful, and fierce ?
 Because they speak the meaning of my heart ;
 they're honest, and disdain a villain.
 I've wrong'd thee much, Horatio.
 Yes, thou hast. 360

Forget it, may I be a wretch,
 myself, a false perfidious fellow,
 unkind, believing, British husband. ?!
 I've wrong'd thee much, and Heav'n has well
 aveng'd it.

Not, since we parted, been at peace,
 known one joy sincere ; " our broken friendship
 led me to the last retreat of love,
 and glaring like a ghost, and made me cold with
 horror.

When misfortunes press upon me,
 and like waves, and dash me down ;
 and shame, have torn my soul ?

...that gentle
him."

His poor heart
And groaning

But I will throw my body in thy way,
And thou shalt trample o'er my faithful bosom,
Tread on me, wound me, kill me, ere thou pass.

Alt. Urge not in vain thy pious suit, Lavinia,
I have enough to rid me of my pain.

Calista, thou hadst reach'd my heart before;
To make all sure, my friend repeats the blow:
But in the grave our cares shall be forgotten,
There love and friendship cease. [Falls.

[Lavinia runs to him, and endeavors to raise him.

"*Lav.* Speak to me, Altamont.

"He faints! he dies! Now, turn and see thy triumph!

"My brother! But our cares shall end together;

"Here will I lay me down by thy dear side,

"Bemoan thy too hard fate, then share it with thee,

"And never see my cruel lord again."

[Horatio runs to Altamont, and raises him in his arms.

It is too much to bear! Look up, my Altamont!

His stubborn, unrelenting heart has kill'd him.

Look up and bless me; tell me that thou liv'st.

I have urg'd thy gentleness too far;

[He revives.

Thou and my Lavinia both forgive me; 420

Good of tenderness comes o'er my soul;

I cannot speak—I love, forgive, and pity thee—

Alt. I thought that nothing cou'd have stay'd my soul;

That long ere this my life had reach'd the stars;

THE FAIR

They hang, like winter, on
And blast the spring

Let. "So flow
"To lose their

"And have
Canst thou

Canst thou
"To

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tude and fo
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IN PENITENT.

SCENE I.

*On one side Lothario's Bed-
chamber, with a Skull and
a Candlestick on it.*

*Couch, in Black; her Head
covered. After soft Music,
she comes forward.*

N. G.

*phantoms, hear,
appear,
wakes with fear;
sigh and groan
your own;
sins upbraid;
the dead;
where you stray,
on the day,
the tomb,
and come.*

ay;

side,

;

."

But thy known voice has lur'd her back again.
Methinks, I fain wou'd set all right with thee,
Make up this most unlucky breach, and then,
With thine and Heaven's forgiveness on my soul,
Shrink to my grave, and be at ease for ever.

Hor. By heav'n, my heart bleeds for thee; e'n this
moment,

I feel thy pangs of disappointed love.

"Is it not pity that this youth should fall,

"That all his wond'rous goodness should be lost,

"And the world never know it? Oh, my Altamont!"

Give me thy sorrows, let me bear 'em for thee,

And shelter thee from ruin.

Lav. Oh, my brother,

Think not but we will share in all thy woes;

We'll sit all day, and tell sad tales of love:

And when we light upon some faithless woman, 440

Some beauty, like Calista, false and fair,

We'll fix our grief, and our complaining there;

We'll curse the nymph that drew the ruin on,

And mourn the youth that was, like thee, undone.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room hung with Black; on one side Lothario's Body on a Bier; on the other a Table, with a Scull and other Bones, a Book and a Lamp on it.

Calista is discovered on a Couch, in Black; her Hair hanging loose and disordered. After soft Music, she rises and comes forward.

"SONG.

"*HEAR, you midnight phantoms, hear,*

"*You who pale and wan appear,*

"*And fill the wretch who wakes with fear;*

"*You, who wander, scream and groan*

"*Round the mansions once your own;*

"*You, who still your crimes upbraid;*

"*You who rest not with the dead;*

"*From the coverts where you stray,*

"*Where you lurk and shun the day,*

"*From the charnel and the tomb,*

"*Hither haste ye, hither come.*

"*Chide Calista for delay,*

"*Tell her, 'tis for her you stay;*

"*Bid her die and come away.*

"*See the sexton with his spade,*

"*See the grave already made;*

"*Listen, fair one, to thy knell,*

"*This music is thy passing bell."*

Cal. 'Tis well! these solemn sounds, this pomp of horror,

Are fit to feed the frenzy in my soul.

Here's room for meditation ev'n to madness;
Till the mind burst with thinking. This dull flame
Sleeps in the socket. Sure the book was left
To tell me something;—for instruction then—
He teaches holy sorrow and contrition,
And penitence.—Is it become an art, then?
A trick that lazy, dull, luxurious gownmen
Can teach us to do over? I'll no more o'nt;

[*Throwing away the book*]

I have more real anguish in my heart,
Than all their pedant discipline e'er knew.
What charnel has been rifled for these bones?
Fie! this is pageantry;—they look uncouthly,
But what of that, if he or she that own'd 'em
Safe from disquiet sit, and smile to see
The farce their miserable relicts play?
But here's a sight is terrible indeed!
Is this that haughty, gallant, gay, Lothario,
That dear perfidious—Ah!—how pale he looks!
How grim with clotted blood, and those dead eyes!
Ascend, ye ghosts, fantastic forms of night,
In all your diff'rent dreadful shapes ascend,
And match the present horror, if you can.

Enter SCIOLO.

Sci. This dead of night, this silent hour of darkness,
ness,



dagger.
sinews

dagger.
catches hold

space.
y'd;

turns.

d,

ight,

are my eyes

strings crack,

with horror.

et

A poor imperfect copy of my father,

“ Where goodness, and the strength of manly virtue,

“ Was thinly planted, and the idle void

“ Fill’d up with light belief, and easy fondness;”

It was, because I lov’d, and was a woman.

Sci. Hadst thou been honest, thou hadst been a cherubim ;

But of that joy, as of a gem long lost,

Beyond redemption gone, think we no more.

Hast thou e’er dar’d to meditate on death ? 80

Cal. I have, as on the end of shame and sorrow.

Sci. Ha! answer me ! Say, hast thou coolly thought?

’Tis not the stoick’s lessons got by rote,

The pomp of words, and pedant dissertations,

That can sustain thee in that hour of terror ;

Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it,

But when the trial comes, they stand aghast ;

Hast thou consider’d what may happen after it ?

How thy account may stand, and what to answer ?

Cal. I’ve turn’d my eyes inward upon myself,

Where foul offence and shame have laid all waste ;

Therefore my soul abhors the wretched dwelling,

And longs to find some better place of rest.

Sci. ’Tis justly thought, and worthy of that spirit

That dwelt in ancient Latian breasts, when Rome

Was mistress of the world. I wou’d go on,

And tell thee all my purpose ; but it sticks

Here at my heart, and cannot find a way.

Cal. Then spare the telling, if it be a pain,

And write the meaning with your poignard here. 100

atures,
vil,

160

lv'd,

ation.

house of

these shades,
midnight darkness,
of day.

with thee,

for tear;

dry,

for both.

our'd Altamont;

wrongs I've done

ic,

I could curse Nature, and that tyrant, honour,
For making me thy father, and thy judge;
Thou art my daughter still.

Cal. For that kind word,
Thus let me fall, thus humbly to the earth,
Weep on your feet, and bless you for this goodness.
Oh! 'tis too much for this offending wretch,
This parricide, that murders with her crimes,
Shortens her father's age, and cuts him off,
Ere little more than half his years be number'd.

Sci. Would it were otherwise—but thou must die.—

Cal. That I must die, it is my only comfort;
Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking:
“Thither the poor, the pris'ner, and the mourner, 140
“Fly for relief, and lay their burthens down.”
Come then, and take me into thy cold arms,
Thou meagre shade; here let me breathe my last,
Charm'd with my father's pity and forgiveness,
More than if angels tun'd their golden viols,
And sung a requiem to my parting soul.

Sci. I'm summon'd hence; ere this my friends expect me.

There is I know not what of sad presage,
That tells me, I shall never see thee more;
If it be so, this is our last farewell,
And these the parting pangs, which nature feels,
When anguish rends the heart-strings—Oh, my
daughter!

[*Exit Sciolto.*]

Cal. Now think, thou curst Calista, now behold

chee,

lot in

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adness,

d thee,

ruth; 220

pair;
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faction,

them back;

d

for swords.

Dost thou accuse me! When did I complain, 180
Or murmur at my fate? "For thee I have
"Forgot the temper of Italian husbands,
"And fondness has prevail'd upon revenge."
I bore my load of infamy with patience,
"As holy men do punishment from Heav'n;"
Nor thought it hard, because it came from thee.
Oh, then, forbid me not to mourn thy loss,
To wish some better fate had rul'd our loves,
And that Calista had been mine, and true.

Cal. Oh, Altamont! 'tis hard for souls like mine,
Haughty and fierce, to yield they've done amiss.
But, Oh, behold! my proud disdainful heart
Bends to thy gentler virtue. Yes, I own,
Such is thy truth, thy tenderness, and love;
"Such are the graces that adorn thy youth,"
That, were I not abandon'd to destruction,
With thee I might have liv'd for ages bless'd,
And dy'd in peace within thy faithful arms.

Alt. Then happiness is still within our reach.
Here let remembrance lose our past misfortunes, 200
Tear all records that hold the fatal story;
Here let our joys begin, from hence go on,
In long successive order.

Cal. What! in death?

Alt. Then, art thou fix'd to die?—But be it so
We'll go together; my advent'rous love
Shall follow thee "to those uncertain beings."
"Whether our lifeless shades are doom'd to wander
"In gloomy groves, with discontented ghosts;

" Or whether thro' the upper air we fleet,
 " And tread the fields of light; still I'll pursue thee,"
 "Till fate ordains that we shall part no more.

Cal. Oh, no! Heav'n has some other better lot in store

To crown thee with. Live, and be happy long;
 Live, for some maid that shall deserve thy goodness,
 Some kind, unpractis'd heart, that never yet
 Has listen'd to the false ones of thy sex,
 Nor known the arts of ours; she shall reward thee,
 Meet thee with virtues equal to thy own,
 Charm thee with sweetness, beauty, and with truth; 220
 Be blest in thee alone, and thou in her.

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Now, mourn indeed, ye miserable pair;
 For now the measure of your woes is full.

Alt. What dost thou mean, Horatio?

Hor. Oh, 'tis dreadful!

The great, the good Sciolto dies this moment.

Cal. My father!

Alt. That's a deadly stroke, indeed.

Hor. Not long ago he privately went forth,
 Attended but by few, and those unbidden.
 I heard which way he took, and straight pursu'd him;
 But found him compass'd by Lothario's faction,
 Almost alone, amidst a crowd of foes.
 Too late we brought him aid, and drove them back;
 Ere that, his frantic valour had provok'd
 The death he seem'd to wish for from their swords.

Cal. And dost thou bear me yet, thou patient earth?

Dost thou not labour with thy murd'rous weight?
And you, ye glitt'ring, heav'nly host of stars,
Hide your fair heads in clouds, or I shall blast you; 240
For I am all contagion, death, and ruin,
And nature sickens at me. Rest, thou world,
This parricide shall be thy plague no more;
Thus, thus I set thee free. [*Stabs herself.*]

Hor. Oh, fatal rashness!

Alt. Thou dost instruct me well. To lengthen life,
Is but to trifle now.

[*Altamont offers to kill himself; Horatio prevents him, and wrests his sword from him.*]

Hor. Ha! what means
The frantic Altamont? Some foe to man
Has breath'd on ev'ry breast contagious fury,
And epidemic madness.

Enter SCIOLTO, pale and bloody, supported by servants.

Cal. Oh, my heart!
Well may'st thou fail; for see, the spring that fed
Thy vital stream is wasted, and runs low.
My father! will you now, at last, forgive me,
If, after all my crimes, and all your suff'rings,
I call you once again by that dear name?
Will you forget my shame, and those wide wounds?
Lift up your hand, and bless me, ere I go
Down to my dark abode?

260

Sci. Alas, my daughter!

Thou hast rashly ventur'd in a stormy sea,
Where life, fame, virtue, all were wreck'd and lost.
But sure thou hast borne thy part in all the anguish,
And smarted with the pain. Then, rest in peace:
Let silence and oblivion hide thy name,
And save thee from the malice of posterity;
And may'st thou find with Heav'n the same forgive-
ness,

As with thy father here.—Die, and be happy.

Cal. Celestial sounds! Peace dawns upon my soul,
And ev'ry pain grows less—Oh, gentle Altamont!
Think not too hardly of me when I'm gone;
But pity me—Had I but early known
Thy wond'rous worth, thou excellent young man,
We had been happier both—Now, 'tis too late;
And yet my eyes take pleasure to behold thee;
Thou art their last dear object—Mercy, Heav'n!

[*She dies.*]

Alt. Cold! dead, and cold! and yet thou art not
chang'd,

But lovely still. Hadst thou a thousand faults,
What heart so hard, what virtue so severe, 280
But at that beauty must of force relented,
Melted to pity, love, and to forgiveness?

Sci. Oh, turn thee from that fatal object, Alta-
mont,

Come near, and let me bless thee, ere I die.
To thee, and brave Horatio, I bequeath
My fortunes—Lay me by thy noble father,
And *love my memory*, as thou hast his;

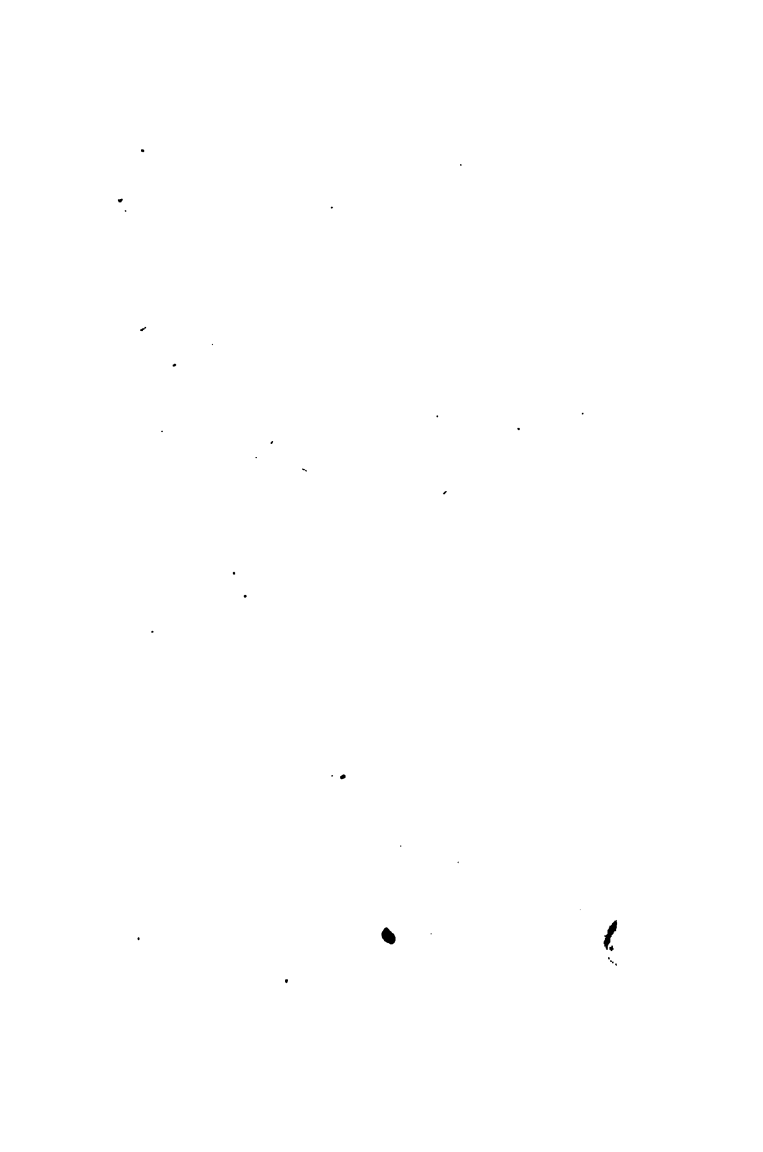
But multiply thy me
Let honour, greatness
And peace in all his
etc. Take, take it
To thee, Horatio, I
While I pursue my
And find my only port
Now, The storm of
And binds him, like a
By such examples are
The winds that blow
The winds that blow

the tripping dame could find no favour ;
: paid for breach of good behaviour ;
her loving husband's fondness save her.
lies lead but scurvy lives,
readful dealings with eloping wives :
because these husbands are obey'd
of laws, which for themselves they made.
: of old prescriptions, they confine
of marriage-rules to their male line,
and domineer by right divine.
he pow'r, we'd make the tyrants know,
to fail in duties which they owe ;
h the saunt'ring squire, who loves to roam,
of his own dear spouse at home ;
es, at night, supinely by her side ;
t for this the nuptial knot was ty'd.

EPILOGUE.

*Well may the cuckold-making tribe find grace,
And fill an absent husband's empty place.
If you wou'd e'er bring constancy in fashion,
You men must first begin the reformation.
Then shall the golden age of love return,
No turtle for her wand'ring mate shall mourn;
No foreign charms shall cause domestic strife,
But every married man shall toast his wife;
Phyllis shall not be to the country sent,
For carnivals in town to keep a tedious Lent;
Lampoons shall cease, and envious scandal die,
And all shall live in peace, like my good man and I.*





Act 1st.

DOUGLAS.



By W. Holman del. & J. Smith sculp.

MR. HOLMAN as DOUGLAS.

Say, who was my Father?







3

DOUGLAS.

A

TRAGEDY.

BY JOHN HOME.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES - ROYAL
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

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LONDON :

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of
JOHN BELL, *British-Library*, STRAND,
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC XCI.



HIGHNESS.
GEORGE
PRINCE OF WALES.

at, especially those which Poets write,
it to find little Sentiment, and less
ful Imagination adorns its Benefactor
re, and even flatters with Sincerity.
ait of each Patron of the Muses is
Outline, and finished as a Mo-
ed by the Errors of others,
Panegyrick of the Prince
the Patronage of Literature
y of a Prince. Your Royal
to mention one sort of Pa-
ver be praised too much; that, I
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of the State.

ive, in a great or

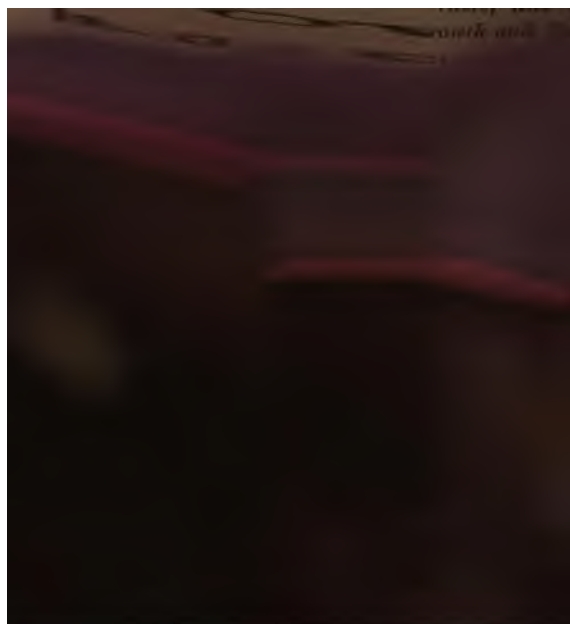
time that pleasing and ornamental Genius, which can not subsist in a Mind that does not partake of those Qualities which it describes. This is an Observation which has escaped the Notice of the greater Part of Writers, who have inquired into the Causes of the Growth and Decay of Poetry and Eloquence; but has not escaped the Penetration of LONGINUS, who writing in the Decline of the ROMAN Empire, and lamenting that the true Sublime was not to be found in the Works of his Time, boldly imputes that Defect to the Change of Policy; and enumerates with Indignation the Vices of Avarice, Effeminacy, and Pusillanimity, which, arising from the Loss of Liberty had so enthralled and debased the Minds of Men, that they could not look up, as he calls it, to any thing elevated and sublime: And here, as in other Questions, the great Critic quotes the Authority of his Master HOMER. The Day of Slavery bereaves a Man of half his Virtue. The Experience of succeeding Times has shewn that Genius is affected by Change less violent than the Loss of Liberty; that it even flourishes in Times of Vigour and Enterprize, and languishes amidst the sure Corruption of an inactive Age.

Your Royal Highness, as Heir Apparent of the British Empire, hath in view the noblest Field that ever a laudable Ambition entered. The envied State of this Nation cannot remain precisely as it is; the

... The
udies of your Youth,
nerous and constant
all good Men with
ishes. That these
ost Extent, is the

Servant,

JOHN HOME.



OSTUS, our present gra-
en Prince of Wales: this
comforts of a *pension*, and
He " has kept the noiseless
known only to his Friends

are his Dramas:

-
- | | | |
|---|-----------------|------|
| 4 | FATAL DISCOVERY | 1769 |
| 5 | ALONZA - - | 1773 |
| 6 | ALFRED - - | 1778 |
-

CHILD MAURICE.

I get a bonny boy
I win hose and shoen,
I go for Barnard's ha,
Is lady come?

in errand Willie,
I rin wi speid;
I gang on their feet
I sing steid."

my master deit!
my life;
I bauld barons,
I with his wife."

my boy Willie,
he said,
I ve against the stream
I woy'd."

my deir! he cryd,
ye're your lane:
I wald ye red,
I be tane."

I gae to the ha,
I wi speid;
I command,
I said.

I mantel,
I
I renewode,

DOUGLAS.

MR. GRAY offers an opinion upon this tragedy consonant with that of the present writer, claims permission to cite it, as, poetically, and rarity perhaps the *highest*. “ I am greatly struck by the tragedy of Douglas, though it has infinitely more than the author seems to have retrieved the measure of the stage, which had been lost for a hundred years; and there is one scene between the noble and the old peasant so masterly, that it blinds me to all the defects in the world.”

This tragedy abounds in nervous pictures and pathetic writing; the chief incidents are taken from an ancient Scottish Ballad, entitled MAURICE.—To supply curiosity with a reference, it is here printed correctly :—

CHILD MAURICE.

CHILD MAURICE was an earl's son
His name it waxed wide ;
It was nae for his great riches,
Nor yit his meikle pride,
But for his dame, a lady gay
Wha livd on Carron side.

‘ Whar sall I get a bonny boy
‘ That will win hose and shoen,
‘ That will gae to lord Barnard’s ha,
‘ And bîd his lady come ?

‘ And ye maun rin errand Willie,
‘ And ye maun rin wi speid ;
‘ When ither boys gang on their feet
‘ Ye sall ha prancing steid.’

“ O no ! oh no ! my master deir !
“ I dar na for my life ;
“ I’ll no gae to the bauld barons,
“ For to triest furth his wife.”

‘ My bîrd Willie, my boy Willie,
‘ My deir Willie, he said,
‘ How can ye strive against the stream ?
‘ For I sall be obey’d.’

“ But O my master deir ! he cryd,
“ In grenewode ye’re your lane :
“ Gi owr sic thochts I wald ye red,
“ For feir ye sold be tane.”

‘ Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha,
‘ Bid her come here wi speid ;
‘ If ye refuse my hie command,
‘ I’ll gar your body bleid.

‘ Gae bîd her tak this gay mantel,
‘ Tis a gowd bot the hem ;
‘ Bid her come to the gude grenewode,
‘ Ein by hersel alane :

‘ And there it is, a silken sark,
‘ Her ain hand sewd the selve ;
‘ And bid her come to Child Maurice ;
‘ Speir nae bauld baron’s leive.’

“ Yes I will gae your black errand,
“ Thouch it be to your cost ;
“ Sen ye will nae be warnd by me,
“ In it ye sall find frost.

“ The baron he’s a man o micht,
“ He neir could bide to taunt ;
“ And ye will see before its nicht,
“ Sma cause ye ha to vrunt.

“ And sen I maun your errand rin,
“ Sae sair against my will,
“ I’se mak a vow, and kelp it trow,
“ It sall be done for ill.”

Whan he cam to the broken brig,
He bent his bow and swam ;
And whan he came to grass growing,
Sat down his feet and ran.

And whan he cam to Barnard’s yeat,
Wold neither chap nor ca,
But set his bent bow to his breist,
And lichtly lap the wa.

He wald na tell the man his errand
Thoch he stude at the yeat ;
But streight into the ha he cam,
Whar they were set at meat.

‘ Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame!

‘ My message winna wait,

‘ Dame, ye maun to the grenewode gae,

‘ Afore that it be late.

‘ Ye’re bidden tak this gay mantel,

‘ Tis a gowd bot the hem:

‘ Ye maun haste to the gude grenewode,

‘ Ein by yoursel alane.

‘ And there it is, a silken sark,

‘ Your ain hand sewd the sleive;

‘ Ye maun gae speik to Child Maurice;

‘ Speir nae bauld baron’s leive.”

The lady stamped wi her foot,

And winked wi her eie;

But a that she cold say or do,

Forbidden he wald nae be.

“ It’s surely to my bower-woman,

“ It neir cold be to me.”

‘ I brocht it to lord Barnard’s lady,

‘ I trow that ye be shee.”

Then up and spak the wylie nurse,

(The bairn upon her knie,)

“ If it be cum from Child Maurice

“ It’s deir welcum to me.”

‘ Ye lie, ye lie, ye filthy nurse,

‘ Sae loud as I heir ye lie;

‘ I brocht it to lord Barnard’s lady

‘ I trow ye be nae shee.”

Then up and spake the bauld baron,
An angry man was he :
He has tane the table wi his foot,
Sae has he wi his knie,
Till crystal cup and ezar dish
In flinders he gard flie.

“ Gae bring a robe of your cliding,
“ Wi a the haste ye can,
“ And I’ll gae to the gude grenewode,
“ And speik wi your leman.”

‘ O bide at hame now lord Barnard !
‘ I ward ye bide at hame ;
‘ Neir wyte a man for violence,
‘ Wha neir wyte ye wi nane.’

Child Maurice sat in the grenewode,
He whistled and he sang :
“ O what meins a the folk coming ?
“ My mother tarries lang,”

The baron to the grenewode cam,
Wi meikle dule and care ;
And there he first spyd Child Maurice,
Kaming his yellow hair.

‘ Nae wonder, nae wonder, Child Maurice,
‘ My lady loes thee weil :
‘ The fairest part of my body
‘ Is blacker than thy heil.

‘ Yet neir the less now, Child Maurice,
‘ For a thy great bewtie,

' Ye'se rew the day ye cir was born ;
' That head sall gae wi me.'

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slaided ovr the strae ;
And through Child Maurice fair body
He gar'd the cauld iron gae.

And he has tane Child Maurice heid,
And set it on a speir ;
The meimest man in a his train,
Has gotten that heid to beir.

And he has tane Child Maurice up,
Laid him across his steid ;
And brocht him to his painted bower
And laid him on a bed.

The lady on the castle wa
Beheld baith dale and down ;
And there she saw Child Maurice heid
Cum trailing to the toun.

" Better I loe that bluidy heid,
" Bot and that yellow hair,
" Than lord Barnard and a his lands
" As they lig here and there."

And she has tane Child Maurice heid,
And kissed baith cheik and chin ;
" I was anes fow of Child Maurice
" As the hip is o the stane.

" I gat ye in my father's house
" Wi meikle sin and shame ;

" I brocht ye up in the grenewode
" Ken'd to mysel alane :

" Aft have I by thy craddle sitten,
" And fondly sein thee sleip ;
" But now I maun gae 'bout thy grave
" A mother's teirs to weip."

Again she kiss'd his bluidy cheik,
Again his bluidy chin ;
" O better I looed my son Maurice,
" Than a my kyth and kin !"

' Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
' An ill dethe may ye die !
' Gin I had ken'd he was your son
' He had neir bein slayne by me.'

" Obraid me not, my lord Barnard !
" Obraid me not for shame !
" Wi that sam speir, O perce my heart,
" And save me frae my pain !

" Since naething but Child Maurice heid
" Thy jealous rage cold quell
" Let that same hand now tak her lyfe,
" That neir to thee did ill.

" To me nae after days nor nichts
" Will eir be saft or kind :
" I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
" And greit till I be blind."

' Eneuch of bluid by me's been spilt,
' Seek not your dethe frae me ;

-
- ‘ I’d rather far it had been mysel,
‘ Than either him or thee.
- ‘ Wi hopeless wae I hear your plaint,
‘ Sair, sair, I rue the deid,—
‘ That eir this cursed hand of mine
‘ Sold gar his body bleid !
- ‘ Dry up your teirs, my winsome dame,
‘ They neir can heal the wound ;
‘ Ye see his heid upon the speir,
‘ His heart’s bluid on the ground.
- ‘ I curse the hand that did the deid,
‘ The heart that thocht the ill,
‘ The feet that bare me wi sic speid,
‘ The comely youth to kill.
- ‘ I’ll aye lament for Child Maurice
‘ As gin he war my ain ;
‘ I’ll neir forget the dreiry day
‘ On which the youth was slain.’
-





PROLOGUE.

IN antient times, when Britain's trade was arms,
And the lov'd music of her youth, alarms;
A godlike race sustain'd fair England's fame :
Who has not heard of gallant PIERCY's name ?
Ay, and of DOUGLAS ? Such illustrious foes
In rival Rome and Carthage never rose !
From age to age bright shone the British fire,
And every hero was a hero's sire.
When powerful fate decreed one warrior's doom,
Up sprung the phoenix from his parent's tomb.
But whilst those generous rivals fought and fell,
Those generous rivals lov'd each other well :
Tho' many a bloody field was lost and won,
Nothing in hate, in honour all was done.
When PIERCY wrong'd, defy'd his prince or peers,
Fast came the DOUGLAS with his Scottish spears ;
And, when proud DOUGLAS made his King his foe,
For DOUGLAS, PIERCY bent his English bow.
Expell'd their native homes by adverse fate,
They knock'd alternate at each other's gate :
Then blaz'd the castle, at the midnight hour,
For him whose arms had shook its firmest tower.

*night a DOUGLAS your protection claims ;
fel a mother ! Pity's softest names :
itory of her woes indulgent hear,
grant your suppliant all she begs, a tear.
nfidence she begs ; and hopes to find
i English breast, like noble PIERCY's, kind.*

PROLOGUE.
SPOKEN AT EDINBURGH.

IN days of classic fame, when Persia's Lord
Oppos'd his millions to the Grecian sword,
Flourish'd the state of Athens, small her store,
Rugged her soil, and rocky was her shore,
Like Caledonia's : yet she gain'd a name
That stands unrival'd in the rolls of fame.

Such proud pre-eminence not valour gave,
(For who than Sparta's dauntless sons more brave ?)
But learning, and the love of every art,
That virgin Pallas and the Muse impart.

Above the rest the Tragic Muse admir'd
Each Attic breast with noblest passions fir'd.
In peace their poets with their heroes shar'd
Glory, the hero's, and the bard's reward.
The Tragic Muse each glorious record kept,
And, o'er the kings she conquer'd, Athens wep't *.

Here let me cease, impatient for the scene,
To you I need not praise the Tragic Queen:
Oft has this audience soft compassion shown
To woes of heroes, heroes not their own.

* See the PERSAI of Æschylus.

ur scenes no common tear demand,
hero of your native land !
a name thro' all the world renown'd,
rouses like the trumpet's sound !
r fathers, prodigal of life,
s follow'd thro' the bloody strife ;
en known at that dread name to yield,
LAS dead, his name hath won the field.
entive to the various tale,
author's kindred feelings fail ;
lternate hopes, alternate fears,
test of your congenial tears.
flow, back to the muse he flies,
ur heroes in succession rise ;
vand'ring warriors as they roam,
assures them of a welcome home.

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

LORD RANDOLPH	-	-	-	Mr. Aickin.
GLENALVON	-	-	-	Mr. Palmer.
NORVAL	-	-	-	Mr. Kemble.
STRANGER	-	-	-	Mr. Bensley.

Women.

LADY RANDOLPH	-	-	-	Mrs. Siddons.
ANNA	-	-	-	Mrs. Ward.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

LORD RANDOLPH	-	-	-	Mr. Farren.
GLENALVON	-	-	-	Mr. Harley.
NORVAL	-	-	-	Mr. Aickin.
DOUGLAS	-	-	-	Mr. Holman.

Women.

LADY RANDOLPH	-	-	-	Mrs. Pope.
ANNA	-	-	-	Mrs. Rock.



DOUGLAS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*at of a Castle, surrounded with Woods. Enter Lady
RANDOLPH.*

Lady Randolph.

ds and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
ce of sorrow from my bursting heart,
a while: I will not leave you long;
our shades I deem some spirit dwells,
m the chiding stream, or groaning oak,
rs and answers to Matilda's moan.
glas! Douglas! if departed ghosts
permitted to review this world,
he circle of that wood thou art,
h the passion of immortals hear'st
entation: hear'st thy wretched wife
r her husband slain, her infant lost.
her's timeless death I seem to mourn
ish'd with thee on this fatal day.—

C

To thee I lift my voice ; to thee address
The plaint which mortal ear has never heard.
O disregard me not ; tho' I am call'd
Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.
Incapable of change, affection lies
Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave,
But Randolph comes, whom fate has made my lord,
To chide my anguish, and defraud the dead.

Enter Lord RANDOLPH.

Again these weeds of woe I say, dost thou well
To feed a passion which consumes thy life ?
The living claim some duty ; vainly thou
Bestow'st thy cares upon the silent dead.

Lady R. Silent, alas ! is he for whom I mourn :
Childless, without memorial of his name,
He only now in my remembrance lives.

" This fatal day stirs my time-settled sorrow,

" Troubles afresh the fountain of my heart.

" *Lord R.* When was it pure of sadness ! These
black weeds

" Express the wonted colour of thy mind,

" For ever dark and dismal. Seven long years

" Are pass'd, since we were join'd by sacred ties :

" Clouds all the while have hung upon thy brow,

" Nor broke, nor parted by one gleam of joy."

Time, that wears out the trace of deepest anguish,

" As the sea smoothes the prints made in the sand,"

// " 'er thee in vain.

to come
ineffectual, yet, my lord,
blame me. When our Scottish

her for my luckless love,
him, I implor'd them all
with my father's aid,
that they would with mine.
And with my blood,
I would have wash'd my breast.

Thou hadst a base attempt
To rend me from my hoary head,
To shew me his age,
That I could not die in peace,
And secur'd
My age. Then, my lord !
When I call'd on thee,
To satisfy my strong desire
Of solitary life,

And blindness, not to demand
That my heart was dead to love.
And thou know'st,
That I am not unjust,
More than to myself injurious.
I confess ; yet ever must regret
That I cannot cure." Would thou wert not
And tenderness alone,
Of other passions in thee,
That thy strong desire

The tale wrapt up in your amazing words
Deign to unfold.

Lady R. Alas ! an ancient feud,
Hereditary evil, was the source
Of my misfortunes. Ruling fate decreed,
That my brave brother should in battle save
The life of Douglas' son, our house's foe :
The youthful warriors vow'd eternal friendship.
To see the vaunted sister of his friend,
Impatient, Douglas to Balarmo came,
Under a borrow'd name.—My heart he gain'd ;
Nor did I long refuse the hand he begg'd :
My brother's presence authoris'd our marriage.
Three weeks, three little weeks, with wings of dour
Had o'er us flown, when my lov'd lord was call'd
To fight his father's battles ; and with him,
In spite of all my tears, did Malcolm go.
Scarce were they gone, when my stern sire was told
That the false stranger was lord Douglas' son.
Frantic with rage, the baron drew his sword
And question'd me. Alone, forsaken, faint,
Kneeling beneath his sword, fault'ring I took
An oath equivocal, that I ne'er would
Wed one of Douglas' name. Sincerity !
Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
Thy onward path, although the earth should gape,
And from the gulph of hell destruction cry,
To take dissimulation's winding way.

Anna. Alas ! how few of woman's fearful kind
Durst own a truth so hardy !

ady R. The first truth
easiest to avow. This moral learn,
A precious moral from my tragic tale.—
A few days the dreadful tidings came
That Douglas and my brother both were slain.
O lord ! my life ! my husband !—mighty God !
What had I done to merit such affliction ?

Anna. My dearest lady ! many a tale of tears
I listen'd to ; but never did I hear
A tale so sad as this. 300

ady R. In the first days
Of my distracting grief, I found myself—
Women wish to be who love their lords.
Who durst tell my father ? The good priest
Who join'd our hands, my brother's ancient tutor,
And his lov'd Malcolm, in the battle fell :
My two alone were privy to the marriage.
In silence and concealment I resolv'd,
That time should make my father's fortune mine.
That very night on which my son was born,
My nurse, the only confidant I had,
Went out with him to reach her sister's house :
My nurse, nor infant have I ever seen,
Nor heard of, Anna, since that fatal hour.
My murdered child !—had thy fond Mother fear'd
The loss of thee, she had loud fame defy'd,
And espis'd her father's rage, her father's grief,
And wander'd with thee through the scorning
world."

Anna. Not seen nor heard of ! then perhaps he lives.

94

Of admiration, dear to
we might contend with
ting tides and cur
To such

"Of admirability
"These might be
"As meeting fides
"Lady R. To such
...ent cases

"It's transient called
Lord R. ..."

you with officious love,
 your brother's fate?
 who though I am,
 not of my fortune;
 that to dry
 my life away. 240
 directed thy unconscious

to name—
 my mistress tremble,
 silent mix
 be silent.
 thou shalt be
 of my woes.
 noble pity
 giving time?
 to give up

stress?
 had my sorrows
 and?
 of my youth;
 in lies

er'd!

Stay, and detain him till I reach the castle.

[*Exit Lady RANDOLPH*]

Anna. Oh happiness! where art thou to be found
I see thou dwellest not with birth and beauty,
Tho' grac'd with grandeur and in wealth array'd :
Nor dost thou, it would seem with virtue dwell ;
Else had this gentle lady miss'd thee not.

Enter GLENALVON.

Glen. What dost thou muse on, meditating maid!
Like some entranc'd and visionary seer,
On earth thou stand'st, thy thoughts ascend to heaven

Anna. Would that I were, e'en as thou say'st,
seer,

To have my doubts by heavenly vision clear'd!

Glen. What dost thou doubt of? What hast thou
to do

With subjects intricate? Thy youth, thy beauty,
Cannot be questioned: think of these good gifts;
And then thy contemplations will be pleasing.

Anna. Let women view yon monument of woe,
Then boast of beauty: who so fair as she?
But I must follow; this revolving day
Awakes the mem'ry of her antient woes. *Exit ANNA.*

Glen. [*solus*] So!—Lady Randolph shuns me; b)
and by

I'll woo her as the lion wooes his brides.

The deed's a doing now, that makes me lord
Of these rich valleys, and a chief of pow'r.

The season is most apt; my sounding steps 460
Will not be heard amidst the din of arms.

main.

God t

ears

300

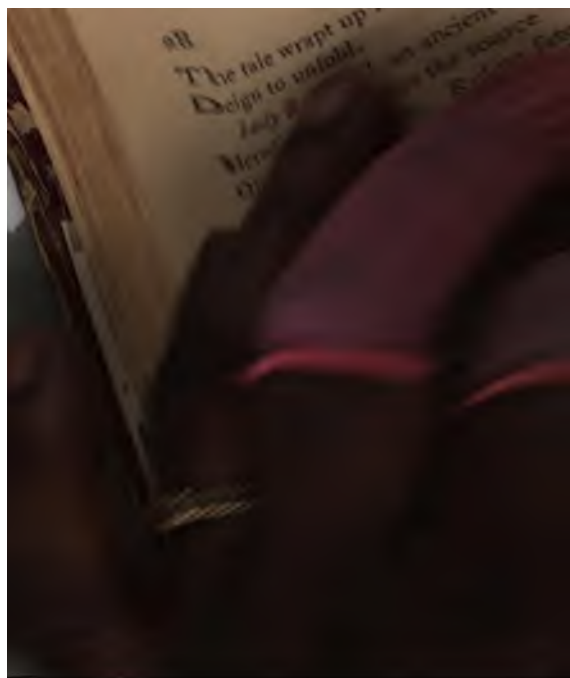
rator,

nine.

fear's

rnin

lives



urn'd upon him, but his active arm
to the ground, from whence they rose no more,
rearest two; the others fled amain,
left him master of the bloody field.

lady Randolph; upon beauty's tongue
accents pleasing to the brave and bold.
noble dame, and thank him for thy lord.

R. My lord, I cannot speak what now I feel.
art o'erflows with gratitude to Heav'n,
this noble youth, who, all unknown
and yours, deliberated not,
us'd at peril, but, humanely brave,
on your side against such fearful odds.
ou not learn'd of him, whom we should thank?
call the saviour of lord Randolph's life?

R. I ask'd that question, and he answered not:
must know, who my deliverer is.

[*To the Stranger.*

S. A low-born man, of parentage obscure,
ought can boast but his desire to be
ier, and to gain a name in arms.

R. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is ennobl'd
great King of kings! thou art ordain'd
amp'd a hero, by the sovereign hand
ure! blush not, flower of modesty
as valour, to declare thy birth.

S. My name is Norval: on the Grampion hills
her feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
constant cares were to increase his store,
sep his only son, myself, at home.

For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord:
And Heav'n soon granted what my sire deny'd.
This moon which rose last night, round as my shield,
Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took ; then hasted to my friends,
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led.
'Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe. 60
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life ; and having heard
That our good king had summoned his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps : —
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers,
And, Heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Lord Ran. He is as wise as brave. Was ever tale
With such a gallant modesty rehears'd ?



NORVAL.
 al truth.

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 flame
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low;



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oy:

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 th

Would for a while have won you from your woe.
On him intent you gazed, with a look
Much more delighted, than your pensive eye
Has deign'd on other objects to bestow.

Lady R. Delighted, say'st thou? Oh! even the
mine eye

Found fuel for my life-consuming sorrow;
I thought, that had the son of Douglas liv'd,
He might have been like this young gallant stranger
And pair'd with him in features and in shape.
In all endowments, as in years, I deem,
My boy with blooming Norval might have number'd
Whilst thus I mus'd, a spark from fancy fell
On my sad heart, and kindled up a fondness
For this young stranger wand'ring from his home,
And like an orphan cast upon my care.
I will protect thee, said I to myself,
With all my power, and grace with all my favour.

Anna. Sure Heav'n will bless so gen'rous a resolve
You must, my noble dame, exert your power:
You must awake: devices will be fram'd,
And arrows pointed at the breast of Norval.

Lady R. Glenalvon's false and crafty head will woe
Against a rival in his kinsman's love,
If I deter him not; I only can.
Bold as he is, Glenalvon will beware
How he pulls down the fabric that I raise.
I'll be the artist of young Norval's fortune.
" 'Tis pleasing to admire! most apt was I
" *To this affection in my better days;*

Now I seem to you shrunk up, retir'd
 In narrow compass of my woe.
 Not sometimes seen an early flower
 Bud, and spread its silken leaves,
 Sweet airs, and odours to bestow;
 The keen blast nipt, pull in its leaves,
 Though still living, die to scent and beauty?
 Of me; affliction, like a storm,
 And the forward blossom of my heart."

Enter GLENALVON.

Here is my dearest kinsman, noble Randolph?
 Have you not heard, Glenalvon, of the base—
 Live; and that the villains may not 'scape,
 My band I have begirt the wood. 180
 There, alive they shall be taken,
 Force from them th' important secret,
 My foe of Randolph hir'd their swords,

That care becomes a kinsman's love.
 Counsel for Glenalvon's ear. [*Exit Anna.*
 Whom your counsels always are commands.
 Have not found so; thou art known to me.
 Own!
 And most certain is my cause of knowledge.
 What do you know? By the most blessed cross,
 Amaze me. No created being,
 Except, durst thus accost Glenalvon.
 Is guilt so bold? and dost thou make a
 Wit

DOUGLAS.

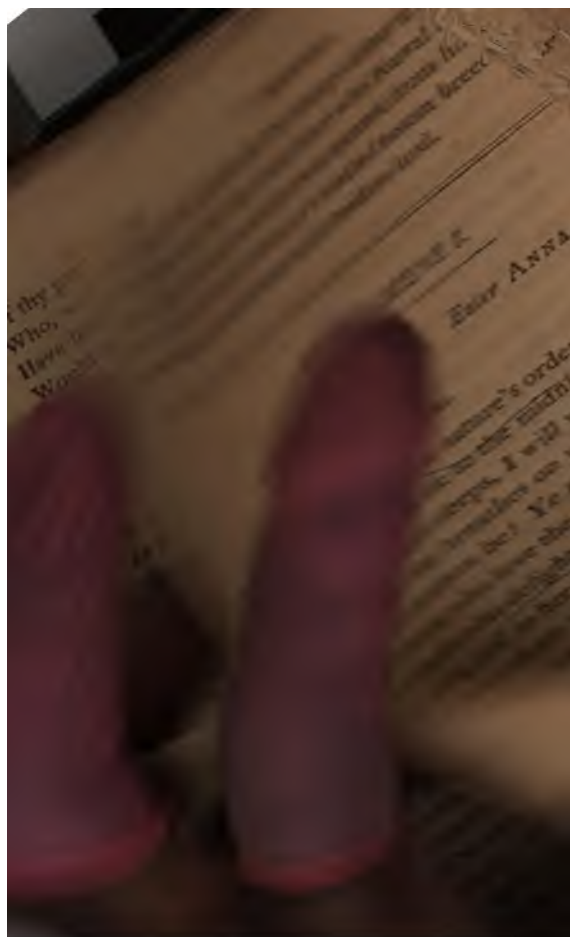
pretended meekness? This to me,
with a gentleness which duty blames,
hitherto conceal'd what, if divulg'd,
ld make thee nothing; or, what's worse than that,
outcast beggar, and unpitied too:
mortals shudder at a crime like thine.
Glen. Thy virtue awes me. First of womankind!
ermit me yet to say, that the fond man
Whom love transports beyond strict virtue's bounds,
if he is brought by love to misery,
In fortune ruin'd, as in mind forlorn,
Unpitied cannot be. Pity's the alms
Which on such beggars freely is bestow'd;
For mortals know that love is still their lord,

And o'er their vain resolves advances still:
As fire, when kindled by our shepherds, moves
Through the dry heath before the fanning wind.
Lady R. Reserve these accents for some other ear.

To love's apology I listen not.
Mark thou my words; for it is meet thou shouldst.
His brave deliverer Randolph here retains.
Perhaps his presence may not please thee well;
But, at thy peril, practise ought against him:
Let not thy jealousy attempt to shake
And loosen the good root he has in Randolph;
Whose favourites I know thou hast supplanted.
Thou look'st at me, as if thou fain would'st pry
Into my heart. 'Tis open as my speech.
I give this early caution, and put on
The curb, before thy temper breaks away.

anger my protection claims;
 and be not thou his foe. [Exit.
 I was to start at my own shadow,
 a fool of coward conscience!
 have been; what I should be.
 my have almost pierc'd ✓

Had I one grain of faith
 and religious tales,
 then I might arm above
 steel, and might turn'd,
 I might set.
 simple means!
 gave a spouse;
 induc'd
 from me;
 turning hell!
 thought she loved him!
 me; nay, commands me,
 her displeasure o'er me,
 all I thus be brav'd?
 by dame Chastity?
 fiends there are
 , ambition, and revenge,
 bosom with your fires
 ceaseless! Chance may spoil
at perseverance must
 For chance and fate are words:
 is the fate of man."
 ers upon my mind,
 when rising in the east,



DOUGLAS.

edge of the crime. But this is not
say: these jewels were conceal'd
t secret places of his garment;
pails of some that he has murder'd.
t me look on them. Ha! here is a hea
crest of Douglas' valiant name!
vulgar jewels. Guard the wretch.

[Exit Anna]

Prisoner.

Does the child unborn

you speak the truth.
Randolph comes;
her just revenge.

ANDOLPH and ANNA.

Your utmost fortitude, before
 Your dignity, your fame,
 Think of the fatal secret,
 From your lips may fly.
 Behold me, with a desperate

erish'd. See, he kneels.
[77]

[The Prisoner kneels.

[The Prisoner kneels.
That countenance so sweet and

is innocence more bold,
these cruel

E

Cross'd and divided by strange-colour'd clouds.
I'll seek the slave who came with Norval hither,
And for his cowardice was spurned from him.
I've known a follower's rankled bosom breed
Venom most fatal to his heedless lord. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Court, &c. as before. Enter ANNA.

Anna.

THY vassals, grief, great nature's order break,
And change the noon-tide to the midnight hour,
Whilst lady Randolph sleeps, I will walk forth,
And taste the air that breathes on yonder bank.
Sweet may her slumbers be! Ye ministers
Of gracious Heaven who love the human race,
Angels and seraphs who delight in goodness!
Forsake your skies, and to her couch descend!
There from her fancy chase those dismal forms
That haunt her waking; her sad spirit charm
With images celestial, such as please
The blest above upon their golden beds.

Enter Servant.

Ser. One of the vile assassins is secur'd.
We found the villain lurking in the wood:
With dreadful imprecations he denies

no more I charge thee

farewell

and

not,

loves thee.

to you as just

you,

men:—

and

lord;

and

mine,

mother)

the skill

art,

liv'd,

and

proof;

oft

cry

on

son lost:

to,

DOUGLAS.

have attack'd and seiz'd me; who accuse
of intended murder. As I hope
mercy at the judgment-seat of Heaven,
one tender lamb, that never nipt the grass,
is not more innocent than I of murder.

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Lady R. Of this man's guilt what proof can ye pro-
duce?

1st Ser. We found him lurking in the hollow glyn.
When view'd and call'd upon, amaz'd he fled,
We overtook him, and enquir'd from whence
And what he was: he said he came from far,
And was upon his journey to the camp.
Not satisfied with this, we search'd his clothes,
And found these jewels, whose rich value plead
Most pow'rfully against him. Hard he seems,
And old in villainy. Permit us try

Pris. Oh, gentle lady! by your lord's dear life;
Which these weak hands, I swear, did ne'er assail;
And by your children's welfare, spare my age!
Let not the iron tear my ancient joints,
And my grey hairs bring to the grave with pain.

Lady R. Account for these; thine own they cannot
For these, I say: be stedfast to the truth;
Detected falshood is most certain death.

[*Anna removes the Servants and*
Pris. Alas! I'm sore beset! let never man
For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!
Eternal justice is in this most just!
I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal

y R. Oh! Anna hear!—once more I charge thee
speak

ruth direct; for these to me foretel
certify a part of thy narration;
which, if the remainder tallies not,
stant and a dreadful death abides thee.

i. Then, thus adjur'd, I'll speak to you as just
you were the minister of heaven,
down to search the secret sins of men:—

eighteen years ago I rented land
ave Sir Malcolm, then Balarmo's lord;
lling to decay, his servants seiz'd
at I had, and then turn'd me and mine,
(helpless infants and their weeping mother)
o the mercy of the winter winds.

e hovel by the river's side

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red us: there hard labour, and the skill
ing, which was formerly my sport,
rted life. Whilst thus we poorly liv'd,
ormy night, as I remember well,
ind and rain beat hard upon our roof;
me the river down, and loud and oft
ngry spirit of the water shriek'd.

dead hour of night was heard the cry
in jeopardy. I rose, and ran

ere the circling eddy of a pool,
th the ford, us'd oft to bring within
ach, whatever floating thing the stream
ught. The voice was ceas'd; the person lost:
oking sad and earnest on the waters,

By the moon's light I saw, whirl'd round and
A basket : soon I drew it to the bank,
And nestled curious there an infant lay.

Lady R. Was he alive ?

Pris. He was.

Lady R. Inhuman that thou art !

How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests

Pris. I am not so inhuman.

Lady R. Didst thou not ?

Anna. My noble mistress, you are mov'd too

This man has not the aspect of stern murder

Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear

Good tidings of your kinsman's long-lost child

Pris. The needy man who has known better

One whom distress has spited at the world,

Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon

To do such deeds as make the prosperous men

Lift up their hands and wonder who could do

And such a man was I ; a man declin'd,

Who saw no end of black adversity :

Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not

Have touch'd that infant with a hand of harm.

Lady R. Ha ! dost thou say so ; then perhaps he

Pris. Not many days ago he was alive.

Lady R. O God of Heav'n ! did he then die so

Pris. I did not say he died ; I hope he live

Not many days ago these eyes beheld

Him, flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty

Lady R. Where is he now ?

Pris. Alas ! I know not where.

Lady R. Oh, fate! I fear thee still. Thou riddler,
speak

Direct and clear; else I will search thy soul.

Anna. "Permit me, ever honour'd! Keen impa-
tience,

"Though hard to be restrain'd, defeats itself."—

Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue,

To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.

Pris. Fear not my faith, though I must speak my
shame;

Within the cradle where the infant lay,

Was stow'd a mighty store of gold and jewels;

Tempted by which, we did resolve to hide,

From all the world this wonderful event,

And like a peasant breed the noble child.

That none might mark the change of our estate,

We left the country, travell'd to the north,

Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth

Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye

Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore.

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For one by one all our own children died,

And he, the Stranger, sole remain'd the heir

Of what indeed was his. Fain then would I,

Who with a father's fondness lov'd the boy,

Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,

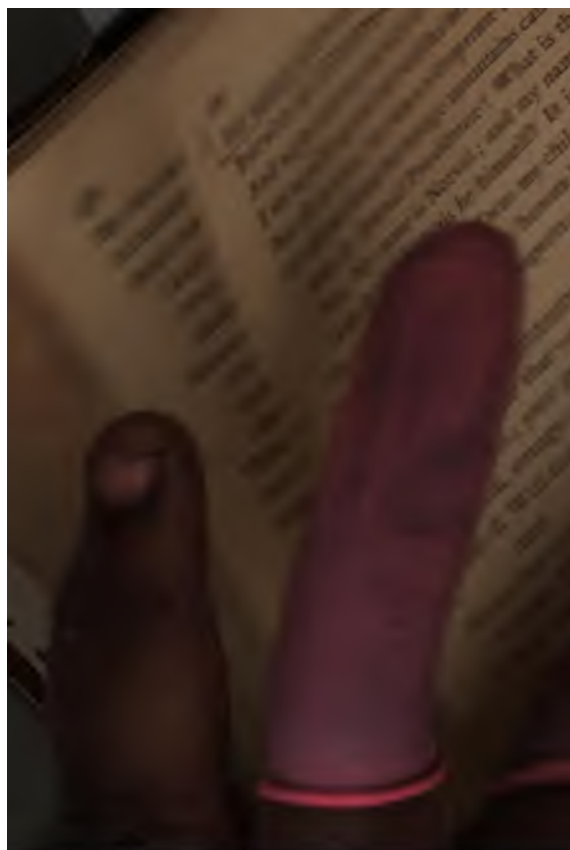
With his own secret: but my anxious wife,

Foreboding evil, never would consent.

Meanwhile the stripling grew in years and beauty;

And, as we oft observ'd, he bore himself,

Not as the offspring of our cottage blood;



The child thou rescu'dst from the flood is mine. 180

Pris. Blest be the hour that made me a poor man,
My poverty hath sav'd my master's house!

Lady R. Thy words surprize me: sure thou dost
not feign!

The tear stands in thine eye; such love from thee
Sir Malcolm's house deserv'd not; if aright
Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.

Pris. Sir Malcolm of our barons was the flower;
The fastest friend, the best, the kindest master.
But ah! he knew not of my sad estate.

After that battle, where his gallant son,
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord
Grew desperate and reckless of the world;
And never, as he erst was wont, went forth
To overlook the conduct of his servants.

By them I was thrust out, and them I blame:
May Heav'n so judge me as I judge my master!
And God so love me as I love his race!

Lady R. His race shall yet reward thee. On thy
faith

Depends the fate of thy lov'd master's house.

Rememb'rest thou a little lonely hut, 200

That like a holy hermitage appears

Among the cliffs of Carron?

Pris. I remember the cottage of the cliffs.

Lady R. 'Tis that I mean:

There dwells a man of venerable age,
Who in my father's service spent his youth:
Tell him *I sent thee*, and with him remain,

widow, and the orphan's father,
 's and a mother's thanks
 ! What does my Anna think
 aglet of a valiant nest ?
 z'd on bright and burning arms,
 dunghill where his fate had thrown

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to the region of his sire !
 ndly did your eyes devour the boy !
 re, with the unseen cord
 tinct, drew you to your own-
 e rest, story of his birth believ'd
 our did he owe
 en favour :
 ace again,
 find out
 as, or my own.
 o let him know
 re, to clasp his neck,
 story of his father.

caution you must bear yourself
 tenderness break forth,
 tir conjectures strange.
 in the shape of woman
 's world, yet defamation would,
 bark at the angel's train."— 260
 started at your tears.

O, Anna ! well thy mistress knows
 nance, mote of offence,
 on's eye, his sight would be

With jealousy disorder'd. But the more
It does behove me instant to declare
The birth of Douglas, and assert his rights.
This night I purpose with my son to meet,
Reveal the secret, and consult with him :
For wise he is, or my fond judgement errs.
As he does now, so look'd his noble father,
Array'd in Nature's case : his mien, his speech,
Were sweetly simple, and full oft deceiv'd
Those trivial mortals who seem always wise.
But, when the matter match'd his mighty mind,
Up rose the hero ; on his piercing eye
Sat observation ; on each glance of thought
Decision follow'd, as the thunderbolt
Pursues the flash.

Anna. That demon haunts you still :
Benold Glenalvon

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Lady R. Now I shun him not.
This day I brav'd him in behalf of Norval :
Perhaps too far : at least my nicer fears
For Douglas thus interpret.

Enter GLENALVON.

Glen. Noble dame !
The hovering Dane at last his men hath landed :
No band of pirates ; but a mighty host,
That come to settle where their valour conquers :
To win a country, or to lose themselves.

Lady R. But whence comes this intelligence, Glenalvon ?

ent from yonder camp,
 of the north,
 that the fierce Dane
 of Lothian landed,
 ere the sea rock immense,
 o'er a fertile land.
 this western army march to

last guard Edena's tow'rs.
 uestion. If impairing time
 age of a place, 300
 east, there is a wild
 of that mighty rock,
 igned for the camp
 whose chief strength
 k'd with warlike horse:
 ne Danish lords,
 he army lies

ing horse, the bloody field
 and foot to foot be fought."
 mothers shall bewail their sons!
 ep their husbands slain!
 , ev'n for you I feel.
 he sea-beat shore,
 at never shall return.
 conquer'd Caledonian sword
 The children of the slain
 et their father's fate.
 her infernal brood,
 fe-ending pain,

Are objects suited to Glenalvon's soul.

[Scorn is more grievous than the pains of death;
Reproach more piercing than the pointed sword.]

Lady R. I scorn thee not but when I ought to scorn;
Nor e'er reproach, but when insulted virtue
Against audacious vice asserts herself.

I own thy worth, Glenalvon; none more apt
Than I to praise thine eminence in arms,
And be the echo of thy martial fame.
No longer vainly feed a guilty passion:
Go and pursue a lawful mistress, Glory.

Upon the Danish crests redeem thy fault,
And let thy valour be the shield of Randolph.

Glen. One instant stay, and hear an alter'd man.
When beauty pleads for virtue, vice abash'd
Flies its own colours, and goes o'er to virtue.

I am your convert; time will shew how truly:
Yet one immediate proof I mean to give.

That youth for whom your ardent zeal to-day,
Somewhat too haughtily defy'd your slave,
Amidst the shock of armies I'll defend, 340
And turn death from him, with a guardian arm,
"Sedate by use, my bosom maddens not
"At the tumultuous uproar of the field."

Lady R. Act thus, Glenalvon, and I am thy friend:
But that's thy least reward. Believe me, sir,
The truly generous is the truly wise;
And he who loves not others lives unblest.

[Exit Lady RANDOLPH.]

Glen. [solus.] Amen! and virtue is its own reward!

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter Lord RANDOLPH attended.

Lord Randolph.

SUMMON an hundred horse, by break of day,
To wait our pleasure at the castle gate.

Enter Lady RANDOLPH.

Lady R. Alas, my Lord! I've heard unwelcome
news;

The Danes are landed.

Lord R. Ay, no inroad this
Of the Northumbrian bent to take a spoil :
No sportive war, no tournament essay,
Of some young knight resolv'd to break a spear,
And stain with hostile blood his maiden arms.
The Danes are landed : we must beat them back,
Or live the slaves of Denmark.

Lady R. Dreadful times!

Lord R. The fenceless villages are all forsaken ;
The trembling mothers, and their children lodg'd
In wall-girt towers and castles ; whilst the men
Retire indignant. Yet, like broken waves,
They but retire more awful to return.

Lady R. Immense, as fame reports, the Danish
host!

Lord R. Were it as numerous as loud fame reports,
An army knit like ours would pierce it through : 20

not from each other's side,
 s, fill our warlike files :
 r, and the wife he loyes,
 e fearless father arm.
 oic ardor burns,

t notes his daring lord.
 temper'd, like their

Elion's brink
 daring forms,
 e, the lone widow's life ;
 embitter'd age."

ery steed,
 d foil'd the strength and skill
 behold he comes,
 on with Glenalvon.

RIVAL and GLENALVON.

E lark arise ; go forth,
 that lie in yonder vale :
 the royal camp : 40
 with me. But say, young man I
 arn so to discourse of war,
 ts I o'erheard to day ?
 ience, nor its phrase
 mongst the shepherd swains.
 skill my Lord delights to praise

In him he favours. Hear from whence it came.
Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
And inaccessible by shepherds trod,
In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the shepherd's alms.
I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd
With rev'rence and with pity. Mild he spake,
And, entering on discourse, such stories told
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
For he had been a soldier in his youth;
And fought in famous battles, when the peers
Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
Against th'usurping infidel display'd
The blessed cross, and won the Holy Land.
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
His years away, and act his young encounters:
Then, having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him down
And all the live-long day discourse of war.
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts;
Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,
The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.
*For all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.*

his soldier in a desert hide
 should have grac'd a camp ?
 as I learn'd. Unhappy man !
 as by Messina's port, 80
 and honours bravely won,
 as captain of the sea
 him. Fierce they fought ;
 d with his dying breath
 ad lineage. Mighty pow'r !
 y brother ! Oh my brother !
 er !

same parents born ;
 hey exchang'd forgiveness :
 nd was he that died ;
 the survivor suffer'd.

a rock he sits,
 a stream's untrodden banks,
 ay his dreadful fate.
 in his perfect mind,

his lov'd brother's ghost ;
 rsakes his sullen couch,
 or him he slew.

terious woes are mortals born !
 there no more 100
 parents live ?
 ; kind Heav'n had clos'd

his brother's blood.
 s fate ; for he was not to blame !
 this strange world,

Which oft decrees an undeserved doom.

Let schoolmen tell us why—From whence the
sounds? [Trumpets at a distance]

Enter an Officer.

Off. My lord, the trumpets of the troops of Lorn
The valiant leader hails the noble Randolph.

Lord R. Mine ancient guest! Does he the war
lead?

Has Denmark rous'd the brave old knight to arm

Off. No; worn with warfare, he resigns the sword
His eldest hope, the valiant John of Lorn,
Now leads his kindred bands.

Lord R. Glenalvon, go.

With hospitality's most strong request

Entreat the chief. [Exit Glenalvon]

Off. My lord, requests are vain.

He urges on, impatient of delay,
Stung with the tidings of the foe's approach.

Lord R. May victory sit on the warrior's plume!
Bravest of men! his flocks and herds are safe;
Remote from war's alarms his pastures lie,
By mountains inaccessible secur'd:
Yet foremost he into the plain descends,
Eager to bleed in battles not his own.
Such were the heroes of the ancient world;
Contemners they of indolence and gain;
But still, for love of glory and of arms,
Prone to encounter peril, and to lift,
Against each strong antagonist, the spear.

to my breast.

[Exit with the Officer.

loftiness, the pride and pomp

Norval, I see,

mind.

ey not?

ft my father's house!

pherd all my days,

a peasant's grave.

ghty chiefs I stand;

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ble dust I lie.

generous spirit in thy breast,

ustain'd a prouder fortune.

der yon spreading beech,

uman eye or ear,

a wond'rous tale.

nger, Lady, with the secret,

y grateful heart,

Command my sword, my life:

essions of poor Norval.

u these gems?

mine eyes,

l they were my father's.

say'st thou? Ah, they were

and curiously enquir'd

e such splendor came?

e could never learn.

or me, thou art not Norval's



He is —

—

—

—

— My soul my

—

— upon his work.

— is my

—

—

— fatal love!

—

— me.

—

—

—

—

—

—

— thou dost behold

—

— ready!

— away,

— father!

— sometimes

— he won

—

— a bloody field

— such to ask!

— lengthen'd tale

—

At present this—Thou art the rightful heir
Of yonder castle, and the wide domains
Which now lord Randolph, as my husband, hold
But thou shalt not be wrong'd ; I have the power
To right thee still. Before the King I'll kneel,
And call lord Douglas to protect his blood.

Nor. The blood of Douglas will protect itself.

Lady R. But we shall need both friends and fav
boy,

To wrest thy lands and lordship from the gripe
Of Randolph and his kinsman. Yet I think
My tale will move each gentle heart to pity,
My life incline the virtuous to believe.

Nor. To be the son of Douglas is to me
Inheritance enough. Declare my birth,
And in the field I'll seek for fame and fortune.

Lady R. Thou dost not know what perils
injustice

Await the poor man's valour. Oh, my son !
The noblest blood of all the land's abash'd,
Having no lacquey but pale poverty.
Too long hast thou been thus attended, Douglas
Too long hast thou been deem'd a peasant's child
The wanton heir of some inglorious chief
Perhaps has scorn'd thee in the youthful sports,
Whilst thy indignant spirit swell'd in vain.
Such contumely thou no more shalt bear :
But how I purpose to redress thy wrongs
Must be hereafter told. Prudence directs
That we should part before yon chiefs return.

e, and from thy rustic follower's hand
ive a billet, which thy mother's care,
ous to see thee, dictated before
casual opportunity arose
ivate conference. Its purport mark;
s I there appoint, we meet again.
e me, my son; and frame thy manners still
forval's, not to noble Douglas' state.
r. I will remember. Where is Norval now?
good old man.

dy R. At hand conceal'd he lies,
seful witness. But beware, my son,
on Glenalvon; in his guilty breast
les a villain's shrewdness, ever prone
lse conjecture. He hath griev'd my heart.
r. Has he, indeed? Then let yon false Glenal-
von
re of me. [Exit.

dy R. There burst the smother'd flame. 260
hou all-righteous and eternal King!
Father of the fatherless art call'd,
et my son! Thy inspiration, Lord!
fill'd his bosom with that sacred fire,
h in the breasts of his forefathers burn'd:
im on high, like them, that he may shine
star and glory of his native land!
let the minister of death descend,
bear my willing spirit to its place.
ler they come. How do bad women find
anging aspects to conceal their guilt,



Retire, and from thy rustic follower's hand
Receive a billet, which thy mother's care
Anxious to see thee, dictated before
This casual opportunity arose
Of private conference. Its purport mark
For as I there appoint, we meet again.
Leave me, my son; and frame thy manner
To Norval's, not to noble Douglas' state.
Nor. I will remember. Where is Norval
That good old man.

My R. At hand conceal'd he lies,
A faithful witness. But beware, my son,
Glenalvon; in his guilty breast
Lies a villain's shrewdness, ever prone
To the conjecture. He hath griev'd my heart.
Has he, indeed? Then let yon false
Glenalvon
Be of me.

My R. There burst the smother'd flame.
How all-righteous and eternal King!
The Father of the fatherless art call'd,
Protect my son! Thy inspiration, Lord!
Fill'd his bosom with that sacred fire,
In the breasts of his forefathers burn'd:
On high, like them, that he may shine
And glory of his native land!
The minister of death descend,
The willing spirit to its place.
Come. How do bad women find
Methods to conceal their guilt,

Upon the hunter's spear.

Lord R. 'Tis shrewdly thought.

Glen. When we grow loud, draw near. But let my lord

His rising wrath restrain. [*Exit Randolph.*]

'Tis strange, by Heav'n!

That she should run full tilt her fond career
To one so little known. She too that seem'd
Pure as the winter stream, when ice emboss'd,
Whitens its course. Even I did think her chaste,
Whose charity exceeds not. Precious sex!
Whose deeds lascivious pass Glenalvon's thoughts!

Enter NORVAL.

His port I love; he's in a proper mood 340
To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd. [*Aside.*]
Has Norval seen the troops?

Nor. The setting sun
With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale;
And as the warriors mov'd each polish'd helm,
Courslet, or spear, glanc'd back his gilded beams.
The hill they climb'd, and halting at its top,
Of more than mortal size, tow'ring, they seem'd
An host angelic, clad in burning arms.

Glen. Thou talk'st it well; no leader of our host
In sounds more lofty speaks of glorious war.

Nor. If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
Vents itself freely; since no part is mine

DOUGLAS.

she will, bring shame and sorrow on
 at of sorrows, and the worst of shames!
 Yield not, my lord, to such afflicting thoughts;
 the spirit of an husband sleep,
in hence make a sure conclusion,
 to blooming Norval go:
 turn awaits my happy;
 am refitted for my war.
 thicker than the air;
 things bring to my stand;
 favour, in eyes may judge
 Thou art my lord,
 mit in one slight essay.
 mortals boast,
 am won,
ing man's eye,
 successful love
 icates the mind,
 in triumph moves,
 vulgar men.
 avails this maxim?
 al.

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I'll accost young Norval,
 derisive counsel
 If he is no more
 rval by thy favour rais'd,
 'll shrink astonish'd from me:
 avourite of the fair,
 of Caledonia's dames,
 e, as the lion turns

To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
What will become of you ?

Nor. If this were told !——

[*Aside.*

Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self ?

Glen. Ha ! dost thou threaten me ?

Nor. Didst thou not hear ?

Glen. Unwillingly I did ; a nobler foe
Had not been question'd thus. But such as thee——

Nor. Whom dost thou think me ?

Glen. Norval.

Nor. So I am——

And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes ?

Glen. A peasant's son, a wandering beggar-boy ;
At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.

Nor. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth ?

Glen. Thy truth ! thou'rt all a lie : and false as hell
Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

Nor. If I were chain'd, unarm'd, and bed-rid old,
Perhaps I should revile ; but as I am, 402
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.

Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee—what thou art. I know thee well.

Glen. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to com-
mand

Ten thousand slaves like thee——

Nor. Villain, no more !

Draw and defend thy life. I did design
To have defy'd thee in another cause ;

But Heav'n accelerates its vengeance on thee.
Now for my own and lady Randolph's wrongs.

Enter Lord RANDOLPH.

Lord R. Hold, I command you both. The man that
stirs

Makes me his foe.

Nor. Another voice than thine
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

Glen. Hear him, my Lord; he's wond'rous conde-
scending!

Mark the humility of shepherd Norval! 420

Nor. Now you may scoff in safety.

[Sheaths his Sword.]

Lord R. Speak not thus,
Taunting each other; but unfold to me
The cause of quarrel, then I judge betwixt you.

Nor. Nay, my good Lord, tho' I revere you much,
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.
I blush to speak; I will not, cannot speak
Th' opprobrious words that I from him have borne.
To the liege-lord of my dear native land
I owe a subject's homage; but ev'n him
And his high arbitration I'd reject.
Within my bosom reigns another lord;
Honour, sole judge, and umpire of itself.

If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,
Revoke your favours, and let Norval go
Hence as he came, alone, but not dishonour'd.

Lord R. Thus far I'll mediate with impartial voice:
The ancient foe of Caledonia's land

Now waves his banners o'er her frightened fields.
Suspend your purpose till your country's arms
Repel the bold invader: then decide
The private quarrel.

Glen. I agree to this.

Nor. And I.

Enter Servant.

Ser. The banquet waits.

Lord R. We come. *(Exit with Servant)*

Glen. Norval,

Let not our variance mar the social hour,
Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.
Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate,
Shall stain my countenance. Sooth thou thy brow
Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.

Nor. Think not so lightly, Sir, of my resentment
When we contend again, our strife is mortal. *[Exit]*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter DOUGLAS.

Douglas.

THIS is the place, the centre of the grove;
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.
How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way

'skies where I could count each little star.
 fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves! 460
 river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
 ses silence with a stilly sound.
 ch a place as this, at such an hour,
 estry can be in ought believed,
 ending spirits have convers'd with man,
 told the secrets of the world unknown.

Enter Old NORVAL.

Nor. 'Tis he. But what if he should chide me
 hence?
 ist reproach I fear.

[Douglas turns aside and sees him.]

re, forgive,
 thou forgive the man, the selfish man,
 bred Sir Malcolm's heir, a shepherd's son?
 g. Kneel not to me; thou art my father still:
 ish'd-for presence now completes my joy.
 me to me; my fortunes thou shalt share,
 ver honour'd with thy Douglas live.
Nor. And dost thou call me father; Oh, my son!
 : that I could die, to make amends
 e great wrong I did thee. 'Twas my crime
 in the wilderness so long conceal'd
 ossom of thy youth. 480

g. Not worse the fruit,
 n the wilderness the blossom blow'd.
 gst the shepherds, in the humble cot,
 'd some lessons, which I'll not forget
 I inhabit yonder lofty towers.

I, who was once a swain, will ever prove
The poor man's friend; and when my vassals bow,
Norval shall smooth the crested pride of Douglas.

Nor. Let me but live to see thine exaltation!
Yet grievous are my fears. Oh, leave this place,
And those unfriendly towers!

Doug. Why should I leave them?

Nor. Lord Randolph and his kinsman seek your life.

Doug. How know'st thou that?

Old Nor. I will inform you how:
When evening came, I left the secret place
Appointed for me by your mother's care,
And fondly trod in each accustom'd path
That to the castle leads. Whilst thus I rang'd,
I was alarm'd with unexpected sounds 500
Of earnest voices. On the persons came
Unseen I lurk'd, and overheard them name
Each other as they talk'd, lord Randolph this,
And that Glenalvon. Still of you they spoke,
And of the lady; threat'ning was their speech,
Tho' but imperfectly my ear could hear it.
'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discov'ry;
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Doug. Revenge! for what?

Old Nor. For being what you are,
Sir Malcolm's heir: how else have you offended?
When they were gone, I hied me to my cottage,
And there sat musing how I best might find
Means to inform you of their wicked purpose,
But I could think of none. At last, perplex'd,

I issued forth, encompassing the tower
 With many a wearied step and wishful look.
 Now Providence hath brought you to my sight,
 Let not your too courageous spirit scorn
 The caution which I give.

520

Doug. I scorn it not.

My mother warn'd me of Glenalvon's baseness;
 But I will not suspect the noble Randolph.
 In our encounter with the vile assassins,
 I mark'd his brave demeanour; him I'll trust.

Old Nor. I fear you will, too far.

Doug. Here in this place
 I wait my mother's coming: she shall know
 What thou hast told: her counsel I will follow.
 And cautious ever are a mother's counsels.
 You must depart: your presence may prevent
 Our interview.

Old Nor. My blessing rest upon thee!

Oh, may Heav'n's hand, which sav'd thee from the
 wave,

And from the sword of foes, be near thee still;
 Turning mischance, if ought hangs o'er thy head,
 All upon mine!

[*Exit.*

Doug. He loves me like a parent;
 And must not, shall not, lose the son he loves,
 Altho' his son has found a nobler father.

540

Eventful day! how hast thou chang'd my state!
 Once on the cold and winter-shaded side
 Of a bleak hill mischance had rooted me,
 Never to thrive, child of another soil;

Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
 Like the green thorn of May my fortune flowers,
 Ye glorious stars! high Heaven's resplendent host!
 To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
 Hear and record my soul's unalter'd wish!
 Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd!
 May Heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane,
 To give a bold defiance to our host!
 Before he speaks it out I will accept;
 Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

Enter Lady RANDOLPH.

Lady R. My son! I heard a voice——

Doug. The voice was mine.

Lady R. Didst thou complain aloud to Nature's ear,
 That thus in dusky shades, at midnight hours,
 By stealth the mother and the son should meet?

[Embracing him.]

Doug. No; on this happy day, this better birth-day,
 My thoughts and words are all of hope and joy. 561

Lady R. Sad fear and melancholy still divide
 The empire of my breast with hope and joy.
 Now hear what I advise——

Doug. First, let me tell
 What may the tenor of your counsel change.

Lady R. My heart forebodes some evil.

Doug. 'Tis not good——
 At eve, unseen by Randolph and Glenalvon,
 The good old Norval in the grove o'erheard
 Their conversation; oft they mention'd me

With dreadful threat'nings; you they sometimes
nam'd.

'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discov'ry;
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Lady R. Defend us, gracious God! we are betray'd:
They have found out the secret of thy birth:
It must be so. That is the great discovery.
Sir Malcolm's heir is come to claim his own,
And they will be reveng'd. Perhaps even now,
Arm'd and prepar'd for murder, they but wait 580
A darker and more silent hour, to break
Into the chamber where they think thou sleep'st.
This moment, this, Heav'n hath ordain'd to save thee!
Fly to the camp, my son!

Doug. And leave you here?
No: to the castle let us go together.
Call up the ancient servants of your house,
Who in their youth did eat your father's bread.
Then tell them loudly that I am your son.
If in the breasts of men one spark remains
Of sacred love, fidelity, or pity,
Some in your cause will arm. I ask but few
To drive those spoilers from my father's house.

Lady R. Oh, Nature, Nature! what can check thy
force?
Thou genuine offspring of the daring Douglas!
But rush not on destruction: save thyself,
And I am safe. To me they mean no harm.
Thy stay but risks thy precious life in vain.
That winding path conducts thee to the river.

Cross where thou seest a broad and beaten way,
Which running eastward leads thee to the camp.
Instant demand admittance to lord Douglas;
Shew him these jewels which his brother wore.
Thy look, thy voice, will make him feel the truth
Which I by a certain proof will soon confirm.

Doug. I yield me, and obey : but yet my heart
Bleeds at this parting. Something bids me stay
And guard a mother's life. Oft have I read
Of wondrous deeds by one bold arm achiev'd.
— Our foes are two ; no more : let me go forth,
And see if any shield can guard Glenalvon.

Lady R. If thou regard'st thy mother, or rever
Thy father's memory, think of this no more.
One thing I have to say before we part :
Long wert thou lost ; and thou art found, my child
In a most fearful season. War and battle
I have great cause to dread. Too well I see
Which way the current of thy temper sets :
To-day I've found thee. Oh ! my long-lost hope
If thou to giddy valour giv'st the reign,
To-morrow I may lose my son for ever.
The love of thee before thou saw'st the light,
Sustain'd my life when thy brave father fell.
If thou shalt fall, I have nor love nor hope
— In this waste world ! My son, remember me !

Doug. What shall I say ? How can I give
comfort ?

The God of battles of my life dispose
As may be best for you ! for whose dear sake

DOUGLASS.

encompassing the tower
 swarted step and wishful look.
 Ice hath brought you to my sight,
 so courageous spirit scorn
 rich I give.

is it not,

would me of Glenalvon's baseness;
 respect the noble Randolph.

with the vile assassins,
 re-demeanour; him I'll trust.

you will, too far.

his place

coming: she shall know

led: her counsel I will follow.

are a mother's counsels.

your presence may prevent

ing rest upon thee!

nd, which sav'd thee from the

of foes, be near thee still;

ought hangs o'er thy head,

[Exit.

like a parent;

ot, lose the son he loves,

l a nobler father.

thou chang'd my state!

ter-shaded side

had rooted me,

another soil;

And to a double slaughter guide it home !
The lover and the husband both must die.

Lord R. [*Behind the scenes.*] Draw, villain ! draw !

Doug. [*Without.*] Assail me not, lord Randolph ;
Not as thou lov'st thyself. [*Clashing of swords.*

Glen. [*Running out.*] Now is the time.

*Enter Lady RANDOLPH, at the opposite side of the stage,
faint and breathless.*

Lady R. Lord Randolph, hear me ; all shall be
thine own !

But spare ! Oh, spare my son !

680

Enter DOUGLAS, with a sword in each hand.

Doug. My mother's voice !
I can protect thee still.

Lady R. He lives, he lives ;
For this, for this to Heav'n eternal praise !
But sure I saw thee fall.

Doug. It was Glenalvon,
Just as my arm had master'd Randolph's sword,
The villain came behind me ; but I slew him.

Lady R. Behind thee ! ah ! thou'rt wounded ! Oh,
my child,

How pale thou look'st ! And shall I lose thee now ?

Doug. Do not despair : I feel a little faintness ;
I hope it will not last. [*Leans upon his sword.*

Lady R. There is no hope !
And we must part ! The hand of death is on thee !

Oh! my beloved child! O Douglas, Douglas!

[DOUGLAS *growing more and more faint.*

Doug. Too soon we part: I have not long been
Douglas;

Destiny! hardly thou deal'st with me;

Clouded and hid, a stranger to myself,

In low and poor obscurity I've liv'd.

Lady R. Has Heav'n preserv'd thee for an end like
this? 860

Doug. Oh! had I fall'n as my brave fathers fell,
Turning with fatal arm the tide of battle!
Like them I should have smil'd and welcom'd death:
But thus to perish by a villain's hand!
Cut off from nature's and from glory's course,
Which never mortal was so fond to run.

Lady R. Hear justice; hear! stretch thy avenging
arm. [DOUGLAS *falls.*

Doug. Unknown I die; no tongue shall speak of me.
Some noble spirits, judging by themselves
May yet conjecture what I might have prov'd,
And think life only wanting to my fame:
But who shall comfort thee?

Lady R. Despair, despair!

Doug. Oh, had it pleas'd high Heav'n to let me live
A little while!—my eyes that gaze on thee
Grow dim apace! my mother—O! my mother! [*Dies.*

Enter Lord RANDOLPH and ANNA.

Lord R. Thy words, thy words of truth, have
pierc'd my heart;

I am the stain of knighthood and of arms.
Oh! if my brave deliverer survives
The traitor's sword——

700

Anna. Alas! look there, my lord.

Lord R. The mother and her son! How curst I am!
Was I the cause? No: I was not the cause.
~~Yon matchless villain did seduce my soul~~
~~To frantic jealousy.~~

Anna. My lady lives:
The agony of grief hath but suppress'd
Awhile her powers.

Lord R. But my deliverer's dead;
"The world did once esteem lord Randolph well,
"Sincere of heart, for spotless honour fam'd:
"And, in my early days, glory I gain'd
"Beneath the holy banner of the cross.
"Now past the noon of life, shame comes upon me;
"Reproach, and infamy, and public hate,
"Are near at hand: for all mankind will think
"That Randolph basely stabb'd Sir Malcolm's heir."

Lady R. [*Recovering.*] Where am I now? Still in
this wretched world!

Grief cannot break a heart so hard as mine.
"My youth was worn in anguish: but youth's strength,
"With hope's assistance, bore the brunt of sorrow;
"And train'd me on to be the object now,
"On which Omnipotence displays itself,
"Making a spectacle, a tale of me,
"To awe it's vassal, man."

Lord R. Oh, misery!

Amidst thy raging grief I must proclaim
My innocence.

Lady R. Thy innocence!

Lord R. My guilt

730

Is innocence compar'd with what thou think'st it.

Lady R. Of thee I think not: what have I to do
With thee, or any thing? My son! my son!
My beautiful! my brave! how proud was I
Of thee and of thy valour! my fond heart
O'erflow'd this day with transport, when I thought
Of growing old amidst a race of thine,
Who might make up to me their father's childhood,
And bear my brother's and my husband's name:
Now all my hopes are dead! A little while
Was I a wife! a mother not so long!
What am I now?—I know.—But I shall be
That only whilst I please; for such a son
And such a husband drive me to my fate. [*Runs out.*]

Lord R. Follow her, Anna: I myself would follow,
But in this rage she must abhor my presence.

[*Exit ANNA.*]

Enter Old NORVAL.

Old Nor. I heard the voice of woe: Heaven guard
my child!

Lord R. Already is the idle gaping crowd,
The spiteful vulgar, come to gaze on Randolph.
Begone.

750

Old Nor. I fear thee not. I will not go.
Here I'll remain. I'm an accomplice, lord,

With thee in murder. Yes, my sins did help
To crush down to the ground this lovely plant.
Oh, noblest youth that ever yet was born!
Sweetest and best, gentlest and bravest spirit,
That ever blest the world! Wretch that I am,
Who saw that noble spirit swell and rise
Above the narrow limits that confin'd it,
Yet never was by all thy virtues won
To do thee justice, and reveal the secret,
Which, timely known, had rais'd thee far above
The villain's snare. Oh! I am punish'd now!
These are the hairs that should have strew'd the
ground,
And not the locks of Douglas.

[Tears his hair, and throws himself upon the body of Douglas.]

Lord R. I know thee now: "thy boldness I forgive
"My crest is fallen." For thee I will appoint
A place of rest, if grief will let thee rest.
I will reward, altho' I cannot punish.
Curs'd, curs'd Glenalvon, he escap'd too well, 77
Tho' slain and baffled by the hand he hated.
Foaming with rage and fury to the last,
Cursing his conqueror, the felon died.

Enter ANNA.

Anna. My lord! My lord!

Lord R. Speak: I can hear of horror.

Anna. Horror, indeed!

Lord R. Matilda?

turning up the hill,
 ice she gain'd, 780
 op the river falls
 : thither she came,
 ights upon it,

'twas I
 h fury ; drove her down
 Wretch that I am !
 en her last despairing look !
 , and cast her eyes
 lifting up her head
 Heaven, seeming to say,
 e she plung'd herself

t,
 assion of my soul,
 er can enjoy.
 ide of Randolph gave ;
 ith the voice of fate
 am resolv'd. I'll go
 ere the man that makes 800
 ten worse than death.
 tress, take this ring,
 r. Let every rite
 their funerals wait :
 ever shall return. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

*AN Epilogue I ask'd ; but not one word
Our bard will write. He vows 'tis most absurd
With comic wit to contradict the strain
Of tragedy and make your sorrows vain.
Sadly he says, that pity is the best,
And noblest passion of the human breast :
For when its sacred streams the heart o'er-flow,
In gushes pleasure with the tide of woe ;
And when its waves retire, like those of Nile,
They leave behind him such a golden soil,
That there the virtues without culture grow,
There the sweet blossoms of affection blow.
These were his words ; void of delusive art,
I felt them : for he spoke them from his heart.
Nor will I now attempt, with witty folly,
To chase away celestial melancholy.*

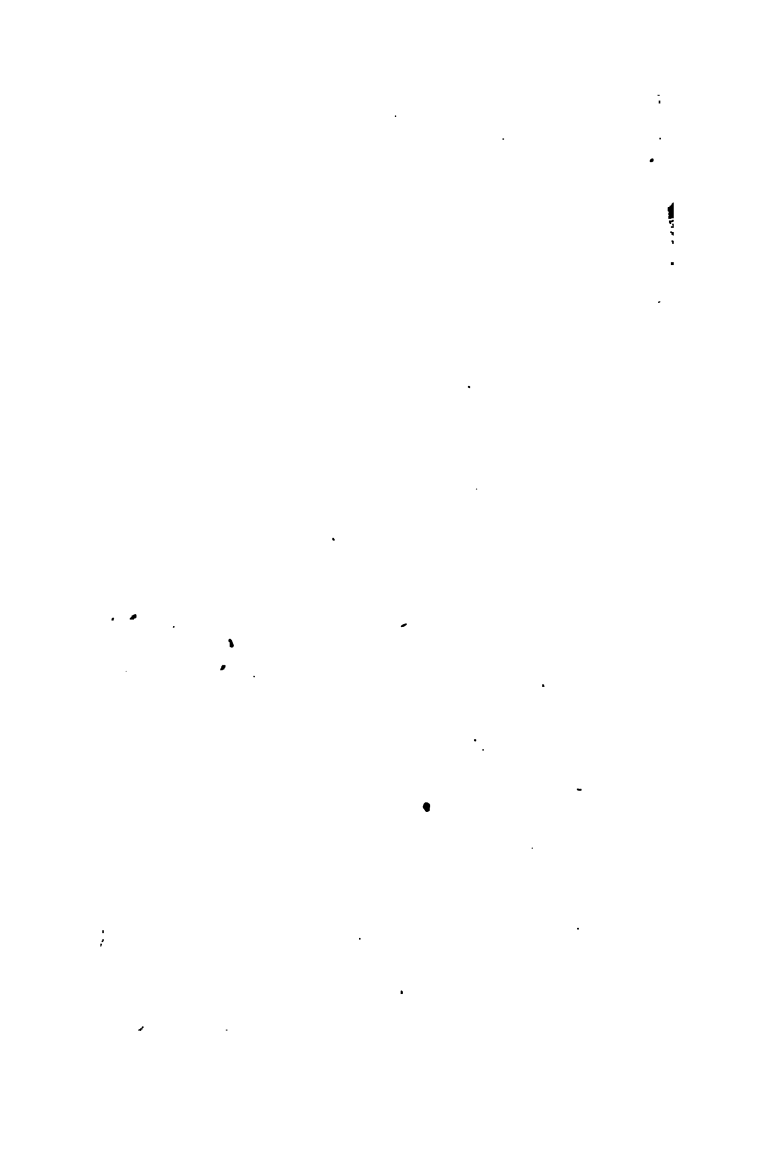












CATO.

A

TRAGEDY.

By JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE, AND COVENT-GARDEN.

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"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

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JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

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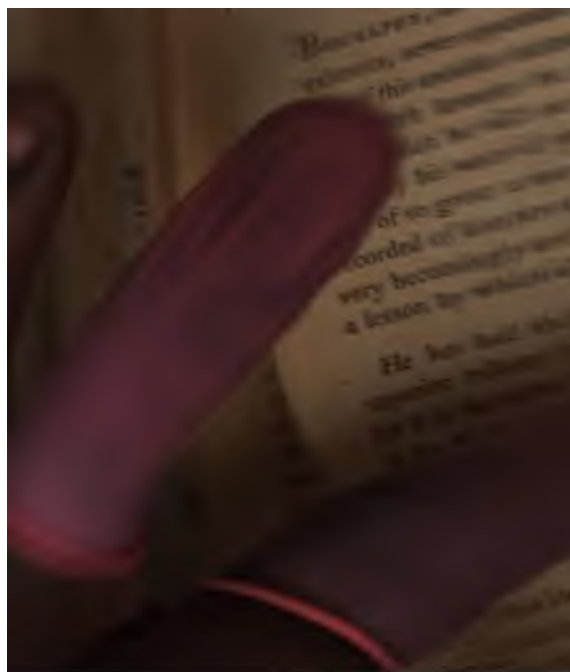
TO HER
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
PRINCESS OF WALES.

With the Tragedy of CATO, Nov. 1714.

*THE muse that oft, with sacred raptures, fir'd,
Has gen'rous thoughts of liberty inspir'd,
And, boldly rising for Britannia's laws,
Engag'd great Cato in her country's cause,
On you submissive waits, with hopes assur'd,
By whom the mighty blessing stands secur'd,
And all the glories that our age adorn,
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.
No longer shall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage, and a doubtful throne;
But boast her royal progeny's increase,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
Oh, born to strengthen, and to grace our isle!
While you, fair princess, in your offspring smile,
Supplying charms to the succeeding age,
Each heav'nly daughter's triumphs we presage:
Already see th' illustrious youths complain,
And pity monarchs doom'd to sigh in vain.
Thou too, the darling of our fond desires,
Whom Albion, opening wide her arms, requires*

*With manly valour and attractive air,
Shalt quell the fierce, and captivate the fair.
Oh, England's younger hope! in whom conspire
The mother's sweetness and the father's fire;
For thee, perhaps, ev'n now of kingly race
Some dawning beauty blooms in ev'ry grace,
Some Carolina, to Heav'n's dictates true,
Who, while the scepter'd rivals vainly sue,
Thy inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,
And slight th' imperial diadem for thee.
Pleas'd with the prospect of successive reigns,
The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppress,
Endanger'd rights and liberty distress:
To milder sounds each muse shall tune the lyre,
And gratitude, and faith to kings inspire,
And filial love; bid impious discord cease,
And sooth the madd'ning factions into peace;
Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new monarch's praise,
Describe his awful look, and godlike mind,
And Caesar's power with Cato's virtue join'd.
Mean while, bright princess, who with graceful ease,
And native majesty art form'd to please,
Behold those arts with a propitious eye,
That suppliant to their great protectress fly;
Then shall they triumph, and the British stage
Improve her manners, and refine her rage,
More noble characters expose to view,
— Draw her finish'd heroines from you.*

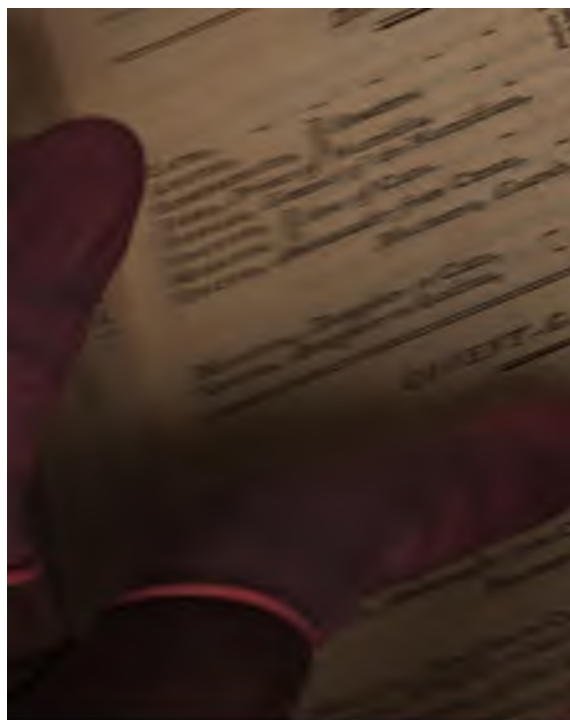
*Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathless muse:
The deathless muse with undiminish'd rays
Through distant times the lovely dame conveys:
To Gloriana Waller's harp was strung;
The queen still shines, because the poet sung.
Even all those graces in your frame combin'd,
The common fate of mortal charms may find;
(Content our short-liv'd praises to engage,
The joy and wonder of a single age,)
Unless some poet in a lasting song
To late posterity their fame prolong,
Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize
And see your beauty with their father's eyes.*



are serious; and, if substantiated by evidence, leave us nothing to plead in bar of sentence but, “that last infirmity of noble minds,” jealousy of a rival’s fame. Let the great writer who has not felt this pour down alone his censure upon ADDISON. But from whom does the sarcasm proceed?—From POPE?—from him who provoked the memorable severity of HILL? who,

Poorly accepted FAME he ne’er repaid;
Unborn to cherish, sneakingly approv’d,
And wanted SOUL to spread the worth he lov’d.

Is it not something more than problematic, that this conduct, of which HILL so keenly complains, HE alone might not have felt, and that the coolness of ADDISON might have sprung from the petulance of POPE?—Let any man, after impartially scanning either the lives or writings of these writers, pronounce from whom he conceives the offensive conduct originally sprung. The beauty of Pope’s COMPOSITIONS have in no trifling degree decorated his LIFE with a beauty which it wanted. He who lives in a state of inadequate ENMITY, who, in the language of SHAKESPEARE *spurns enviously at straws*, was more likely to be irritated by the successful SAGE he revered than the degraded DUNCE he delighted to deride.





CATO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter PORTIUS and MARCUS.

Portius.

THE dawn is over-cast, the morning low'rs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome——our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword :
Should he go farther, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havock does ambition make
Among your works!

Marc. Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
I'm tortur'd, ev'n to madness, when I think

On the proud victor: ev'ry time he's nam'd
Pharsalia rises to my view!—I see
Th' insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field,
Strew'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in slaughter,

His horse's hoofs wet with patrician blood!
Oh, Portius! is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of Heav'n,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

Por. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envy'd;
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ill's that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness!
His suff'rings shine, and spread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His sword ne'er fell, but on the guilty head;
Oppression, tyranny, and pow'r usurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.

Marc. Who knows not this! But what can Cato do
Against a world, a base, degen'rate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar?
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By Heav'n, such virtues, join'd with such success,

Distracts my very soul! our father's fortune
 Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts. ✓

Por. Remember what our father oft has told us:
 The ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate; ✓
 Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors,
 Our understanding traces them in vain,
 Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
 Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
 Nor where the regular confusion ends. ✓

Marc. These are suggestions of a mind at ease:
 Oh, Portius, didst thou taste but half the griefs
 That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus coldly.
 Passion unpitied, and successful love,
 Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
 My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind—

Por. Thou seest not that thy brother is thy rival;
 But I must hide it, for I know thy temper. [*Aside.*
 Now, Marcus, now thy virtue's on the proof:
 Put forth thy utmost strength, work ev'ry nerve,
 And call up all thy father in thy soul:
 To quell the tyrant, love, and guard thy heart
 On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
 Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.

Marc. Portius, the counsel which I cannot take,
 Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
 Bid me for honour plunge into a war
 Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
 Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow
 To follow glory, and confess his father.

Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition or a thirst of greatness;
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse,
I feel it here: my resolution melts——

Por. Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince,
With how much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper,
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her;
"His eyes, his looks, his actions, all betray it;"
But still the smother'd fondness burns within him;
"When most it swells, and labours for a vent,"

The sense of honour, and desire of fame
Drive the big passion back into his heart.
What! shall an African, shall Juba's heir
Reproach great Cato's son, and shew the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul!

Marc. Portius, no more! your words leave stings
behind 'em.

Whene'er did Juba, or did Portius, shew
A virtue that has cast me at a distance.
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour?

Por. Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper well;
Fling but th' appearance of dishonour on it,
It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

Marc. A brother's suff'rings claim a brother's
pity.

Por. Heav'n knows I pity thee. Behold my eyes

Ev'n whilst I speak—do they not swim in tears?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

Marc. Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow?

Por. Oh, Marcus! did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

Marc. Thou best of brothers, and thou best of
friends!

Pardon a weak distemper'd soul, that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions. But Sempronius comes:
He must not find this softness hanging on me.

[*Exit Mar.*]

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

Sem. Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
Than executed. What means Portius here?
I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart. [*Aside.*
Good-morrow, Portius; let us once embrace,
Once more embrace, while yet we both are free.
To-morrow, should we thus express our friendship,
Each might receive a slave into his arms.
This sun, perhaps, this morning sun's the last,
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

Por. My father has this morning call'd together
To this poor hall, his little Roman senate,
(The leavings of Pharsalia) to consult

If he can yet oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome, and all her gods before it,
Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.

Sem. Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence.
His virtues render our assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious fear,
And make even Cæsar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conquest. Oh, my Portius!
Could I but call that wond'rous man my father,
Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows, I might be bless'd indeed!

Por. Alas, Sempronius! wouldst thou talk of love
To Marcia whilst her father's life's in danger;
Thou might'st as well court the pale, trembling vestal,
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

Sem. The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my
Portius;

The world has all its eyes on Cato's son;
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shews thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous.

Por. Well dost thou seem to check my ling'ring here
On this important hour—I'll straight away,
And while the fathers of the senate meet
In close debate, to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the soldiers' drooping courage
With love of freedom, and contempt of life;
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,

And try to rouse up all that's Roman in 'em.
'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it. [*Ex.*

Sem. Curse on the stripling! how he apes his sire!
Ambitiously sententious—But I wonder
Old Syphax comes not; his Numidian genius
Is well dispos'd to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spur'd,
And every moment quicken'd to the course.
—Cato has us'd me ill: he has refus'd
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms, and ruin'd cause,
Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,
That show'rs down greatness on his friends, will raise
me
To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim, in my reward, his captive daughter.
But Syphax comes——

Enter SYPHAX.

Syph. Sempronius, all is ready;
I've sounded my Numidians, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.

Sem. Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste;
Ev'n while we speak our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us every moment.
Alas! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on

What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

Syph. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart;
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous terms
Against the lords and sov'reigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

Syph. Gods! where's the worth that sets these
people up
Above her own Numidia's tawny sons?
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the jav'lin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant
Laden with war? These, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

Jub. These all are virtues of a meaner rank;
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views;
'To civilize the rude, unpolish'd world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild, and sociable to man;

To cultivate the wild, licentious savage,
 With wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts;
 The embellishments of life: virtues like these
 Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
 And break our fierce barbarians into men.

Syph. Patience, kind Heav'ns!—excuse an old man's
 warmth:

What are those wond'rous civilizing arts,
 This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
 That renders man thus tractable and tame?
 Are they not only to disguise our passions, ✕
 To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
 To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
 And break off all its commerce with the tongue;
 In short, to change us into other creatures
 Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?

Jub. To strike thee dumb; turn up thy eyes to
 Cato;

There may'st thou see to what a god-like height
 The Roman virtues lift up mortal man,
 While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
 He's still severely bent against himself;
 “Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
 “He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat,”
 And when his fortune sets before him all
 The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
 His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, prince, there's not an African
 That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
 In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,

But better practises those boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chace,
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night,
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn ;
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars and thinks it luxury.

✓ *Jub.* Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
“ But grant that others could with equal glory
“ Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense,”
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato ?
“ Heav'ns! with what strength, what steadiness of
mind,
“ He triumphs in the midst of all his suff'rings !”
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon
him!

Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of
soul ;

— I think the Romans call it stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fall'n by a slave's hand inglorious :
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain

On Afric sands disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

Jub. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!

Jub. What wouldst thou have me do?

Syph. Abandon Cato.

Jub. Syphax, I shou'd be more than twice an orphan
By such a loss.

Syph. Aye, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

Jub. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

Syph. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,
"The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,"
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
Still must I cherish the dear, sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul.
The good old king at parting wrung my hand
(His eyes brim-full of tears), then sighing, cry'd,
Pr'ythee be careful of my son!—His grief
Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.

Jub. Alas! thy story melts away my soul;

That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him?

Syph. By laying up his counsels in your heart.

Jub. His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

Syph. Alas! my prince, I'd guide thee to your
safety.

Jub. I do believe thou wouldst; but tell me how?

Syph. Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes.

Jub. My father scorn'd to do it.

Syph. And therefore dy'd.

Jub. Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.

Syph. Rather say your love.

Jub. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my temper.
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

Syph. Believe me, prince, though hard to conquer
love,

'Tis easy to divert and break its force.

Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame and put out this.

The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
The sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks;

Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the North.

Jub. 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire :
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex :
True, she is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair !)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners ; Cato's soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles,
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Softens the rigour of her father's virtue.

Syph. How does your tongue grow wanton in her
praise !

But on my knees I beg you would consider——

Jub. Hah ! Syphax, is't not she ?—She moves this
way :

And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
My heart beats thick—I pr'ythee, Syphax, leave me.

Syph. Ten thousand curses fasten on them both !
Now will the woman, with a single glance,
Undo what I've been lab'ring all this while.

[*Exit Syphax.*

Enter MARCIA and LUCIA.

Jub. Hail, charming maid ! How does thy beauty
smooth

The face of war, and make ev'n horror smile !
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows ;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' approach of Cæsar.

Mar. I should be griev'd, young prince, to think
my presence

Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to arms,
While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

Jub. Oh, Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battle !
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

Mar. My pray'rs and wishes always shall attend
The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,
And men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

Jub. That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy god-like father,
Transplanting one by one, into my life,
His bright perfections, 'till I shine like him.

Mar. My father never, at a time like this,
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

Jub. Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid ; I'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,
And dreadful pomp ; then will I think on thee.

Oh, lovely maid ! then will I think on thee ;
And in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds should grace the man who hopes
For Marcia's love. [Exit Juba.

Luc. Marcia, you're too severe ;
How cou'd you chide the young good-natur'd prince,
And drive him from you with so stern an air,
A prince that loves and doats on you to death ?

Mar. 'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chid him from me.
His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul,
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

Luc. Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
And steel your heart to such a world of charms ?

Mar. How, Lucia ! wouldst thou have me sink away
In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When ev'ry moment Cato's life's at stake ?
Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head.
Should not the sad occasion swallow up
My other cares, "and draw them all into it ?"

Luc. Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force ?
Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me ev'n below my own weak sex :
Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.

Mar. Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retir'd distress.
Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee ?

Contrast

Another Character.

Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee

They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

Mar. They both behold thee with their sister's eyes,
And often have reveal'd their passion to me.

"But tell me, whose address thou fav'rest most?"

"I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Luc. Which is it Marcia wishes for?"

Mar. "For neither——

"And yet for both—The youths have equal share

"In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister:"

But tell me which of them is Lucia's choice?"

Luc. Marcia, they both are high in my esteem,

"But in my love—Why wilt thou make me name him!

"Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish passion,

"Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what—

Mar. Oh, Lucia, I'm perplex'd, Oh, tell me
which

"I must hereafter call my happy brother?"

Luc. Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my
choice?"

——Oh, Portius, thou hast stol'n away my soul!

"With what a graceful tenderness he loves!

"And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!

"Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness,

"Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts."

Marcus is over-warm, his fond complaints

Have so much earnestness and passion in them,

I hear him with a secret kind of horror,

And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

Mar. Alas, poor youth! "how canst thou throw him from thee?"

"Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears thee?"

"Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames,

"He sends out all his soul in ev'ry word,

"And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported.

"Unhappy youth!" How will thy coldness raise
Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!

I dread the consequence.

Luc. You seem to plead
Against your brother Portius.

Mar. Heav'n forbid!
Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fall'n on him.

Luc. Was ever virgin love distressed like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success,
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor shew which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad effects that it will have on Marcus.

"*Mar.* He knows too well how easily he's fir'd,
"And wou'd not plunge his brother in despair,
"But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.

"*Luc.* Alas! too late I find myself involv'd
"In endless griefs, and labyrinths of woe,
"Born to afflict my Marcia's family,
"And sow dissention in the hearts of brothers.
"Tormenting thought! It cuts into my soul."

Mar. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,

But to the gods submit th' event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours.

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs, refines,
'Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
And a new heav'n in its fair bosom shows. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Senate. LUCIUS, SEMPRONIUS, and Senators.

Sempronius.

ROME still survives in this assembled senate !
Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

Luc. Cato will soon be here, and open to us
Th' occasion of our meeting. Hark ! he comes !
[*A sound of trumpets.*]

May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him !

Enter CATO.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council :
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man ?

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Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle !
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow ;
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us.

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason :
True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides,
All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
In Rome's defence intrusted to our care ?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reason say,
We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious ?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion ?

Luc. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on
peace.

Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows, and with orphans : Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome :
'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. “ To urge the foe to battle,
“ (Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
“ Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
“ And not to rest in Heaven's determination.”
Already have we shewn our love to Rome,
Now let us shew submission to the gods.

We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth: when this end fails,
Arms have no further use. Our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our
hands.

And bids us not delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably shed. What men could do,
Is done already : heav'n and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

“ *Sem.* This smooth discourse, and mild behaviour,
oft

"Conceal a traitor—something whispers me

"All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius."

[*Aside to Cato.*

Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident ;
Immod'rate valour swells into a fault ;
And fear admitted into public councils
Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both. ✓
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desp'rate : we have bulwarks round us ;
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric's heat, and season'd to the sun ;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hopes, do not distrust the gods ;
But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time ;
No, let us draw her term of freedom out

In its full length, and spin it to the last,
So shall we gain still one day's liberty :
And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter MARCUS.

Marc. Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gate,
Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arriv'd
From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

Cato. By your permission, fathers——bid him enter.
[*Exit* Marcus.]

Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.
His message may determine our resolves.

Enter DECIVS.

Dec. Cæsar sends health to Cato—

Cato. Cou'd he send it,
To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the senate?

Dec. My business is with Cato; Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Wou'd he save Cato, bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this; and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her gen'als and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and deny'd his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

Cato. These very reasons thou has urg'd forbid it.

Dec. Cato, I have orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend:
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar,
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

Cato. No more:

I must not think of life on such conditions.

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life.
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

Cato. Nay, more, tho' Cato's voice was ne'er em-
ploy'd

To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

✓ *Cato.* Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato. Let him consider that who drives us hither.
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light;
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Did'st thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes,
That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Shou'd never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his gen'rous cares and proffer'd friendship?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Wou'd Cæsar shew the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r,
By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
are a man. You rush on your destruction.

But I have done. When I relate hereafter

The tale of this unhappy embassy

All Rome will be in tears.

[*Exit Decius.*]

Sem. Cato, we thank thee.

The mighty genius of immortal Rome,

Speaks in thy voice ; thy soul breathes liberty.

Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,

And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

Luc. The senate owns its gratitude to Cato,

Who with so great a soul consults its safety,

And guards our lives while he neglects his own.

Sem. Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.

Lucius seems fond of life ; but what is life ?

'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air

From time to time, or gaze upon the sun ;

'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,

Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.

Oh, could my dying hand but lodge a sword

In Cæsar's bosom, and revenge my country !

By heav'n's I could enjoy the pangs of death,

And smile in agony.

Luc. Others, perhaps,

May serve their country with as warm a zeal,

Though 'tis not kindled into so much rage.

Sem. This sober conduct is a mighty virtue

In lukewarm patriots.

Cato. Come ; no more, Sempronius,

All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.

Let us not weaken still the weaker side

By our divisions.

Dec. A style like this becomes a

Cato. Decius, a style like this be

Dec. What is a Roman, that is

✓ *Cato.* Greater than Cæsar: he

Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in

And at the head of your own li

You don't now thunder in the

With all the mouths of Rome

Cato. Let him consider that

'Tis Cæsar's sword has made

And thinn'd its ranks. Alas

Beholds this man in a false g

Which conquest and succes

Did'st thou but view him ri

With murder, treason, sac

That strike my soul with h

I know thou look'st on m

Beset with ills, and cove

But, by the gods I swea

Shou'd never buy me to

Dec. Does Cato send

For all his gen'rous car

Cato. His cares for r

Presumptuous man!

Wou'd Cæsar shew t

Bid him employ his

And make good

By shelt'ring

Dec. Yc

Sem. Cato, my resentments
Are sacrific'd to Rome—I stand reprov'd.

Cato. Father's, 'tis time you come to a resolve.

Luc. Cato, we all go into your opinion,
Cæsar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.

Sem. We ought to hold it out till death; but, Cato,
My private voice is drown'd amidst the senate's.

Cato. Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
This little interval, this pause of life
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That Heav'n may say it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewell—The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels.

[*Exeunt Senators.*]

Enter JUBA.

Juba, the Roman senate has resolv'd,
Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on Cæsar.

Jub. The resolution fits a Roman senate.
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when, some days before his death,
He order'd me to march for Utica,
(Alas! I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, press'd me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, My son, said he,

Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,
Be Cato's friend ; he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds ; do but observe him well,
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.

Cato. Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas ! a better fate ;
But Heav'n thought otherwise.

Jub. My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude that shines
Before my face in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

Cato. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

Jub. My father drew respect from foreign climes :
The kings of Afric sought him for their friend ;
“ Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
“ Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
“ In distant worlds, on t'other side the sun ; ”
Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

Cato. I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.

Jub. I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point out new alliances to Cato.
Had we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
The assistance of my father's powerful friends ;
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings,
Would pour embattled multitudes about him ;
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

Cato. And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar!
Reduc'd, like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down
A vagabond in Afric.

Jub. Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious; but my forward cares
Wou'd fain preserve a life of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

Cato. Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valour soars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills; else would they never fall
On Heav'n's first fav'rites and the best of men.
The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues that shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

Jub. I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st; I pant for
virtue;
And all my soul endeavours at perfection.

Cato. Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and
toil,
Laborious virtues all? Learn them from Cato;
Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.

Jub. The best good fortune that can fall on Juba,
The whole success at which my heart aspires
Depends on Cato.

Cato. What does Juba say?
The words confound me.

Jub. I would fain retract them,
Give 'em me back again: they aim'd at nothing.

Cato. Tell me thy wish, young prince; make not
my ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Jub. Oh! they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

Cato. What can Juba ask
That Cato will refuse?

Jub. I fear to name it.
Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.

Cato. What wouldst thou say?

Jub. Cato, thou hast a daughter.

Cato. Adieu, young prince; I would not hear a
word

Should lessen thee in my esteem. Remember
The hand of Fate is over us, and Heav'n
Exacts severity from all our thoughts.
It is not now a time to talk of ought
But chains, or conquest; liberty, or death. [*Exit.*

Enter SYPHAX.

Syph. How's this, my prince! What, cover'd with
confusion?

You look as if yon stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.

Jub. Syphax, I'm undone!

Syph. I know it well.

Jub. Cato thinks meanly of me.

Syph. And so will all mankind.

Jub. I've open'd to him

The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.

Syph. Cato's a proper person to intrust

A love-tale with.

Jub. Oh, I could pierce my heart,

My foolish heart. Was ever wretch like Juba!

Syph. Alas, my prince, how are you chang'd of late!

I've known young Juba rise before the sun,

To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,

Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:

How did the colour mount into your cheeks,

When first you rous'd him to the chace! I've seen

you,

Ev'n in the Lybian dog-days, hunt him down,

Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage

Of fangs and claws, and, stooping from your horse,

Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

Jub. Pr'ythee no more.

Syph. How would the old king smile

To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,

And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!

Jub. Syphax, this old man's talk (though honey
flow'd

In ev'ry word) wou'd now lose all its sweetness.

Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia lost for ever.

Syph. Young prince, I yet could give you good ad-
vice,

Marcia might still be yours.

Jub. What say'st thou, Syphax?
By Heav'n's, thou turn'st me all into attention.

Syph. Marcia might still be yours.

Jub. As how, dear Syphax?

Syph. Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds unus'd to the restraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleetier than the winds.
Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.

Jub. Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in man? Wouldst thou seduce my youth
To do an act that would destroy mine honour?

Syph. Gods, I could tear my hair to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienc'd men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

Jub. Wouldst thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian?

Syph. The boasted ancestors of those great men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under Heav'n, was founded on a rape;
Your Scipios, Cæsars, Pompeys, and your Catos
(The gods on earth), are all the spurious blood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.

Jub. Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

Syph. Indeed, my prince, you want to know the
world.

You have not read mankind; your youth admires

zero talk.
my father's

20 p3

...dumb,

my heart,

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sent.

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The throes and swellings of a Roman soul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.

Jub. If knowledge of the world makes men per-
fidious,

May Juba ever live in ignorance!

Syph. Go, go; you're young.

Jub. Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd! Thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.

Syph. I have gone to far. [Aside.

Jub. Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.

Syph. I must appease this storm, or perish in it.
[Aside.

Young prince, behold these locks, that are grown
white

Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

Jub. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.

Syph. Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service!
—Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me!

[Aside.

Jub. Is it because the throne of my forefathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet whose head it shall inclose,
Thou thus presum'st to treat thy prince with scorn?

Syph. Why will you rive my heart with such ex-
pressions?

Does not old Syphax follow you to war?

What are his aims? Why does he load with darts

His trembling hand, and crush beneath a casque
 His wrinkled brows? What is it he aspires to?
 Is it not this? to shed the slow remains
 His last poor ebb of blood in your defence?

Jub. Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.

Syph. Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to
 Juba,

My royal master's son, is call'd in question?
 My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb;
 But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,
 And languish out old age in his displeasure.

Jub. Thou know'st the way too well into my heart,
 I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.

Syph. What greater instance can I give? I've offer'd
 To do an action which my soul abhors,
 And gain you whom you love, at any price.

Jub. Was this thy motive? I have been too hasty.

Syph. And 'tis for this my prince has call'd me
 traitor.

Jub. Sure thou mistak'st; I did not call thee so.

Syph. You did, indeed, my prince, you call'd me
 traitor.

Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.
 Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato?
 That Syphax loves you, and would sacrifice
 His life, nay, more, his honour, in your service.

Jub. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me; but indeed
 Thy zeal for Juba carried thee too far.

Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
 The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,

That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.

Syph. By Heav'n's,
I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, though you chide me!
Alas! I've hitherto been us'd to think
A blind official zeal to serve my king,
The ruling principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a subject's heart.
Happy the people who preserve their honour
By the same duties that oblige their prince.

Jub. Syphax, thou now beginn'st to speak thyself
Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations,
For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

Syph. Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax
weep,
To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.

Jub. Syphax, thy hand; we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age;
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.
If e'er the scepter come into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

Syph. Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?

My joys grow burdensome, I shan't support it.

Jub. Syphax, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest occasion that may set me right
In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers. [*Ex.*

Syph. Young men soon give, and soon forget af-
fronts ;

Old age is slow in both—A false old traitor!—
These words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee :
But hence, 'tis gone ! I give it to the winds :
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine.

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

All hail, Sempronius !
Well, Cato's senate is resolv'd to wait
The fury of a siege before it yields.

Sem. Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate :
Lucius declar'd for peace, and terms were offer'd
To Cato, by a messenger from Cæsar.
Shou'd they submit ere our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck,
Lost in the gen'ral undistinguish'd ruin.

Syph. But how stands Cato ?

Sem. Thou hast seen mount Atlas :
Whilst storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height :
Such is that haughty man ; his tow'ring soul,
'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar.

Syph. But what's this messenger?

Sem. I've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn:
Is Juba fix'd?

Syph. Yes—but it is to Cato.
I've try'd the force of ev'ry reason on him,
Sooth'd and caress'd; been angry, sooth'd again;
Laid safety, life, and int'rest in his sight.
But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.

Sem. Come, 'tis no matter; we shall do without
him.

He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.

Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook]
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.

Syph. May she be thine as fast as thou wouldst have
her.

Sem. *Syphax*, I love that woman; though I curse
Her and myself, yet, spite of me, I love her.

Syph. Make Cato sure, and give up Utica,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among the ranks?

Sem. All, all is ready,
The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers;
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,

Unusual fastings, and will bear no more
This medley of philosophy and war.
Within an hour they'll storm the senate-house.

Syph. Mean while I'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the square to exercise their arms,
And as I see occasion, favour thee.
I laugh to see how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from ev'ry side.
So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And, smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter MARCUS and PORTIUS.

Marcus.

THANKS to my stars I have not rang'd about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her secret force,
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit,
Till what was instinct, grew up into friendship.

Por. Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft

Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;

✓ Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

Marc. Portius, thou know'st my soul in all its weakness,

Then pr'ythee spare me on its tender side.

Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.

Por. When love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love.
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together,

I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its force,
Till better times may make it look more graceful.

Marc. Alas! thou talk'st like one who never felt
Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul
That pants and reaches after distant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time:
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone; while hope and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.

Por. What can thy Portius do to give thee help?

Marc. Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair-one's presence;

Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heat of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.

Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his sleep, and loaths his food,
That youth, and health, and war are joyless to him:
Describe his anxious days, and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou see'st me suffer.

Por. Marcus, I beg thee give me not an office
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.

Marc. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes,
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?

Por. Marcus, thou can'st not ask what I'd refuse.
But here, believe me, I've a thousand reasons——

Marc. I know thou'lt say my passion's out of season,
That Cato's great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts.
But what's all this to one that loves like me?
O Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish
Thou did'st but know thyself what 'tis to love!
Then wouldst thou pity and assist thy brother.

Por. What should I do! If I disclose my passion
Our friendship's at an end; if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend and brother.

[*Aside.*

Marc. But see where Lucia, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! Observe her, Portius;
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heav'n of
beauty!

Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.

Por. She sees us, and advances——

Marc. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue. [*Exit.*]

Enter LUCIA.

Luc. Did I not see your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?

Por. Oh, Lucia, language is too faint to shew
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
“His passions, and his virtues lie confus'd,
“And mixt together in so wild a tumult,
“That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
“Heav'n's, would one think 'twere possible for love
“To make such ravage in a noble soul!”

Oh, Lucia, I'm distress'd; my heart bleeds for him:
Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, though thou smil'st upon me.

Luc. How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the shock
Of love and friendship? Think betimes, my Portius,
Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.

Por. Alas, poor youth! What dost thou think, my
Lucia?

His gen'rous, open, undesigning heart
Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him;
Then do not strike him dead with a denial;

But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
 With the faint glimm'ring of a doubtful hope;
 Perhaps when we have pass'd these gloomy hours,
 And weather'd out the storm that beats upon us——

Luc. No, Portius, no; I see thy sister's tears,
 Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
 In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves:
 And, Portius, here I swear, to Heav'n I swear,
 To Heav'n and all the powers that judge mankind,
 Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
 While such a cloud of mischief hangs upon us,
 But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
 From all my thoughts as far—as I am able.

Por. What hast thou said! I'm thunderstruck—
 recall

Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.

Luc. Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?
 The gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in Heav'n.
 May all the vengeance that was ever pour'd
 On perjur'd heads o'erwhelm me, if I break it.

Por. Fix'd in astonishment, I gaze upon thee,
 Like one just blasted by a stroke from Heav'n,
 Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
 In dreadful looks; a monument of wrath!

“*Luc.* At length I've acted my severest part,
 “I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
 “And melt about my heart; my tears will flow.
 “But, oh, I'll think no more! the hand of fate
 “Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

“*Por.* Hard-hearted, cruel maid!

" *Luc.* Oh, stop those sounds,

" Those killing sounds! Why dost thou frown upon me?

" My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,

" And life itself goes out at thy displeasure.

" The gods forbid us to indulge our loves;

" But, oh! I cannot bear thy hate, and live.

" *Por.* Talk not of love, thou never knew'st its force.

" I've been deluded, led into a dream

" Of fancy'd bliss. Oh, Lucia, cruel maid!

" Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, still sounds

" In my stunn'd ears. What shall I say or do?

" Quick let us part! Perdition's in thy presence,

" And horror dwells about thee! Ha! she faints!

" Wretch that I am, what has my rashness done!

" Lucia, thou injur'd innocence! thou best

" And loveliest of thy sex! awake, my Lucia,

" Or Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.

" —Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,

" They shut not out society in death—

" But ah! she moves, life wanders up and down

" Through all her face, and lights up ev'ry charm.

" *Luc.* Oh, Portius was this well—to frown on her

" that lives upon thy smiles? To call in doubt

" The faith of one expiring at thy feet,

" That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd?

" —What do I say? My half-recover'd sense

" Forgets the vow in which my soul was bound.

" Destruction stands betwixt us; we must part.

Por. Name not the word, my frightened thoughts
run back,

and startle into madness at the sound.

ec. "What wouldst thou have me do? Consider
well

the train of ills our love would draw behind it."

Alas, Portius, think thou seest thy dying brother
b'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,

gazing at Heav'n and thee! Thy awful sire

only demands the cause, th' accursed cause

that robs him of his son: poor Marcia trembles,

and tears her hair, and frantic in her griefs,

stands out on Lucia. What could Lucia answer,

how stand up in such a scene of sorrow?

Por. To my confusion, and eternal grief,

must approve the sentence that destroys me.

The mist that hung upon my mind, clears up;

and now, athwart the terrors that thy vow

has planted round thee, thou appear'st most fair,

more amiable, and risest in thy charms.

Dearest of women! Heav'n is in thy soul;

beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,

bright'ning each other: thou art all divine."

ec. Portius, no more; thy words shoot thro' my
heart,

that my resolves, and turn me all to love.

Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?

Why heaves thy heart? Why swells thy soul with
sorrow?

It softens me too much—farewell, my Portius;
Farewell, though death is in the word—for ever.

Por. Stay, Lucia, stay? What dost thou say? Forever?

Luc. Have I not sworn? If, Portius, thy success
Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewell—
Oh, how shall I repeat the word! for ever.

Por. “Thus o’er the dying lamp th’ unsteady flame
“Hangs quiv’ring on a point, leaps off by fits,
“And falls again, as loth to quit its hold.”
—Thou must not go, my soul still hovers o’er thee,
And can’t get loose.

Luc. If the firm Portius shake
To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers!

Por. ’Tis true, unruffled and serene, I’ve met
The common accidents of life, but here
Such an unlook’d-for storm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.
We must not part.

Luc. What dost thou say? Not part!
Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made?
Are not there heav’ns, and gods, that thunder o’er us?
—But see, thy brother Marcus bends this way:
I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewell,
Farewell, and know thou wrong’st me, if thou think’st
Ever was love, or ever grief like mine. [*Exit Lucia.*

Enter MARCUS.

Marc. Portius, what hopes? How stands she? Am
I doom’d
To life or death?

Por. What wouldst thou have me say?

Marc. What means this pensive posture? Thou appear'st

Like one amaz'd and terrify'd.

Por. I've reason.

Marc. Thy down-cast looks, and thy disorder'd thoughts,

Tell me my fate. I ask'd not the success

My cause has found.

Por. I'm griev'd I undertook it.

Marc. What? does the barbarous maid insult my heart,

My aching heart, and triumph in my pains?

That I could cast her from my thoughts for ever!

Por. Away, you're too suspicious in your griefs;
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

Marc. Compassionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compassion, when 'tis void of love?

Fool that I was to choose so cold a friend

To urge my cause?—Compassionates my pains!

Pr'ythee, what art, what rhet'ric didst thou use

To gain this mighty boon?—She pities me!

To one that asks the warm returns of love,

Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death—

Por. Marcus, no more; have I deserv'd this treatment?

Marc. What have I said! Oh, Portius, oh forgive me!

A soul exasperated in ills fall out

With ev'ry thing, its friend, itself—but, hah !
What means that shout, big with the sounds of
war ?

What new alarm ?

Por. A second, louder yet,
Swells in the wind, and comes more full upon us.

Marc. Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in battle !
Lucia, thou hast undone me ; thy disdain
Has broke my heart : 'tis death must give me ease.

Por. Quick, let us hence. Who knows if Cato's
life

Stands sure ? Oh, Marcus, I am warm'd, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter SEMPRONIUS, with the Leaders of the mutiny.

Sem. At length the winds are rais'd, the storm blows
high,

Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.

Mean-while I'll herd amongst his friends, and seem
One of the number, that whate'er arrive,
My friends, and fellow-soldiers may be safe. [*Exit.*]

1 Lead. We are all safe, Sempronius is our friend.
Sempronius is as brave a man as Cato.

But hark ! he enters. Bear up boldly to him :
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast.
This day will end our toils, and give us rest :

Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, with CATO, LUCIUS, PORTIUS, and MARCUS.

Cato. Where are those bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon their foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?

Sem. Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd. [Aside.

Cato. Perfidious men! And will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?

You confess 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
That drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?

'Tis with such motives, you do well to join
With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.

Why did I 'scape th' envenom'd asp's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
To see this day? Why could not Cato fall

Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,

And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd?

He thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?
When I distinguish'd from you but by toils,

Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?
Inful pre-eminence!

Sem. By heav'ns they droop!
Confusion to the villains; all is lost. [Aside.

Cato. Have you forgotten Lybia's burning waste,

Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison ?
Who was the first to explore th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in ev'ry step ?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlook'd for stream
You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the last of all your host that thirsted ?

Sem. If some penurious source by chance appear'd,
Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to Cato,
Did he not dash th' untasted moisture from him ?
Did he not lead you through the mid-day sun,
And clouds of dust ? Did not his temples glow
In the same sultry winds, and scorching heats ?

Cato. Hence, worthless men ! hence ! and complain to Cæsar,
You could not undergo the toil of war,
Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.

Luc. See, Cato, see the unhappy men ; they weep !
Fear and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in ev'ry look, and plead for mercy.

Cato. Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders,
And pardon shall descend on all the rest.

Sem. Cato, commit these wretches to my care :
First let 'em each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impal'd and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake,
There let 'em hang, and taint the southern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,

When they look up and see their fellow-traitors
Stuck on a fork, and black'ning in the sun.

“*Luc.* Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the
fate

“Of wretched men?

“*Sem.* How! wouldst thou clear rebellion?

“Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders

“That would imbrue their hands in Cato's blood.”

Cato. Forbear, Sempronius!—see they suffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men;
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degen'rate age requires
Severity, and justice in its rigour:
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold the punishment with pleasure,
And lay th' uplifted thunderbolt aside.

Sem. Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.

Cato. Mean-while we'll sacrifice to Liberty.
Remember, O my friends! the laws, the rights,
The gen'rous plan of pow'r deliver'd down
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood):
Oh, let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

Exeunt Cato, &c.

1 *Lead.* Sempronius, you have acted like yourself.
One would have thought you had been half in earnest.

Sem. Villain, stand off, base, grov'ling, worthless
wretches,

Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

2 *Lead.* Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius;
Throw off the mask, there are none here but friends.

Sem. Know, villains, when such paltry slaves pre-
sume

To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag 'em forth
To sudden death.

1 *Lead.* Nay, since it comes to this—

Sem. Dispatch 'em quick, but first pluck out their
tongues,

Lest with their dying breath they sow sedition.

[*Exeunt guards, with their leaders.*]

Enter SYPHAX.

Syph. Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive:

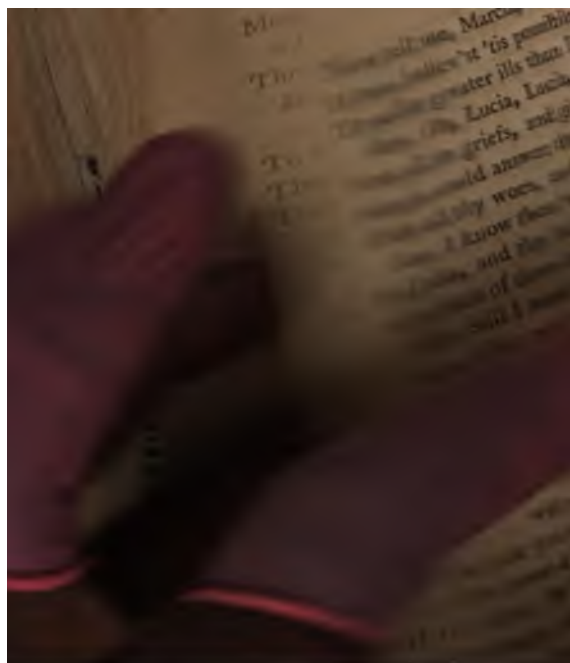
Still there remains an after-game to play;
My troops are mounted; their Numidian steeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desert:
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our passage.
A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.

I'd of half my purpose :
 's left behind!
 Is turn a woman's slave?
 Can ever feel the soft
 ness of love.
 Naughty maid,
 e to my passion :
 I'd cast her off.
 Taken like thyself, Sem-

thou find her out,
 ly force.
 mission ? For access
 and her brothers.
 Juba's dress, and Juba's

Numidia's prince
 e slaves that watch them.
 thought is there! Marcia's

with anxious joy,
 gling in my arms,
 l disorder'd charms,
 h alternate grace,
 ry in her face!
 ine, convey'd
 om th' affrighted maid,
 d with the beauteous prize,
 ne and his skies. [*Exeunt.*



Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
 Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures?
 I hear the sound of feet! They march this way?
 Let us retire, and try if we can drown
 Each softer thought in sense of present danger:
 When love once pleads admission to our hearts,
 In spite of all the virtue we can boast
 The woman that deliberates is lost.

Exeunt.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, dressed like JUBA, with Numidian guards.

Sem. The deer is lodg'd, I've track'd her to her covert.

Be sure you mind the word, and when I give it
 Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.

Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.

—How will the young Numidian rave to see
 His mistress lost! If ought could glad my soul,
 Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,
 'Twould be to torture that young, gay barbarian.

—But hark! what noise! Death to my hopes! 'tis he,
 'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left—

He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
 Through those his guards—Hah, dastards, do you
 tremble!—

Or act like men, or by yon azure heaven—

Enter JUBA.

Jub. What do I see? Who's this, that dares usurp
 The guards and habit of Numidia's prince?

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

Por. I hope my father does not recommend
A life to Portius that he scorns himself.

Cato. Farewell, my friends! If there be any of you
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know there are ships prepar'd by my command
(Their sails already op'ning to the winds),
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.

[*Pointing to his dead son.*

There, the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,
Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Though still by faction, vice, and fortune crost,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

CATO *solus*, sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand
Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul.

A drawn sword on the table by him.

*It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,*

This longing after immortality ;
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
Tis the divinity that stirs within us ;
Tis Heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful thought !
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass ?
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me ;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above
And that there is all nature cries aloud,
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue ;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when ! or where—this world was made for Cæsar.
'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.
[Laying his hand on his sword.]
Thus am I doubly arm'd : my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end ;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me ?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses ?
Nature oppress'd, and harrass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
✓ An off'ring fit for Heav'n. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of 'em,
Indiff'rent in his choice to sleep or die.

Enter PORTIUS.

But, hah! who's this, my son! Why this intrusion?
Were not my orders that I would be private ?
Why am I disobey'd ?

Por. Alas, my father!
What means this sword, this instrument of death ?
Let me convey it hence.

Cato. Rash youth, forbear!

Por. Oh, let the pray'rs, th' intreaties of y^e
friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from yo

Cato. Wouldst thou betray me ? Wouldst thou gi
me up

A slave, a captive into Cæsar's hands ?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man! —

Por. Look not thus sternly on me ;
You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

Cato. 'Tis well! again I'm master of myself.
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,

ACT IV.

CATO.

Por. My heart is griev'd,
I bring such news as will afflict my father.

Cato. Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?

Por. Not so.

The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exercis'd his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse
To the south gate, where Marcus holds the watch;
I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain:
He toss'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.

Cato. Perish he should! But haste, my son, and see
Thy brother's death is a Roman's part. [*Ex. Por.*]

—Lucius has too hard upon me:

—Cato's presence: the conquer'd world

—Cato's business in it.

—Oppression, and injustice reign,

—Demand her Cato's presence.

—Submit to Cæsar,

—mighty soul to life.

—Lucius have me live to swell the

—or by a base submission

—cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?

—victor never will impose on Cato

terms. His enemies confess

of humanity are Cæsar's.

on his virtues! they've undone his

—

—humanity is treason——

So needful to us all and to his country.
He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatch'd me hence
With orders that bespeak a mind compos'd,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers. [Exit]

Mar. Oh, ye immortal powers! that guard the ju-
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues,
And shew mankind that goodness is your care.

Enter LUCIA.

Luc. Where is your father, Marcia, where is Cat

Mar. Lucia, speak low, he is retir'd to rest.

Lucia, I feel a gentle dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.

Luc. Alas! I tremble when I think on Cato!
In every view, in every thought, I tremble!
Cato is stern and awful as a god;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.

Mar. Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome
He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild.

"Compassionate and gentle to his friends.

"Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,"

The kindest father I have ever found him,
Easy and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

Luc. 'Tis his consent alone can make us bless'd,
cia, we both are equally involv'd.

In the same intricate, perplex'd distress.
The cruel hand of fate that has destroy'd
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament—

Mar. And ever shall lament ; unhappy youth !

Luc. Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's thoughts ;
Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,
Or how he has determin'd of thyself ?

Mar. Let him but live, commit the rest to Heav'n.

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man !
Oh, Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father !
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fall'n upon him :
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams ; as I drew near his couch,
He smil'd, and cry'd, 'Cæsar, thou can'st not hurt me.'

Mar. His mind still labours with some dreadful
thought.

" *Lucius.* Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of
sorrow ?

" Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are safe

" While Cato lives—his presence will protect us."

Enter JUBA.

Jub. Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from view-
ing
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,

Who now encamp within a short hour's march ;
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar, the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helme
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

Lucius. Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy father
Cæsar is still dispos'd to give us terms,
And waits at distance 'till he hears from Cato.

Enter PORTIUS.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance
What tidings dost thou bring ? Methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

Por. As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the ling'ring winds, a sail arriv'd
From Pompey's son, who through the realms of S
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.

But, hark ! what means that groan ! Oh, give me
And let me fly into my father's presence. [

Lucius. Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome
And in the wild disorder of his soul
Mourns o'er his country. Hah ! a second groan—
Heav'n guard us all !—

Mar. Alas ! 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps ; 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound.—

CATO.

onging after immortality ?
nce this secret dread, and inward horror,
ng into nought ? Why shrinks the soul
herself, and startles at destruction ?
divinity that stirs within us ;
v'n itself that points out an hereafter,
mates eternity to man.

Thou pleasing, dreadful thought !
what variety of untry'd being,
what new scenes and changes must we pass ?
the unbounded prospect lies before me ;
ws, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
hold. If there's a Power above
there is all nature cries aloud,
(her works) he must delight in virtue ;
hich he delights in must be happy.
or where—this world was made for Cæsar.
f conjectures—this must end 'em.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

oubly arm'd : my death and life,
antidote, are both before me.
nent brings me to an end ;
ns me I shall never die.
r'd in her existence, smiles
agger, and defies its point.
fade away, the sun himself
age, and nature sink in years,
lourish in immortal youth,
he war of elements,
atter, and the crush of worlds.

But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinction
Whoe'er is brave and virtuous is a Roman—
—I'm sick to death—Oh, when shall I get loose
From this vain world, th'abode of guilt and
—And yet, methinks, a beam of light breaks
On my departing soul. Alas, I fear

I've been too hasty. Oh, ye Powers, that see
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thought
If I have done amiss, impute it not!—

The best may err, but you are good, and—Oh

Lucius. There fled the greatest soul that ever
A Roman breast; oh, Cato! oh, my friend!
Thy will shall be religiously observ'd.

But let us bear this awful corpse to Cæsar,
And lay it in his sight, that it may stand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, though dead, shall still protect his friend.

From hence, let fierce contending nations learn
What dire effects from civil discord flow:

'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.

[Exit

CATO.

each avenue; thy gath'ring fleets
ad the sea, and stop up ev'ry port;
I open to himself a passage,
to thy hopes—

Oh, sir! forgive your son,
Grief hangs heavy on him. Oh, my father
sure it is not the last time
I call you so! Be not displeas'd,
angry with me whilst I weep,
the anguish of my heart, beseech you
of dreadful purpose of your soul!
You hast been ever good and dutiful.

[Embracing him.

my son, all will be well again;
our gods, whom I have sought to please,
for Cato, and preserve his children.
words give comfort to my drooping heart.
Thus, thou may'st rely upon my conduct:
I will not act what misbecomes him,
on, and see if aught be wanting
for their friends; see them embark'd,
for the winds and seas befriend them.
I will weigh'd down with care, and ask
the soliment of a moment's sleep.
My thoughts are more at ease, my heart re-

[Exit Cato.

Enter MARCIA.

Oh, my sister, still there's hope!
I will not cast away a life

*What pains to get the gaudy things you hate,
To swell in show, and be a wretch in state.
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow ;
E'en churches are no sanctuaries now :
There golden idols all your vows receive,
She is no goddess that has nought to give.
Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere :
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts less coveted than groves and springs :
Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,
And constancy feel transport in its chains :
Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal :
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time ;
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And ev'ry Lucia find a Cato's son.*

THE END.

UE.

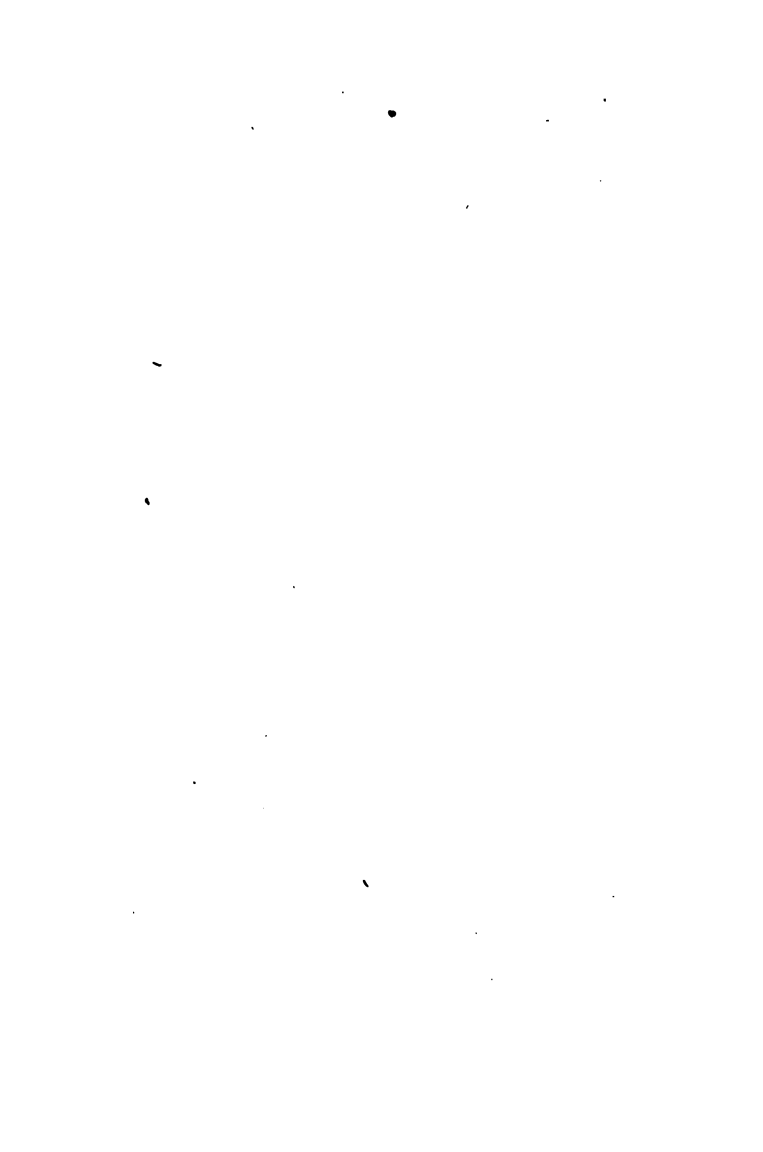
GARTH.

men do?
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vents made.
—you may
ay,
ay.

er fears?
ve ears.
es would chuse,

y warms,
of charms,



ANE SHORE.

A

TRAGEDY.

By N. ROWE, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR
DRAMATICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES-ROYAL,
COVENT-GARDEN.

DRAUGHTED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

Characters distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

LONDON:

for the Proprietors, under the Direction of
N BELL, British Library, STRAND,
or to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

MDCXC.

1

18



from your earliest childhood. But perhaps, this is one of those griefs, by which the heart may be made better; and if the remembrance of his death bring heaviness along with it, the honour that is paid to his memory by all good men, shall wipe away those tears, and the example of his life, set before your eyes, shall be of the greatest advantage to your Grace, in the conduct and future disposition of your own.

In a character so amiable, as that of the Duke of Queensberry was, there can be no part so proper to begin with, as that which was in him, and is in all good men, the foundation of all other virtues, either religious or civil, I mean good-nature: Good-nature, which is friendship between man and man, good breeding in courts, charity in religion, and the true spring of all beneficence in general. This was a quality he possessed in as great a measure as any gentleman I ever had the honour to know. It was the natural sweetness of temper, which made him the best man in the world to live with, in any kind of relation. It was this made him a good master to his servants, a good friend to his friends, and the tenderest father to his children. For the last, I can have no better voucher than your Grace; and for the rest, I may appeal to all that have had the honour to know him. There was a spirit and pleasure in his conversation, which always enlivened the company he was in; which, together with a certain easiness

and frankness in his disposition, that did not at all derogate from the dignity of his birth and character, rendered him infinitely agreeable. And as no man had a more delicate taste of natural wit, his conversation always abounded in good-humour.

For those parts of his character which related to public, as he was a nobleman of the first rank, and a minister of state, they will be best known by the great employments he passed through; all which he discharged worthily as to himself, justly to the princes who employed him, and advantageously for his country. There is no occasion to enumerate his several employments, as secretary of state, for Scotland in particular, for Britain in general, or lord high commissioner of Scotland; which last office he held more than once; but at no time more honourably, and (as I hope) more happily, both for the present age and for posterity, than when he laid the foundation for the British Union. The constancy and address which he manifested on that occasion, are still fresh in every body's memory; and perhaps when our children shall reap those benefits from that work, which some people do not foresee and hope for now, they may remember the Duke of Queensberry with that gratitude, which such a piece of service done to his country deserves.

He shewed, upon all occasions, a strict and im-

mediate attachment to the crown, in the legal service of which, no man could exert himself more dutifully, nor more strenuously: and at the same time, no man gave more bold and more generous evidences of the love he bore to his country. Of the latter, there can be no better proof, than the share he had in the late happy Revolution; nor of the former, than that dutiful respect, and unshaken fidelity, which he preserved for her present majesty, even to his last moments.

With so many good and great qualities, it is not at all strange that he possessed so large a share, as he was known to have, in the esteem of the queen, and her immediate predecessor; nor that those great princes should repose the highest confidence in him: and at the same time, what a pattern has he left behind him for the nobility in general, and for your Grace in particular, to copy after!

Your Grace will forgive me, if my zeal for your welfare and honour (which nobody has more at heart than myself) shall press you with some more than ordinary warmth to the imitation of your noble father's virtues. You have, my lord, many great advantages, which may encourage you to go on in pursuit of this reputation: it has pleased God to give you naturally that sweetness of temper, which, as I have before hinted, is the foundation of all good inclinations.

You have the honour to be born, not only of the noblest, but of the best parents; of a gentleman universally beloved, and generally lamented; and of a father adorned with all virtues that enter into the character of a good wife, an admirable friend, and an indulgent mother. The natural advantages of your mind, have been cultivated by the most proper arts and manners of education. You have the assistance of many noble friends, and especially of an excellent uncle, to watch over you in the tenderness of youth. You set out amongst the first of mankind, and I doubt not but your virtues will be equal to the dignity of your rank.

That I may live to see your Grace eminent for the service of your country, for your service and duty to your prince, and, in convenient time, adorned with the honours that have ever been conferred upon a noble family: that you may be distinguished to the glory of your country, as the bravest, greatest, and best man of the age you live in, is the hearty wish and prayer of

My Lord,

*Your Grace's most obedient, and
most faithful, humble servant,*

N. ROWE.

JANE SHORE.

THIS Play is attractive upon various presents a familiar picture of well-known events—treated with much delicacy and skill—use is also great, as exemplifying upon the fall of high fortune, and the gloomy prospect of friendship which courts the summer of life, and is blighted by the winter of adversity.

But ROWE never suffered a stronger impression on the mind than that, which whispered to him that his Play bore a resemblance to the productions of SHAKSPERE. ROWE is not deficient in strength of sentiment—he can express policy or morals nervously, and with splendour; but the reflex picture of the labouring progression of thought, or the anguish of guilty compunction, are all beyond his grasp.—He is little accustomed to the influence of after natural feeling, and the self-imposed artificial being—He studied Books, rather than *himself*.

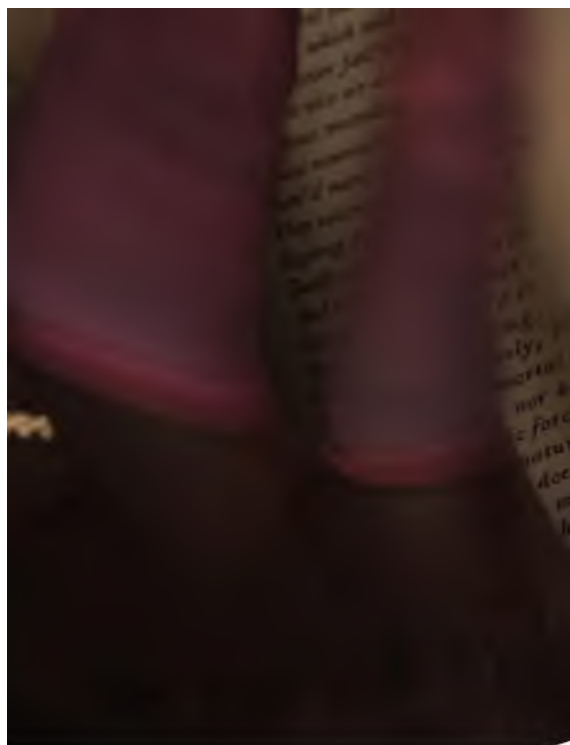
Yet there are tender and soothing passages in the Play—there is a well apposed succession

nts, that interest as they are embellished facts,
have a merit that would make them interest even
they were fictitious.

PROLOGUE.

*To-night, if you have brought your good old taste,
We'll treat you with a downright English feast :
A tale, which told long since in homely wise,
Hath never fail'd of melting gentle eyes. *Stentor*
Let no nice sir despise our hapless dame, *Strong*
Because recording ballads chaunt her name ;
Those venerable ancient song-enditers
Soar'd many a pitch above our modern writers :
They caterwaul'd in no romantic ditty,
Sighing for Phillis's, or Chloe's pity.
Justly they drew the fair, and spoke her plain,
And sung her by her christian name—'twas Jane.
Our numbers may be more refin'd than those,
But what we've gain'd in verse, we've lost in prose.
Their words no shuffling, double-meaning knew,
Their speech was homely, but their hearts were true.
In such an age, immortal Shakspeare wrote,
By no quaint rules, nor hampering critics taught ;
With rough majestic force he mov'd the heart,
And strength and nature made amends for art. }
Our humble author does his steps pursue,
He owns he had the mighty bard in view ;
And in these scenes has made it more his care,
To rouse the passions, than to charm the ear.*

for those gentle beaux, who love the chime,
ends of acts still jingle into rhyme.
ladies too, he hopes, will not complain,
are some subjects for a softer strain,
ymph forsaken, and a perjur'd swain.
it most he fears, is, lest the dames should frown,
dames of wit and pleasure about town,
ce our picture drawn unlike their own.
lest that error should provoke to fury
hospitable hundreds of old Drury,
id me say, in our Jane Shore's defence,
dole'd about the charitable pence,
t hospitals, turn'd saint, and dy'd long since.
her example, whatsoe'er we make it,
y have their choice to let alone or take it.
few, as I conceive, will think it meet,
eep so sorely, for a sin so sweet:
ourn and mortify the pleasant sense,
ise in tragedy two ages hence.





SHORE.

SCENE I.

*Duke of GLOCESTER, Sir
CLIFFE, and CATESBY.*

Glocester.

tends upon our councils,
answer'd to my wish;
er upstart race are quell'd;
and her brother Rivers,
by the head at Pomfret,
th joint concurrence, nam'd me
lm. My brother's children,
the little York, are lodg'd
e Tower. How say you, sirs,
ss wear a lucky face?
golden wreath of royalty
ay reach.
m to you,
and worthily. You are

And the remaining name of princely York,
 Edward's son, the same seems not of them;
 And therefore in our sovereignty and rule,
 The common weal does her dependence make,
 And hath chose out the terrible hand,
 To be our sword, when we the council meet,
 To strike our foes Edward's generation.
 What manner count is this, I pray?

Glouc. The same I
 Have told you once, and now see me improv'd good friends,
 And now have I made service to my bosom;
 And have chosen to them what seems,
 And I would be no further in the state,
 Than they would give us to further than we lead,
 And I will do my part.

Glouc. Yet there is more.
 And I am glad you have service in his power,
 For when I was in his highness were assur'd.
 I was perceiving of some nature's fault,
 I saw I must be a fooling much.

Glouc. I guess the man at whom your words would
 point:

Hastings:—

Cat. The same.

Glouc. He bears me great good-will.

Cat. 'Tis true, to you, as to the lord protector,
 And Gloster's duke, he bows with lowly service:
 But were he bid to cry, *God save King Richard*,
 Then tell me in what terms he would reply?
Believe me, I have prov'd the man, and found him:

bears a most religious reverence
ad master Edward's royal memory,
ner that may lead him is most plain.
—One of that stubborn sort he is,
ney once grow fond of an opinion,
it honour, honesty, and faith,
er part with life than let it go.
and yet this tough impracticable heart,
d by a dainty-finger'd girl;
s are found in the most worthy natures;
g, toying, wheedling, whimpering she
e him amble on a gossip's message,
the distaff with a hand as patient
d Hercules.
he fair Alicia,
birth and exquisite of feature,
him long a vassal to her beauty.
ear, he fails in his allegiance there;
elligence is false, or else
e has been too lavish of her feast,
him till he loathes.
No more, he comes.

Enter Lord HASTINGS.

health, and the happiness of many days,
on your grace.
My good lord chamberlain,
ach beholden to your gentle friendship.
My lord, I come an humble suitor to you.

Glost. In right good time. Speak out your pleasure freely.

Hast. I am to move your highness in behalf
Of Shore's unhappy wife.

Glost. Say you, of Shore?

Hast. Once a bright star, that held her place
high:

The first and fairest of our English dames,
While royal Edward held the sov'reign rule,
Now sunk in grief, and pining with despair,
Her waning form no longer shall incite
Envy in woman, or desire in man.

She never sees the sun, but thro' her tears,
And wakes to sigh the live-long night away.

Glost. Marry! the times are badly chang'd
her,

From Edward's days to these. Then all was jollity
Feasting and mirth, light wantonness and laughter,
Piping and playing, minstrelsy and masquing;
'Till life fled from us like an idle dream,
A shew of mummery without a meaning.
My brother, rest and pardon to his soul,
Is gone to his account; for this his minion,
The revel rout is done—But you were speaking
Concerning her—I have been told, that you
Are frequent in your visitation to her.

Hast. No farther, my good lord, than friendly pity
And tender-hearted charity allow.

Glost. Go to; I did not mean to chide you for it.

, sooth to say, I hold it noble in you
cherish the distress'd — On with your tale.

Fast. Thus it is, gracious sir, that certain officers,
ag the warrant of your mighty name,
h insolence unjust, and lawless power,
e seiz'd upon the lands which late she held
grant, from her great master Edward's bounty.

Lost. Somewhat of this, but slightly, have I heard ;

I tho' some counsellors of forward zeal,

re of most ceremonious sanctity,

I bearded wisdom, often have provok'd

e hand of justice to fall heavy on her ;

still, in kind compassion of her weakness,

I tender memory of Edward's love,

ave withheld the merciless stern law

an doing outrage on her helpless beauty.

Fast. Good Heav'n, who renders mercy back for
mercy,

h open-handed bounty shall repay you :

s gentle deed shall fairly be set foremost,

screen the wild escapes of lawless passion,

d the long train of frailties flesh is heir to.

Lost. Thus far, the voice of pity pleaded only ;

- farther and more full extent of grace

given to your request. Let her attend,

d to ourself deliver up her griefs.

shall be heard with patience, and each wrong

full redress'd. But I have other news,

ich much import us both ; for still my fortunes

hand in hand with yours : our common foes,

The queen's relations, our new-fangled gentry,
Have fall'n their haughty crests—That for your
vacy. [Enter

SCENE II.

An Apartment in JANE SHORE's House. Enter BELMONT and DUMONT.

Bel. How she has liv'd you have heard my tale
ready,
The rest your own attendance in her family,
Where I have found the means this day to place,
And nearer observation, best will tell you.
See, with what sad and sober cheer she comes.

Enter JANE SHORE.

Sure, or I read her visage much amiss,
Or grief besets her hard. Save you, fair lady,
The blessings of the cheerful morn be on you,
And greet your beauty with its opening sweets.

J. Sh. My gentle neighbour, your good wishes
Pursue my hapless fortunes! Ah, good Belmont!
How few, like thee, inquire the wretched out,
And court the offices of soft humanity?
Like thee reserve their raiment for the naked,
Reach out their bread to feed the crying orphan,
Or mix their pitying tears with those that weep!
Thy praise deserves a better tongue than mine,
To speak and bless thy name. Is this the gentle

those friendly service you commended to me?

Bel. Madam, it is.

J. Sh. A venerable aspect. [*Aside.*]

He sits with decent grace upon his visage,
And worthily becomes his silver locks;

He wears the marks of many years well spent,
His virtue, truth well try'd, and wise experience;

A friend like this would suit my sorrows well.
Fortune, I fear me, sir, has meant you ill, [*To Dum.*]

Who pays your merit with that scanty pittance
Which my poor hand and humble roof can give.

But to supply these golden vantages,
Which elsewhere you might find, expect to meet

A just regard and value for your worth,
The welcome of a friend, and the free partnership

Of all that little good the world allows me.

Dum. You over-rate me much; and all my answer
Must be my future truth; let them speak for me,
And make up my deserving.

J. Sh. Are you of England?

Dum. No, gracious lady, Flanders claims my birth;
But Antwerp has my constant biding been,

Where sometimes I have known more plenteous days
Than these which now my failing age affords.

J. Sh. Alas! at Antwerp, I—Oh, forgive my tears!
[*Weeping.*]

They fall for my offences—and must fall
Long, long ere they shall wash my stains away.

You knew perhaps—Oh grief! oh shame!—my husband.

Dum. I knew him well—but stay this flood of
guish,

The senseless grave feels not your pious sorrow
Three years and more are past, since I was bid,
With many of our common friends, to wait him
To his last peaceful mansion. I attended,
Sprinkled his clay-cold corse with holy drops,
According to our church's rev'rend rite,
And saw him laid in hallow'd ground, to rest.

J. Sh. Oh, that my soul had known no joy but
That I had liv'd within his guiltless arms,
And dying slept in innocence beside him !
But now his dust abhors the fellowship,
And scorns to mix with mine.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The lady Alicia
Attends your leisure.

J. Sh. Say I wish to see her. [Exit S.
Please, gentle sir, one moment to retire,
I'll wait you on the instant, and inform you
Of each unhappy circumstance, in which
Your friendly aid and counsel much may stead
[Exeunt Belmour and Du

Enter ALICIA.

Alic. Still, my fair friend, still shall I find
thus ?
Still shall these sighs heave after one another,
These trickling drops chase one another still,

if the posting messengers of grief
ould overtake the hours fled far away,
d make old Time come back?

Sh. No, my Alicia,
even and his saints be witness to my thoughts,
ere is no hour of all my life o'er past,
at I could wish to take its turn again.

Alic. And yet some of those days my friend has
known,

ne of those years might pass for golden ones,
least if womankind can judge of happiness.
hat could we wish, we who delight in empire,
hose beauty is our sov'reign good, and gives us
r reasons to rebel, and pow'r to reign,
hat could we more than to behold a monarch,
vely, renown'd, a conqueror, and young,
und in our chains, and sighing at our feet?

Sh. 'Tis true, the royal Edward was a wonder,
e goodly pride of all our English youth;
was the very joy of all that saw him.
rm'd to delight, to love and to persuade.

Impassive spirits and angelic natures
Might have been charm'd, like yielding human
weakness,

Stoop'd from their Heav'n, and listen'd to his talk-
ing.

at what had I to do with kings and courts?
y humble lot had cast me far beneath him;
nd that he was the first of all mankind,
he bravest, and most lovely, was my curse.

Alic. Sure, something more than fortune joins
your loves :

Nor could his greatness, and his gracious form,
Be elsewhere match'd so well, as to the sweetness
And beauty of my friend.

J. Sh. Name him no more :

He was the bane and ruin of my peace.
This anguish and these tears, these are the legacies
His fatal love has left me. Thou wilt see me,
Believe me, my Alicia, thou wilt see me,
E'er yet a few short days pass o'er my head,
Abandon'd to the very utmost wretchedness.
The hand of pow'r has seiz'd almost the whole
Of what was left for needy life's support ;
Shortly thou wilt behold me poor, and kneeling
Before thy charitable door for bread.

Alic. Joy of my life, my dearest Shore, forbear
To wound my heart with thy foreboding sorrows ;
Raise thy sad soul to better hopes than these,
Lift up thy eyes, and let them shine once more,
Bright as the morning sun above the mist.
Exert thy charms, seek out the stern Protector,
And soothe his savage temper with thy beauty :
Spite of his deadly, unrelenting nature,
He shall be mov'd to pity, and redress thee.

J. Sh. My form, alas ! has long forgot to please ;
The scene of beauty and delight is chang'd ;
No roses bloom upon my fading cheek,
Nor laughing graces wanton in my eyes ;
But haggard grief, lean-looking sorrow care,

l pining discontent, a rueful train,
ell on my brow, all hideous and forlorn.
only shadow of a hope is left me ;
noble-minded Hastings, of his goodness,
kindly underta'en to be my advocate,
l move my humble suit to angry Gloster.
Zic. Does Hastings undertake to plead your cause ?
wherefore should he not ? Hastings has eyes ;
gentle lord has a right tender heart,
ting and easy, yielding to impression,
l catching the soft flame from each new beauty ;
yours shall charm him long.

. Sh. Away, you flatterer !
charge his gen'rous meaning with a weakness,
ich his great soul and virtue must disdain.
much of love thy hapless friend has prov'd,
many giddy foolish hours are gone,
l in fantastic measures danc'd away :
the remaining few know only friendship.
hou, my dearest, truest, best Alicia,
chsafe to lodge me in thy gentle heart,
artner there ; I will give up mankind,
get the transports of increasing passion,
l all the pangs we feel for its decay.

lic. Live ! live and reign for ever in my bosom ;

[Embracing.

and unrivall'd there possess thy own ;
l you, the brightest of the stars above,
saints that once were women here below,
witness of the truth, the holy friendship,

Which here to this my other self I vow,
If I can hold her nearer to my soul,
Than every other joy the world can give;
Let poverty, deformity, and shame,
Distraction and despair seize me on earth,
Let not my faithless ghost have peace hereafter,
Nor taste the bliss of your celestial fellowship.

J. St. Yes, thou art true, and only thou art true;
Therefore these jewels, once the lavish bounty
Of royal Edward's love, I trust to thee;

[Giving a casket.]

Receive this, all that I can call my own,
And let it rest unknown, and safe with thee:
That if the state's injustice should oppress me,
Strip me of all, and turn me out a wanderer,
My wretchedness may find relief from thee,
And shelter from the storm.

Alfr. My all is thine;

One common hazard shall attend us both,
And both be fortunate, or both be wretched.
But let thy fearful doubting heart be still;
The saints and angels have thee in their charge,
And all things shall be well. Think not, the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,
Shall die forgotten all; "the poor, the pris'ner,
"The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,
"Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,
"Shall cry to Heav'n and pull a blessing on thee;"
"Ev'n man, the merciless insulter man,
"Man, who rejoices in our sex's weakness,

all pity thee, and with unwonted goodness
forget thy failings, and record thy praise.

J. Sh. Why should I think that man will do for me,
that yet he never did for wretches like me?
Mark by what partial justice we are judg'd :
Such is the fate unhappy women find,
And such the curse entail'd upon our kind,
That man, the lawless libertine, may rove,
Free and unquestion'd through the wilds of love ;
While woman, sense and nature's easy fool,
Poor weak woman swerve from virtue's rule,
Strongly charm'd, she leave the thorny way,
And in the softer paths of pleasure stray,
In ensues, reproach and endless shame,
And one false step entirely damns her fame :
Vain with tears the loss she may deplore,
Vain look back on what she was before ;
She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

continues. Enter ALICIA, speaking to JANE SHORE as
entering.

Alicia.

O farther, gentle friend ; good angels guard you,
And spread their gracious wings about your slumbers.
The drowsy night grows on the world, and now
The busy craftsmen and o'er-labour'd hind



l train,
forlorn.

ness,
ate,
Gloster.
plead your cause ?
stings has eyes ;
heart,
uppression,
m each new beauty ;

g with a weakness,
must disdain.
riend has prov'd,
are gone,
d away :
ly friendship.

st Alicia,
entle heart,
mankind,
ing passion,
s decay.

ever in my bosom ;
[Embracing.

s thy own ;
ars above,
here below,
y friendship,

[illegible]

Take the friendly counsel of my love;
Be me true, nor listen to your jealousy.
Not that devil, which undoes your sex,
Cursed curiosity seduce you,
Not for needless secrets, which, neglected,
Never hurt your quiet; but once known,
Sit upon your heart, pinch it with pain,
Banish the sweet sleep for ever from you.
—be yet advis'd—

1. Dost thou in scorn,
With patience to my rage, and bid me tamely
Lie a poor contented idiot down,
Dare to think thou'st wrong'd me? Ruin seize
Thee,

Swift perdition overtake thy treachery.
Is the least remaining cause to doubt?
Thou endeavour'd once to hide thy falsehood?
Did it might have spoke some little tenderness,
Shewn thee half unwilling to undo me:
Thou disdain'st the weakness of humanity,
Words, and all thy actions, have confess'd it;
Now thy eyes avow it, now they speak,
Insolently own the glorious villany.

2. Well, then, I own my heart has broke your
chains.

That I bore the painful bondage long,
Though my gen'rous love disdains your tyranny;
Bitterness and stings of taunting jealousy,
Painful days, and jarring, joyless nights,

Have driv'n him forth to seek some safer shelter,
Where he may rest his weary wings in peace.

Alic. You triumph! do! and with gigantic pride
Defy impending vengeance. Heav'n shall wink;
No more his arm shall roll the dreadful thunder,
Nor send his lightnings forth: no more his justice
Shall visit the presuming sons of men,
But perjury, like thine, shall dwell in safety.

Hast. Whate'er my fate decrees for me hereafter,
Be present to me now, my better angel!
Preserve me from the storm that threatens now,
And if I have beyond atonement sinn'd,
Let any other kind of plague o'ertake me,
So I escape the fury of that tongue.

Alic. Thy pray'r is heard—I go—but know, proud
lord,

Howe'er thou scorn'st the weakness of my sex,
This feeble hand may find the means to reach thee,
Howe'er sublime in pow'r and greatness plac'd,
With royal favour guarded round and grac'd;
On eagle's wings my rage shall urge her flight,
And hurl thee headlong from thy topmost height;
Then, like thy fate, superior will I sit,
And view thee fall'n, and grov'ling at my feet;
See thy last breath with indignation go,
And tread thee sinking to the shades below. [*Exit*]

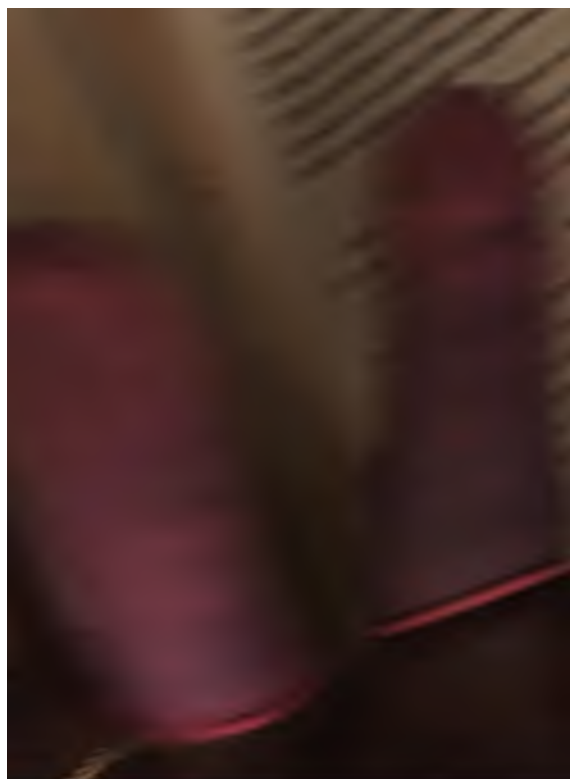
Hast. How fierce a fiend is passion! With what
wildness,
What tyranny untam'd it reigns in woman!
Unhappy sex! whose easy yielding temper

the way to every appetite alike :
 Each gust of inclination, uncontrol'd,
 weeps thro' their souls and sets them in an uproar ;
 Each motion of the heart rises to fury ,"
 And love in their weak bosoms is a rage
 terrible as hate, and as destructive.
 O the wind roars o'er the wide fenceless ocean,
 And heaves the billows of the boiling deep,
 Alike from north, from south, from east, from
 west ;
 With equal force the tempest blows by turns
 From every corner of the seaman's compass ."
 Soft ye now—for here comes one, disclaims
 self and her wrangling train ; of equal elements,
 without one jarring atom was she form'd,
 and gentleness and joy make up her being.

Enter JANE SHORE.

Give me, fair one, if officious friendship
 rudely on your repose, and comes thus late
 to greet you with the tidings of success.
 The princely Gloster has vouchsaf'd your hearing,
 To-morrow he expects you at the court;
 There plead your cause, with never-failing beauty,
 To take all your griefs, and find a full redress.
 Thus humbly let your lowly servant bend.
 [Kneeling.
 Thus let me bow my grateful knee to earth,
 And bless your noble nature for this goodness.

D ij



JANE SHORE.

'Tis true, I would not over-rate a cold
the coldness of delay hang on it,
and blast its favour, like a frost;
I chose, at this late hour, to come,
my fair friend may know I have prevail'd
protector has receiv'd her suit,
to shew her grace.
friend! my lord.
O lady, yours: none has a right more
pleas'd than you.

My lord,
compliment so courtly;
but the friendly meaning,
debtor.
My lord,
friend.
My lord!
If my heaving heart,
and learn from thee
my dull indiff'rence:
my wrongs will tear their way,
on thee.

My lord, Do you wake?
My lord, this transporting passion?
My lord, thou insulting tyrant.
My lord, poor distracted heart,
My lord, my love and rage,
My lord, Art thou not false?

"Who knows my crimes, has seen
them."

Hast. No more of this dull stuff. 'T
To whine and mortify thyself with pen
"When the decaying sense is pall'd w
"And weary nature tires in her last st
"Then weep and tell thy beads, when a
"Have stain'd the lustre of thy starry
"And failing palsies shake thy wither
The present moment claims more gen'
Thy beauty, night and solitude, reproa
For having talk'd thus long—come let

[*Lay*

Pant on thy bosom, sink into thy arms,
And lose myself in the luxurious flood

"*J. Sh.* Never! by those chaste l
swear,

"My soul shall never know pollution
Forbear, my lord!—here let me rathe

"Let quick destruction overtake me!
And end my sorrows and my shame fo

Hast. Away with this perverseness,—
Nay, if you strive—'tis monstrous affe

J. Sh. Retire! I beg you leave me—

Hast. Thus to coy it!—

With one who knows you too.—

J. Sh. For mercy's sake—

st. Ungrateful woman! Is it thus you pay
services?——

Sh. Abandon me to ruin——
er than urge me——

st. This way to your chamber; [*Pulling her.*
e if you struggle——

Sh. Help, oh, gracious Heaven!

! Save me! Help! [*Exit.*

Enter DUMONT, he interposes.

m. My lord! for honour's sake——

st. Hah! What art thou?—Begone!

m. My duty calls me
ny attendance on my mistress here.

7. Sh. For pity, let me go"——

st. Avaunt! base groom——

istance wait, and know thy office better.

m. "Forgo your hold, my lord!" 'tis most un-
manly
violence——

st. Avoid the room this moment,
I will tread thy soul out."

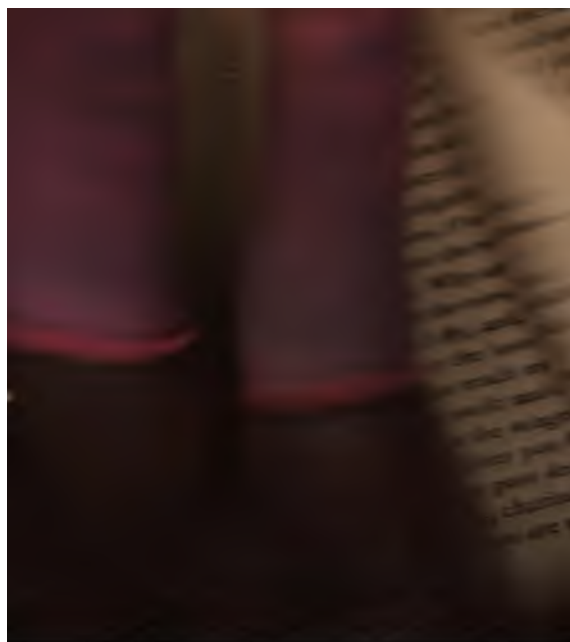
m. No, my lord——

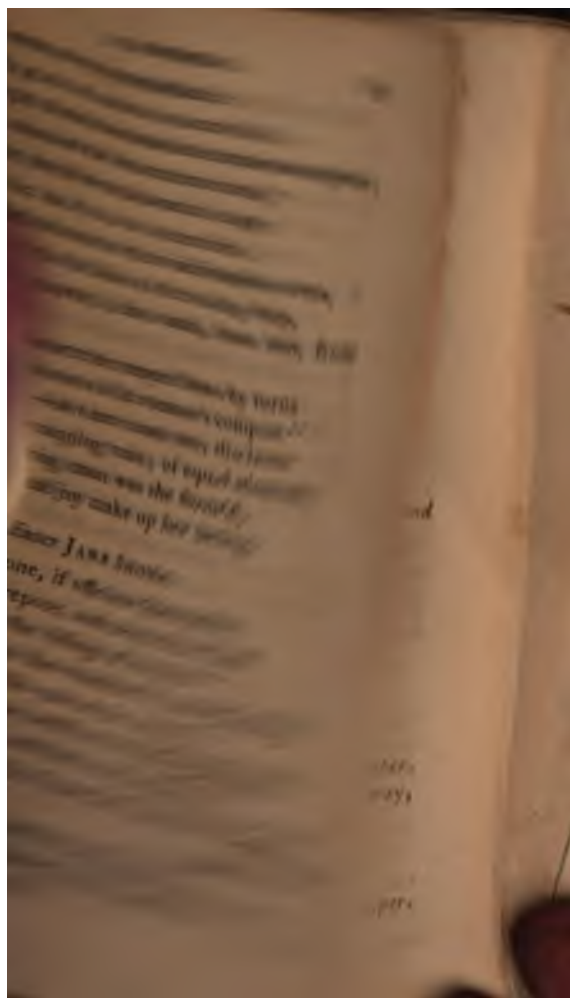
common ties of manhood call me now,
bid me thus stand up in the defence
n oppress'd, unhappy, helpless woman.

st. And dost thou know me, slave?

m. Yes, thou proud lord!

ow thee well; know thee with each advantage
th wealth, or power, or noble birth can give thee.





Where innocence is sham'd, and blushing modesty
Is made the scorner's jest ; where hate, deceit,
And deadly ruin, wear the masques of beauty,
And draw deluded fools with shews of pleasure

J. Sh. Where should I fly, thus helpless and
lorn,

Of friends, and all the means of life bereft ?

Dum. Belmour, whose friendly care still will
serve you,

Has found you out a little peaceful refuge,
Far from the court and the tumultuous city.
Within an ancient forest's ample verge,
There stands a lonely but a healthful dwelling,
Built for convenience and the use of life :
Around it fallows, meads, and pastures fair,
A little garden, and a limpid brook,
By nature's own contrivance seem'd dispos'd ;
No neighbours, but a few poor simple clowns,
Honest and true, with a well meaning priest :
No faction, or domestic fury's rage,
Did e'er disturb the quiet of that place,
When the contending nobles shook the land
With York and Lancaster's disputed sway.
Your virtue there may find a safe retreat
From the insulting pow'rs of wicked greatness

J. Sh. Can there be so much happiness in such
A cell like that is all my hopes aspire to.
Haste, then, and thither let us take our flight,
E'er the clouds gather, and the wint'ry sky
Descends in storms to intercept our passage.

Edm. Will you then go! You glad my very soul.
 I sh your fears, cast all your cares on me;
 My safety and ease, and peace of mind shall wait you,
 I make your latter days of life most happy.
 Lady! but I must not, cannot tell you,
 How anxious I have been for all your dangers,
 How my heart rejoices at your safety.
 When the spring renews the flow'ry field,
 I warns the pregnant nightingale to build,
 I seeks the safest shelter of the wood,
 Ere she may trust her little tuneful brood;
 Ere no rude swains her shady cell may know,
 Serpents climb, nor blasting winds may blow;
 And of the chosen place, she views it o'er,
 There, and wanders thro' the grove no more;
 Obling she charms it each returning night,
 I loves it with a mother's dear delight. [*Exeunt:*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Court. Enter ALICIA, with a paper.

Alicia.

I's paper to the great protector's hand,
 In care and secrecy, must be convey'd;
 Bold ambition now avows its aim,
 To pluck the crown from Edward's infant brow,

surest trust was built, this very morn
as seiz'd on by the cruel hand of power,
sc'd from my house, and born away to prison.

Alic. To prison, said you! Can you guess the cause?

J. Sh. Too well, I fear. His bold defence of me
s drawn the vengeance of Lord Hastings on him.

Alic. Lord Hastings! Ha!

J. Sh. Some fitter time must tell thee
the tale of my hard hap. Upon the present
all my poor, my last remaining hopes.
Within this paper is my suit contain'd;
ere as the princely Gloster passes forth,
wait to give it on my humble knees,
and move him for redress.

*[She gives the paper to Alicia, who opens and
seems to read it.]*

Alic. *[Aside.]* Now for a wile,
O sting my thoughtless rival to the heart;
O blast her fatal beauties, and divide her
Or ever from my perjur'd Hastings' eyes:
The wanderer may then look back to me,
And turn to his forsaken home again;"
Their fashions are the same, it cannot fail.

[Pulling out the other paper.]

J. Sh. But see the great protector comes this way,
Attended by a train of waiting courtiers,"
Give me the paper, friend.

Alic. *[Aside.]* For love and vengeance!

[She gives her the other paper.]

E

Enter the Duke of GLOSTER, Sir RICHARD RATCLIFFE, CATESBY, Courtiers, and other Attendants.

J. Sh. [Kneeling.] Oh, noble Gloster, turn thy gracious eye,

Incline thy pitying ear to my complaint,
A poor, undone, forsaken, helpless woman,
Intreats a little bread for charity,
To feed her wants, and save her life from perishing.

Glost. Arise, fair dame, and dry your wat'ry eyes.

[Receiving the paper, and raising her.]

Beshrew me, but 'twere pity of his heart
That could refuse a boon to such a suitress.
Y'have got a noble friend to be your advocate;
A worthy and right gentle lord he is,
And to his trust most true. This present Now
Some matters of the state detain our leisure;
Those once dispatch'd, we'll call for you anon,
And give your griefs redress. Go to! be comforted.

J. Sh. Good Heav'n's repay your highness for this pity,

And show'r down blessings on your princely head.
Come, my Alicia, reach thy friendly arm,
And help me to support this feeble frame,
That nodding totters with oppressive woe,
And sinks beneath its load. *[Exeunt J. Sh. and Alicia.]*

Glost. Now by my holidame!

Heavy of heart she seems, and sore afflicted.
But thus it is when rude calamity
Lays a strong gripe upon these mincing minions;

the dainty gew-gaw forms dissolve at once,
and shiver at the shock. What says her paper?

[*Seeming to read.*

What is this? Come nearer, Ratcliffe! Catesby!
Mark the contents, and then divine the meaning.

[*He reads.*

Under not, princely Gloster, at the notice
his paper brings you from a friend unknown;
and Hastings is inclin'd to call you master,
and kneel to Richard, as to England's king;
Shore's bewitching wife misleads his heart,
and draws his service, to King Edward's sons;
Give her away, you break the charm that holds him,
and he, and all his powers, attend you.

Rat. 'Tis wonderful!

Rat. The means by which it came
stranger too!

Glost. You saw it given, but now.

Rat. She could not know the purport.

Glost. No, 'tis plain——

She knows it not, it levels at her life;
could she presume to prate of such high matters,
the meddling harlot, dear she should abide it.

Rat. What hand soe'er it comes from, be assur'd,
means your highness well——

Glost. Upon the instant,

and Hastings will be hear; this morn I mean

to the quick; then if he flinch,

this—away with him at once,

E ij

He must be mine or nothing——But he comes!
Draw nearer this way, and observe me well.

[*They withdraw*]

Enter Lord HASTINGS.

Hast. This foolish woman hangs about my heels
Lingers and wanders in my fancy still;
This coyness is put on, 'tis art and cunning,
And worn to urge desire——I must possess her
The groom, who lift his saucy hand against me
E'er this, is humbled, and repents his daring.
Perhaps, ev'n she may profit by th' example,
And teach her beauty not to scorn my pow'r.

Glost. This do, and wait me e'er the council

[*Exeunt Rat, and others*]

My lord, y'are well encountred; here has been
A fair petitioner this morning with us;
Believe me, she has won me much to pity her:
Alas! her gentle nature was not made
To buffet with adversity. I told her
How worthily her cause you had befriended;
How much for your good sake we meant to do
That you had spoke, and all things should be

Hast. Your highness binds me ever to your service

Glost. You know your friendship is most
with us,

And shares our power. But of this enough,
For we have other matters for your ear;
The state is out of tune: distracting fears,
And jealous doubts, jar in our public counsel

Midst the wealthy city, murmurs rise,
And railings, and reproach on those that rule,
With open scorn of government; hence credit,
And public trust 'twixt man and man, are broke.
The golden streams of commerce are with-held,
Which fed the wants of needy hinds and artizans,
Who therefore curse the great, and threat rebellion.

Hast. The resty knaves are over-run with ease,
Plenty ever is the nurse of faction;

In good days, like these, the headstrong herd
How madly wanton and repine; it is
Cause the reins of power are held too slack,
And reverend authority of late

Is worn a face of mercy more than justice.

Glost. Beshrew my heart! but you have well di-
vin'd

The source of these disorders. Who can wonder
Riot and misrule o'erturn the realm,

When the crown sits upon a baby brow?

Mainly to speak; hence comes the gen'ral cry,

And sum of all complaint: 'twill ne'er be well

With England (thus they talk) while children go-
vern.

Hast. 'Tis true, the king is young; but what of
that?

We feel no want of Edward's riper years,

While Gloster's valour and most princely wisdom

Well supply our infant sov'reign's place,

His youth's support, and guardian to his throne.

Glost. The council (much I'm bound to thank
for't)

Have plac'd a pageant sceptre in my hand,
Barren of power, and subject to control;
Scorn'd by my foes, and useless to my friends.
Oh, worthy lord! were mine the rule indeed,
I think I should not suffer rank offence
At large to lord it in the common-weal;
Nor would the realm be rent by discord thus,
Thus fear and doubt, betwixt disputed titles.

Hast. Of this I am to learn; as not supposing
A doubt like this——

Glost. Ay, marry, but there is——
And that of much concern. Have you not heard
How, on a late occasion, Doctor Shaw
Has mov'd the people much about the lawfulness
Of Edward's issue? By right grave authority
Of learning and religion, plainly proving,
A bastard scion never should be grafted
Upon a royal stock; from thence, at full
Discoursing on my brother's former contract
To Lady Elizabeth Lucy, long before
His jolly match with that same buxom widow
The queen he left behind him——

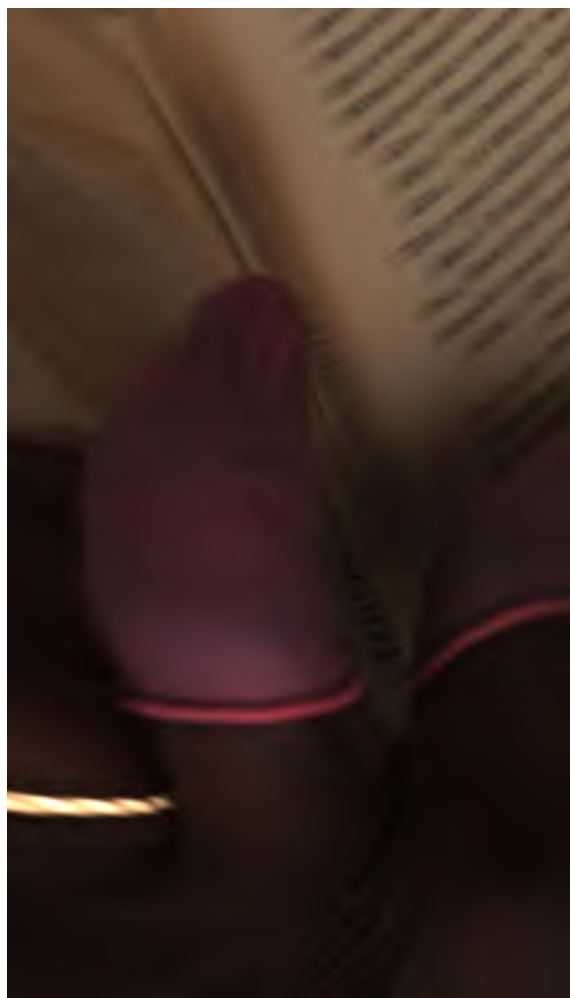
Hast. Ill befall
Such meddling priests, who kindle up confusion
And vex the quiet world with their vain sermons
By Heav'n 'tis done in perfect spite to peace
the king,
master, Edward, in concurren

assembled, well determine
the sov'reign rule should take hence-
d ?

deadly hate of faction cease,
long-divided land have rest,
moody malecontent
seless rabble in an uproar,
h dangers, and perplex their brain,
ome fantastic giddy change ?
some patriot, for the public good,
n your scheme, new-mould the state ?
n the innovating hand attempts it !
the villain, righteous Heaven,
of vengeance ! Blast the traitor
ous counsels ; who for wealth,
ride of greatness, or revenge,
is native land in civil wars !
too far, my lord.

ghness' pardon——

forgot those days of ruin,
Lancaster drew forth the battles ;
tron butcher'd by her sons,
e some common way, a spectacle
affright to passers by,"
untry bled at ev'ry vein ;
rapes, and massacres prevail'd ;
palaces, and cities blaz'd ;
and barbarism triumph'd,
distinction ; peasants trod



Glost. Enough of this: to deal in wordy compliment

so much against the plainness of my nature:

judge you by myself, a clear truespirit,

And, as such, once more join you to my bosom.

Farewell, and be my friend." [Exit *Glost.*

Hast. I am not read,

nor skill'd and practis'd in the arts of greatness,

to kindle thus, and give a scope to passion.

The Duke is surely noble; but he touch'd me

'n on the tend'rest point; the master-string

that makes most harmony or discord to me.

When the glorious subject fires my breast,

and my soul's darling passion stands confess'd;

beyond or love's or friendship's sacred band,

beyond myself, I prize my native land:

on this foundation would I build my fame,

and emulate the Greek and Roman name;

think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,

and die with pleasure for my country's good. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

continues. Enter Duke of GLOSTER, RATCLIFFE
and CATESBY.

Gloster.

His was the sum of all: that he would brook
no alteration in the present state,

Marry, at last, the testy gentleman
Was almost mov'd to bid us bold defiance;
But there I dropt the argument, and changing
The first design and purport of my speech,
I prais'd his good affection to young Edward,
And left him to believe my thoughts like his.
Proceed we then in this foremention'd matter,
As nothing bound or trusting to his friendship

Rat. Ill does it thus befall. I could have
This lord had stood with us. "His friend
wealthy;

" Thereto, his own possessions large and mig

" The vassals and dependants on his power

" Firm in adherence, ready, bold, and many

His name had been of vantage to your highne

And stood our present purpose much in stead

Glost. This wayward and perverse declining

Has warranted at full the friendly notice,

Which we this morn receiv'd. I hold it cert

This puling, whining harlot rules his reason,

And prompts his zeal for Edward's bastard b

Cat. If she have such dominion o'er his he

And turn it at her will, you rule her fate;

And should, by inference and apt deduction,

Be arbiter of his. Is not her bread,

The very means immediate to her being,

The bounty of your hand? Why does she liv

If not to yield obedience to your pleasure,

To speak, to act, to think as you command?

Rat. Let her instruct her tongue to bear

sage;

Ch every grace to smile in your behalf,
I her deluded eyes to gloat for you ;
Ductile reason will be wound about,
Led and turn'd again, say and unsay,
Give the yoke, and yield exact obedience.
Lost. Your counsel likes me well, it shall be fol-
low'd.

waits without, attending on her suit.

call her in, and leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Ratcliffe and Catesby.*]

poor a thing is he, how worthy scorn,
leaves the guidance of imperial manhood
Such a paltry piece of stuff as this is !
Toppet made of prettiness and pride ;
It oftener does her giddy fancies change,
An glittering dew-drops in the sun do colours—
V, shame upon it ! was our reason given
For such a use ! “ To be thus puff'd about
Like a dry leaf, an idle straw, a feather,
The sport of every whiffing blast that blows ?
’eshrew my heart, but it is wond’rous strange ;”
’e there is something more than witchcraft in them,
’at masters ev’n the wisest of us all.

Enter JANE SHORE.

I you are come most fitly. We have ponder’d
this your grievance : and tho’ some there are,
V, and those great ones too, who wou’d enforce
’e rigour of our power to afflict you,
’d bear a heavy hand ; yet fear not you :

We've ta'en you to our favour ; our protection
Shall stand between, and shield you from mishap.

J. Sh. The blessings of a heart with anguish broken
And rescu'd from despair, attend your highness.
Alas ! my gracious lord, what have I done
To kindle such relentless wrath against me !

" If in the days of all my past offences,
" When most my heart was lifted with delight,
" If I withheld my morsel from the hungry,
" Forgot the widow's want, and orphan's cry ;
" If I have known a good I have not shar'd,
" Nor call'd the poor to take his portion with me,
" Let my worst enemies stand forth, and now
" Deny the succour, which I gave not then."

Glost. Marry there are, tho' I believe them not,
Who say you meddle in affairs of state :
That you presume to prattle, like a busy-body,
Give your advice, and teach the lords o' th' count
What fits the order of the common-weal.

J. Sh. Oh, that the busy world, at least in this,
Would take example from a wretch like me !
None then would waste their hours in foreign thought
Forget themselves, and what concerns their peace
" To tread the mazes of fantastic falsehood,
" To haunt their idle sounds and flying tales,
" Thro' all the giddy, noisy courts of rumour ;
" Malicious slander never would have leisure"
To search, with prying eyes, for faults abroad,
Like me, consider'd their own hearts,
Of the sorrows which they found at home

ast. Go to! I know your pow'r; and tho' I trust
not

thy breath of fame, I'm not to learn

Hastings is profess'd your loving vassal.

air befall your beauty: use it wisely,

it may stand your fortunes much in stead,

back your forfeit land with large increase,

place you high in safety and in honour.

I could point a way, the which pursuing,

shall not only bring yourself advantage,

give the realm much worthy cause to thank you

Sh. Oh! where or how—Can my unworthy
hand

me an instrument of good to any?

uct your lowly slave, and let me fly

field obedience to your dread command.

ast. Why, that's well said—Thus then—Observe
me well,

state, for many high and potent reasons,

ning my brother Edward's sons unfit,

the imperial weight of England's crown—

Sh. Alas! for pity.

ast. Therefore have resolv'd

et aside their unavailing infancy,

vest the sov'reign rule in abler hands.

, tho' of great importance to the public,

ings, for very peevishness and spleen,

s stubbornly oppose.

Sh. Does he? Does Hastings?

ast. Ay, Hastings.

J. Sh. Reward him for the noble
For this one action, guard him an
With signal mercies, and with gre
Save him from wrong, adversity,
Let never fading honours flourish
And consecrate his name, ev'n to
“ Let him know nothing else but
“ And everlasting blessedness her

Glost. How now !

J. Sh. The poor, forsaken, roy
Shall they be left a prey to savage
Can they lift up their harmless ha
Or cry to Heaven for help, and no
Impossible ! Oh, gallant, generou
Go on, pursue ! assert the sacred
Stand forth, thou proxy of all-rul
And save the friendless infants fro
Saints shall assist thee with prevail
And warring angels combat on th

Glost. You're passing rich in
speech,

And spend it at your pleasure. N
My favour is not bought with wor
Go to—you'll teach your tongue :

J. Sh. No, tho' the royal Edwa
He was my king, my gracious ma
“ He lov'd me too, tho' 'twas a g
“ And fatal to my peace, yet still
“ With fondness, and with tender
“ Dwelt in my eyes, and liv'd be

And can I—O my heart abhors the thought!
Stand by, and see his children robb'd of right?

Glost. Dare not, ev'n for thy soul, to thwart me
further!

None of your arts, your feigning and your foolery;

Your dainty squeamish coying it to me;

Go—to your lord, your paramour, begone!

Lisp in his ear, hang wanton on his neck,

And play your monkey gambols o'er to him.

You know my purpose, look that you pursue it,

And make him yield obedience to my will.

Do it—or woe upon thy harlot's head.

J. Sh. Oh, that my tongue had ev'ry grace of speech,

Great and commanding as the breath of kings,

Sweet as the poet's numbers, and prevailing

As soft persuasion to a love-sick maid;"

That I had art and eloquence divine,

To pay my duty to my master's ashes,

And plead, till death, the cause of injur'd innocence.

Glost. Ha! Dost thou brave me, minion! Dost
thou know

How vile, how very a wretch, my pow'r can make
thee?

That I can let loose fear, distress, and famine,

To hunt thy heels, like hell-hounds, thro' the
world;"

That I can place thee in such abject state,

As help shall never find thee; where, repining,

Thou shalt sit down and gnaw the earth for anguish

Groan to the pitiless winds without return;

How! like the midnight wolf amidst the desert,
And curse thy life, in bitterness and misery!

J. Sh. Let me be branded for the public scorn,
Turn'd forth and driven to wander like a vagabond,
Be friendless and forsaken, seek my bread
Upon the barren wild, and desolate waste,
Feed on my sighs, and drink my falling tears,
E'er I consent to teach my lips injustice,
Or wrong the orphan who has none to save him.

Glouc. 'Tis well—we'll try the temper of your heart.
What ho! who waits without?

Enter RATCLIFFE, CATESBY, and Attendants.

Rat. Your highness' pleasure——

Glouc. Go, some of you, and turn this strumpet forth!
Spurn her into the street; there let her perish,
And rot upon a dunghill. Thro' the city
See it proclaim'd, that none, on pain of death,
Presume to give her comfort, food, or harbour;
Who ministers the smallest comfort, dies.
Her house, her costly furniture and wealth,
"The purchase of her loose luxurious life,
We seize on, for the profit of the state.
Away! Be gone!

J. Sh. Oh, thou most righteous judge—
Humbly behold, I bow myself to thee,
And own thy justice in this hard decree:
No longer, then, my ripe offences spare,
But what I merit, let me learn to bear.
Yet since 'tis all my wretchedness can give,

my past crimes my forfeit life receive ;
 pity for my sufferings here I crave,
 only hope forgiveness in the grave.

[*Exit J. Shore, guarded by Catesby and others.*]

ist. So much for this. Your project's at an end.

[*To Rat,*

idle toy, this hilding scorns my power,
 sets us all at naught. See that a guard
 stand ready at my call.—

t. The council waits

at your highness' leisure.—

ist. Bid them enter.

*the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, Earl of DERBY,
 Bishop of ELY, Lord HASTINGS, and others as to the
 council. The Duke of GLOSTER takes his place at the
 other end, then the rest sit.*

rb. In happy times we are assembled here,
 to appoint the day, and fix the solemn pomp,
 placing England's crown, with all due rites,
 on our sov'reign Edward's youthful brow.

ist. Some busy meddling knaves, 'tis said, there are,
 who will still be prating, who presume
 to carp and cavil at his royal right ;
 therefore, I hold it fitting, with the soonest,
 to appoint the order of the coronation !

to approve our duty to the king,
 to stay the babbling of such vain gainsayers.

rb. We all attend to know your highness' pleasure.

[*To Gloster.*

Glost. My lords, a set of worthy men you
Prudent and just, and careful for the state;
Therefore, to your most grave determination
I yield myself in all things; and demand
What punishment your wisdom shall think
T' inflict upon those damnable contrivers,
Who shall with potions, charms, and witchi
Practise against our person and our life?

Hast. So much I hold the king your
debtor,

So precious are you to the common-weal,
That I presume, not only for myself,
But in behalf of these my noble brothers,
To say, whoe'er they be, they merit death.

Glost. Then judge yourselves, convince
of truth:

Behold my arm, thus blasted, dry, and with
[*Pulling up his sleeve*]

Shrunk like a foul abortion, and decay'd,
Like some untimely product of the seasons.
Robb'd of its properties of strength and office
This is the sorcery of Edward's wife,
Who, in conjunction with that harlot Shore,
And other like confed'rate midnight hags,
By force of potent spells, of bloody character
And conjurations horrible to hear,
Call fiends and spectres from the yawning door
And set the ministers of hell at work,
To torture and despoil me of my life.

Hast. If they have done this deed—

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and Catesby.

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chcraft in them,

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ne there are,

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n,

t you:

And die as a man should; 'tis somewhat *hard*,
To call my scatter'd spirits home at once :
But since what must be, must be—let necessity
Supply the place of time and preparation,
And arm me for the blow. 'Tis but to die,
'Tis but to venture on that common hazard,
Which many a time in battle I have run ;
" 'Tis but to do, what at that very moment,
" In many nations of the peopled earth,
" A thousand and a thousand shall do with me ;"
'Tis but to close my eyes and shut out day-light,
To view no more the wicked ways of men,
No longer to behold the tyrant Gloster,
And be a weeping witness of the woes,
The desolation, slaughter, and calamities,
Which he shall bring on this unhappy land.

Enter ALICIA.

Alic. Stand off, and let me pass—I will I must
Catch him once more in these despairing arms,
And hold him to my heart—O Hastings ! Hastings !

Hast. Alas ! why com'st thou at this dreadful mo-
ment,

To fill me with new terrors, new distractions ;
To turn me wild with thy distemper'd rage,
And shock the peace of my departing soul ?
Away, I pr'ythee leave me !

Alic. Stop a minute——

Till my full griefs find passage—Oh, the tyrant !
Perdition fall on Gloster's head and mine.

59
; and tho' I trust

to learn
oving vassal.
it wisely,
much in stead,
th large increase,
and in honour.
e which pursuing,
ourself advantage,
worthy cause to thank you
or how—Can my unworthy

of good to any?
ve, and let me fly
your dread command.
ell said—Thus then—Observe

gh and potent reasons,
Edward's sons unfit
t of England's crown—

resolv'd
ling infancy,
ile in abler hands.
rance to the public,
iness and spleen,

lastings?

would have met it for thee, and made bare
 my ready faithful breast to save thee from it.

Hast Now mark! and tremble at Heaven's just
 award:

While thy insatiate wrath and fell revenge,
 Pursu'd the innocence which never wrong'd thee,
 Hold, the mischief falls on thee and me:
 Grief and heaviness of heart shall wait thee,
 And everlasting anguish be thy portion:

For me, the snares of death are wound about me,
 And now, in one poor moment, I am gone.

But if thou hast one tender thought remaining,
 Fly to thy closet, fall upon thy knees,
 And recommend my parting soul to mercy.

Alice. Oh! yet before I go for ever from thee,
 Turn thee in gentleness and pity to me, [Kneeling.
 And, in compassion of my strong affliction,
 Y, is it possible you can forgive
 The fatal rashness of ungovern'd love?

For, oh! 'tis certain, if I had not lov'd thee
 And my peace, my reason, fame, and life,
 Desir'd to death, and doated to distraction,"
 This day of horror never should have known us.

Hast. Oh, rise, and let me hush thy stormy sor-
 rows. [Raising her.

Soothe thy tears, for I will chide no more,
 No more upbraid thee, thou unhappy fair one.
 See the hand of Heav'n is arm'd against me;
 And, in mysterious Providence, decrees
 To punish me by thy mistaken hand.

And begging Heav'n to bless and

Rat. My lord, dispatch; the da
me,

For loitering in my duty——

Hast. I obey.

Alic. Insatiate, savage monster
So tedious to thy malice? Oh, re
Thou great avenger! Give him bl
Guilt haunt him! fiends pursue hi
him!

“Some horrid, cursed kind of de

“Sudden, and in the fulness of h

That he may know how terrible i

To want that moment he denies t

Hast. This rage is all in vain, “

30000.

le 1

audacious traitor!

...chief abettor,

of her mischiefs

for my death.

and a guard there, Sirs!

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as follows.

LIVRE, and Guad

and Guards.

this—How I to the

to I hold thee?

to wake,

dread confusion?

ainful

rise.

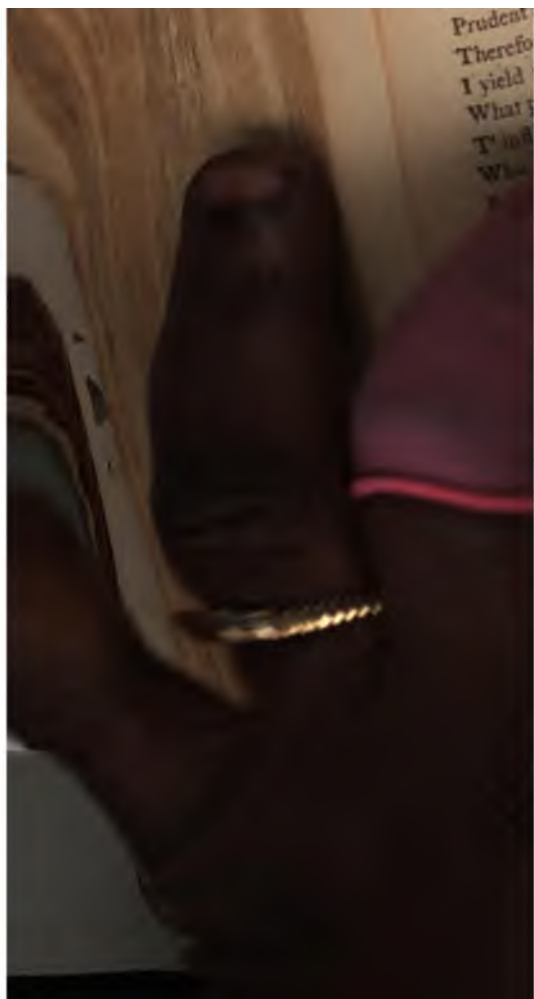
Commands to me were

to your shrift,

mon your courage,
this instant

by friends.

my friendly counsel



solence and lewd reproach pursu'd her,
and railing, and with villanous hands
ng the filth from out the common ways,
l upon her head.

Inhuman dogs !

And she bear it ?

With the gentlest patience ;
sive, sad, and lowly was her look ;
ing taper in her hand she bore,
her shoulders carelessly confus'd,
ose neglect, her lovely tresses hung ;
er cheek a faintish flush was spread ;
she seem'd, and sorely smit with pain.
barefoot as she trod the flinty pavement,
tsteps all along were mark'd with blood.
ent still she pass'd and unrepining ;
eaming eyes bent ever on the earth,
when in some bitter pang of sorrow,
v'n she seem'd in fervent zeal to raise,
g that mercy man deny'd her here.

When was this piteous sight ?

These last two days.

ow my care was wholly bent on you,
the happy means of your deliverance,
but for Hastings' death I had not gain'd.
that time, altho' I have not seen her,
ers trusty messengers I've sent,
t about, and watch a fit convenience
: her some relief, but all in vain ;
lish guard attends upon her steps,

Who menace those with death, that bring
fort,

And drive all succour from her.

Dum. Let 'em threaten ;

Let proud oppression prove its fiercest ma
So Heav'n befriend my soul, as here I vo
To give her help, and share one fortune v

Bel. Mean you to see her, thus, in your

Dum. I do.

Bel. And have you thought upon the co

Dum. What is there I should fear ?

Bel. Have you examin'd

Into your inmost heart, and try'd at leisu
The sev'ral secret springs that move the
Has mercy fix'd her empire there so sure,
That wrath and vengeance never may ret
Can you resume a husband's name, and b
That wakeful dragon, fierce resentment,

Dum. Why dost thou search so dee
my memory,

“ To conjure up my wrongs to life again ?

“ I have long labour'd to forget myself,

“ To think on all time backward, like a s

“ Idle and void, where nothing e'er had

“ But thou hast peopled it again : Reven

“ And jealousy renew their horrid forms,

“ Shoot all their fires, and drive me to di

Bel. Far be the thought from me ! I
only

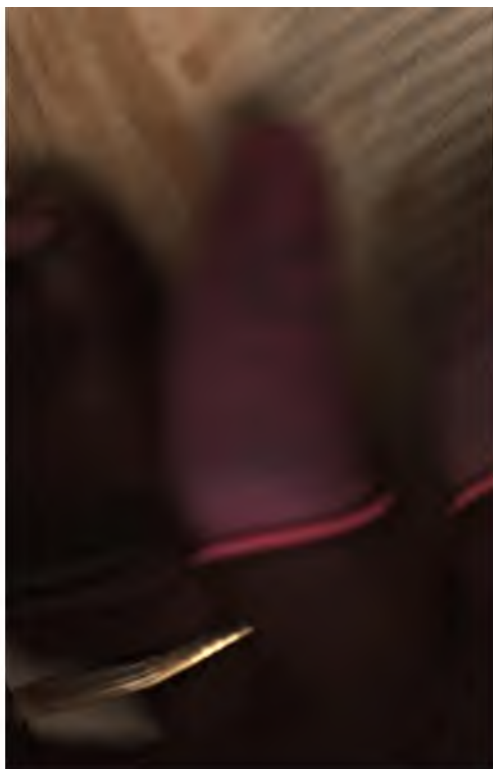
“ To arm you for the meeting : better w

winds blow sharp, and the chill rain
pent-house on her wretched head,
and kills her with the cold.
—Hence with her past offences,
—Hull——Why stay we, then?
my friend, and find her out.
about this quarter of the town,
on'd creature lingers:
with strictest watch to keep
up from her, yet permit her
to, there choose her bed,
what cold stone she pleases.
to divide; each in his round
out; whose hap it is
way let him lead
and meet we here together.

[*Exeunt.*

*hair hanging loose on her shoul-
and bare-footed.*

te, nor murmur, oh, my soul!
sions great and numberless?
like rising floods,
ht of waters down?
ifeousness afflict thee?
met it? Who shall say
ast done enough;
vengeance stay?"
all the circling hours
appointed rest,



ic,
ier,

door.

ng.
y and

oe

days;

bread?

And lay thee down in death. "The hireling thus
"With labour drudges out the painful day,
"And often looks with long expecting eyes
"To see the shadows rise, and be dismiss'd."
And hark, methinks the roar that late pursu'd me,
Sinks like the murmurs of a falling wind,
And softens into silence. Does revenge
And malice then grow weary, and forsake me?
My guard, too, that observ'd me still so close,
Tire in the task of their inhuman office,
And loiter far behind. Alas! I faint,
My spirits fail at once—This is the door
Of my Alicia—Blessed opportunity!
I'll steal a little succour from her goodness,
Now while no eye observes me. [*She knocks at the door*]

Enter a Servant.

Is your lady,
My gentle friend, at home! Oh! bring me to her.

[*Going in.*]

Ser. Hold, mistress, whither would you?

[*Pulling her back.*]

J. Sh. Do you not know me?

Ser. I know you well, and know my orders, too:
You must not enter here——

J. Sh. Tell my Alicia,
'Tis I would see her.

Ser. She is ill at ease,
And will admit no visitor.

J. Sh. But tell her

friend, the partner of her heart,
 poor and beg—

I in vain,—

and howl to those that will regard you.

[Shuts the door, and exit.]

was not always thus; the time has been,
 friendly door, that bars my passage,
 and almost leap'd from off its hinges,
 entrance here; "when this good house
 forth all its dwellers to receive me:"

approaches made a little holiday,

we was dress'd in smiles to meet me:

otherwise; and those who bless'd me,

to my face. Why should I wander,

for I can die ev'n here!

[She sits down at the door.]

In disorder, two Servants following.

wretch art thou, whose misery and

whose hateful whine of woe

sorrows, and distracts

thy beggar's cry?

and a wretch, indeed;

plamity to seek

perishing for want,

ted food these three days;

ity's dear sake,

tle bread.

to me, to me for bread?

I know thee not—Go—hunt for it abroad,
Where wanton hands upon the earth have scat
Or cast it on the waters—Mark the eagle,
And hungry vulture, where they wind the pr
Watch where the ravens of the valley feed,
And seek thy food with them—I know thee n

J. Sh. And yet there was a time, when my
Has thought unhappy Shore her dearest bless
And mourn'd the live-long day she pass'd
me;

“When pair'd like turtles, we were still toge
“When often as we prattled arm in arm,”

Inclining fondly to me she has sworn,
She lov'd me more than all the world besides

Alic. Ha! say'st thou! Let me look up
well—

'Tis true—I know thee now—A mischief on
Thou art that fatal fair, that cursed she,
That set my brain a madding. Thou hast rob
Thou hast undone me—Murder! Oh, my H
See his pale bloody head shoots glaring by m
“Give me him back again, thou soft delude
“Thou beauteous witch.”

J. Sh. Alas! I never wrong'd you——

“Oh! then be good to me; have pity on m
“Thou never knew'st the bitterness of want
“And may'st thou never know it. Oh! be
“Some poor remain, the voiding of thy tabl
“A morsel to support my famish'd soul.”

Alic. Avaunt! and come not near me—



It is my Hastings! see he waits me on!
 Away! I go, I fly! I follow thee!
 "But come not thou with mischief-making
 "To interpose between us, look not on him
 "Give thy fond arts and thy defensions o'er,
 "For thou shalt never, never part us more.

[She runs off, her Servants.]

J. St. Alas! she raves; her brain, I fear
 In mercy look upon her, gracious Heav'n,
 Nor visit her for any wrong to me.
 Sure I am near upon my journey's end;
 My head runs round, my eyes begin to fall,
 And dancing shadows swim before my sight
 I can no more, *[Lies down.]* receive me, t
 earth,

Thou common parent, take me to thy bosom
 And let me rest with thee.

Enter BELMOUR.

Bel. Upon the ground!
 Thy miseries can never lay thee lower,
 Look up, thou poor afflicted one! thou mour
 Whom none has comforted! Where are thy
 The dear companions of thy joyful days,
 Whose hearts thy warm prosperity made gla
 Whose arms were taught to grow like ivy rou
 And bind thee to their bosoms?—Thus with
 Thus let us live, and let us die, they said,
 "For sure thou art the sister of our loves,
 "And nothing shall divide us"—Now where:



"Sustain her head, while I infuse this cordial
 "Into her dying lips—from spicy drugs,
 "Rich herbs and flow'rs, the potent juice is dr
 "With wond'rous force it strikes the lazy spi
 "Drives them around, and wakens life anew."

Bel. Her weakness could not bear the stron
prize.

But see, she stirs! And the returning blood
 Faintly begins to blush again, and kindle
 Upon her ashy cheek——

Sh. So—gently raise her— [Raising]

J. Sh. Ha! What art thou? Belmour!

Bel. How fare you, lady?

J. Sh. My heart is thrill'd with horror—

Bel. Be of courage——

Your husband lives! 'tis he, my worthiest frie

J. Sh. Still art thou there!—Still dost thou
round me!

Oh, save me, Belmour, from his angry shade!

Bel. 'Tis he himself!—he lives! look up—

J. Sh. I dare not!

Oh! that my eyes could shut him out for ever

Sh. Am I so hateful, then, so deadly to thee

To blast thy eyes with horror? Since I'm gro

A burthen to the world, myself, and thee,

Wou'd I had ne'er surviv'd to see thee more.

J. Sh. Oh! thou most injur'd—dost thou li
deed!

Fall then, ye mountains, on my guilty head;

Hide me, ye rocks, within your secret caverns

SHORE.

Upon my shame, O night!
thy sable wings for ever.
turn away?—Why tremb

fears? and in despair,
soul to horror?
guilty thought behind thee,
thy quiet more.
open to receive thee,
my forsaken home,
and forgiving love,
my last desires.
bless with vengeance and

en's inquiring justice.
ible for judgment,
nd thunder in thy voice;
re, and if yet there be
inflict it on me.
y sorrows is complet
thee from injustice.
shall crush thy weak-

thy humble soul.
miracle from death?
thee, and the grave
that thou might'st come
ace and goodness to me,
I bless me e'er I go.
H ij

“ Oh ! let me then fall down beneath thy feet,
“ And weep my gratitude for ever there ;
“ Give me your drops, ye soft descending rains
“ Give me your streams, ye never ceasing spring
“ That my sad eyes may still supply my duty,
“ And feed an everlasting flood of sorrow.

“ *Sh.* Waste not thy feeble spirits—I have long
“ Beheld, unknown, thy mourning and repentance
“ Therefore my heart has set aside the past,
“ And holds thee white, as unoffending innocence
“ Therefore in spite of cruel Gloster’s rage,
“ Soon as my friend had broke my prison doors
“ I flew to thy assistance.” Let us haste,
Now while occasion seems to smile upon us,
Forsake this place of shame, and find a shelter.

J. Sh. What shall I say to you ? But I obey—

Sh. Lean on my arm—

J. Sh. Alas ! I’m wond’rous faint :

But that’s not strange, I have not eat these
days.

Sh. Oh, merciless ! “ Look here, my love
brought thee

“ Some rich conserves—

“ *J. Sh.* How can you be so good ?

“ But you were ever thus. I well remember

“ With what fond care, what diligence of love

“ You lavish’d out your wealth to buy me
sures,

“ Preventing every wish : have you forgot

" The costly string of pearl you brought me home,
 " And ty'd about my neck?—How could I leave
 you?

" *Sh.* Taste some of this, or this——

" *J. Sh.* You're strangely alter'd——

" Say, gentle Belmour, is he not? How pale

" Your visage is become? Your eyes are hollow;

" Nay, you are wrinkled too——Alas, the day!

" My wretchedness has cost you many a tear,

" And many a bitter pang, since last we parted.

" *Sh.* No more of that——Thou talk'st, but do'st
 not eat.

" *J. Sh.* My feeble jaws forget their common of-
 fice,

" My tasteless tongue cleaves to the clammy roof,

" And now a gen'ral loathing grows upon me."

" Oh! I am sick at heart!——

Sh. Thou murd'rous sorrow!

" Wot't thou still drink her blood, pursue her still!

" Must she then die! Oh, my poor penitent!

" Speak peace to thy sad heart: she hears me not;

" Grief masters ev'ry sense——" help me to hold her"—

Enter CATESBY, with a guard.

Cat. Seize on 'em both, as traitors to the state——

Bel. What means this violence?——

[Guards lay hold on Shore and Belmour.]

Cat. Have we not found you,

" In scorn of the protector's strict command,

Assisting this base woman, and abetting
Her infamy?

Sh. Infamy on thy head!

Thou tool of power, thou pander to authority!
I tell thee, knave, thou know'st of none so virtuous
And she that bore thee was an Æthiop to her.

Cat. You'll answer this at full—Away with 'em.

Sh. Is charity grown treason to your court?
What honest man would live beneath such rulers?
I am content that we should die together—

Cat. Convey the men to prison; but for her,
Leave her to hunt her fortune as she may.

J. Sh. I will not part with him—for me!—
for me!

Oh! must he die for me!

[*Following him as he is carried off—She falls.*]

Sh. Inhuman villains! [Breaks from the guards]
Stand off! The agonies of death are on her—
She pulls, she gripes me hard with her cold hand.

J. Sh. Was this blow wanting to compleat my
ruin?

Oh! let him go, ye ministers of terror.
He shall offend no more, for I will die,
And yield obedience to your cruel master.
Tarry a little, but a little longer,
And take my last breath with you.

Sh. Oh, my love!

“Why have I liv'd to see this bitter moment,
“This grief by far surpassing all my former!”

Why dost thou fix thy dying eyes upon me,
With such an earnest, such a piteous look,
As if thy heart were full of some sad meaning
Thou could'st not speak?—

J. Sh. Forgive me!—but forgive me!

Sh. Be witness for me, ye celestial host,
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accords to thee, and begs of Heav'n to shew thee;
May such befall me at my latest hour,
And make my portion blest or curs'd for ever.

J. Sh. Then all is well, and I shall sleep in peace—
'Tis very dark, and I have lost you now—
Was there not something I would have bequeath'd
you?

But I have nothing left me to bestow,
Nothing but one sad sigh. Oh! mercy, Heav'n!

[Dies.

Bel. There fled the soul,
And left her load of misery behind.

Sh. Oh, my heart's treasure! Is this pale sad vi-
sage

All that remains of thee? "Are these dead eyes
"The light that cheer'd my soul?" Oh, heavy hour!
But I will fix my trembling lips to thine,
'Till I am cold and senseless quite, as thou art.
What, must we part, then?—will you—

[To the guards taking him away.

Are thee well— [Kissing her.

Now execute your tyrant's will, and lead me
To bonds, or death, 'tis equally indifferent.

Bel. Let the world view this, and grant to know
What fate such a broken marriage would
And such their children, in succeeding times,
No common vengeance suits upon these crimes,
When such severe repentance could not save
From want, from shame, and an untimely grave.

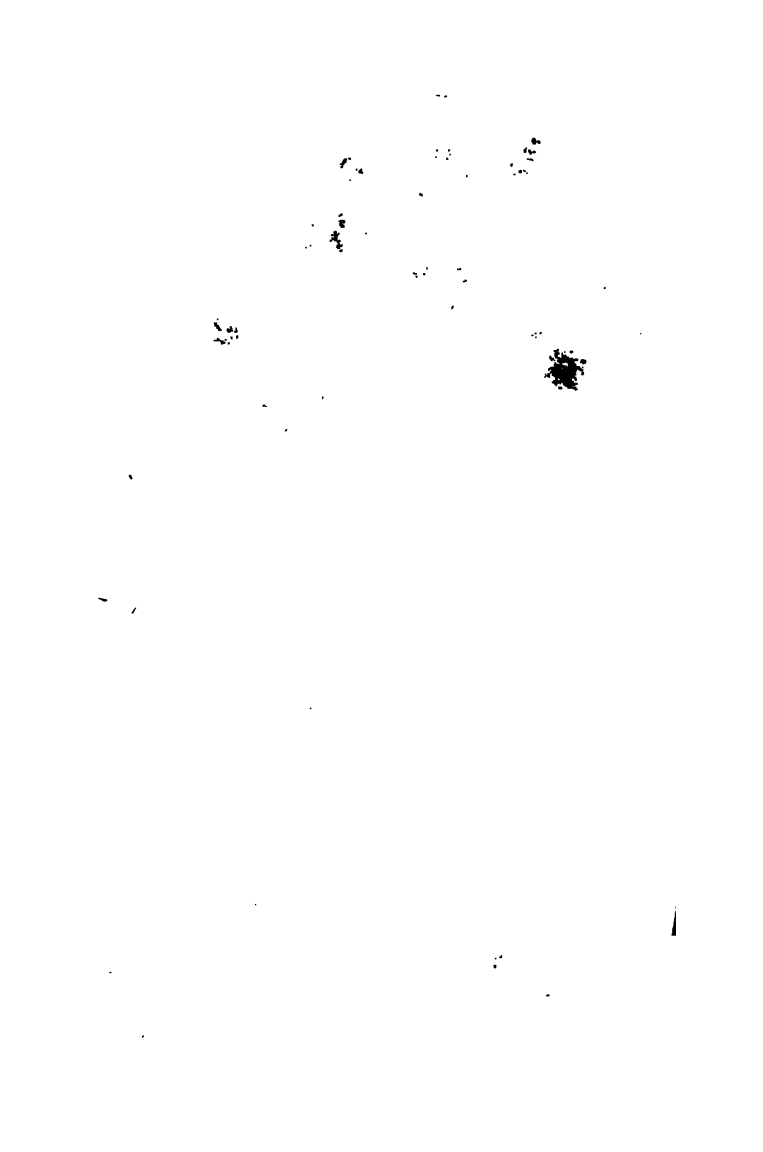
[*Exeunt*]

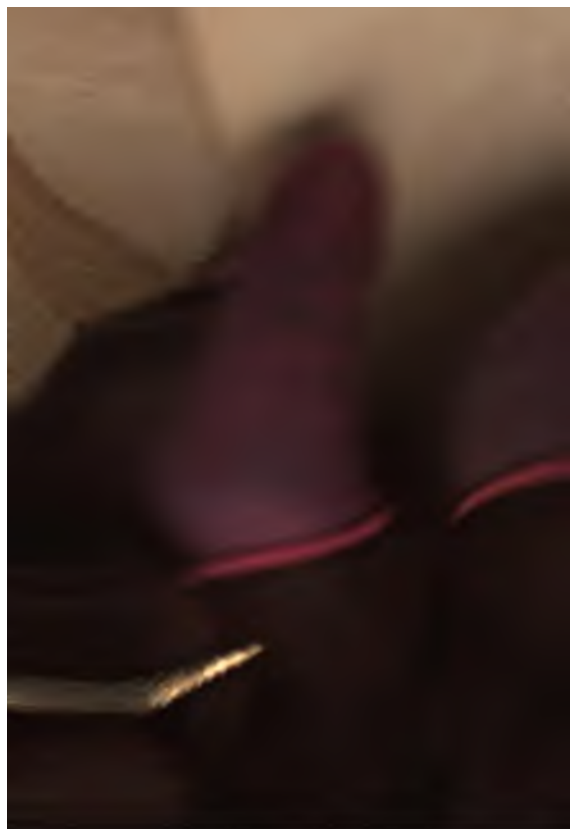
EPILOGUE.

YE modest matrons all, ye virtuous wives,
Who lead with horrid husbands, decent lives;
You, who, for all you are in such a taking,
To see your spouses drinking, gaming, raking,
Yet make a conscience still of cuckold-making;
What can we say your pardon to obtain?
This matter here was prov'd against poor Jane:
She never once deny'd it; but, in short,
Whimper'd—and cry'd—"Sweet Sir, I'm sorry for't."
'Twas well he met a kind, good-natur'd soul,
We are not all so easy to control;
I fancy one might find in this good town,
Some wou'd ha' told the gentleman his own;
Have answer'd smart—"To what do you pretend,
"Blockhead?—As if I must not see a friend:
"Tell me of hackney coaches—Jaunts to th' city—
"Where should I buy my china?—Faith, I'll fit ye"—
Our wife was of a milder, meeker spirit;
You!—lords and masters!—was not that some merit?
Don't you allow it to be virtuous bearing,
When we submit thus to your domineering?
Well, peace be with her, she did wrong most surely;
But so do many more who look demurely.
Nor shou'd our mourning madam weep alone,
There are more ways of wickedness than one.

*If the reforming stage should fall to shaming
Ill-nature, pride, hypocrisy, and gaming;
The poets frequently might move compassion,
And with she-tragedies o'er-run the nation.
Then judge the fair offender with good-nature,
And let your fellow-feeling curb your satire.
What, if our neighbours have some little failing,
Must we needs fall to damning and to railing?
For her excuse too, be it understood,
That if the woman was not quite so good,
Her lover was a king, she flesh and blood.
And since sh' has dearly paid the sinful score,
Be kind at last, and pity poor Jane Shore.*

THE END.









PROLOGUE.

th nobler bards commit,
like th' attentive pit,
he asks advice,
ould not ask it twice.
bid him write—beware!
im to forbear.



Long, Pulp.

Mrs. MERRY as HORATIA.

Pyes, thou dear Pledge, design'd for marriage.

London, Printed for J. Ball British Library, 2nd ed. 1842



1000

1000

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THE ROMAN FATHER.

MR. WHITEHEAD does not disguise his obligations to CORNEILLE; and there are who think it would have been better if they had been even yet more considerable.

But WHITEHEAD was wedded to classic models, and he thought the complexity of the French Intrigue would violate the unity of his subject. The tragedy of CORNEILLE has therefore the most business—yet its scenes are cold and declamatory, and WHITEHEAD, who saw this, could not keep the chill invasion from his own Scenes.

When HENDERSON, as it were shewing a lightning before death, threw into one exclamation in the character of HORATIUS, the true tragic tone of nature and passion, he reached the perfection of the art—For the opportunity he rather made it, than found it. When VALERIA demands.—

What could he do, my lord, when three opposed him? the Actor collected himself, and with an energy of voice and action, that struck the heart like the thunderbolt, piercingly exclaimed, DIE!

The tone vibrates still upon our ear, it was never surpassed, not even by the shriek of Mrs. CRAWFORD's "Was he alive?" Both electrified.

PROLOGUE.

*BRITONS, to-night, in native pomp we
True heroes all, from virtuous ancient Rome
In those far distant times, when Romans kn
The sweets of guarded liberty, like you ;
And, safe from ills which force or faction br
Saw freedom reign beneath the smile of king*

*Yet from such times, and such plain chiefs
What can we frame a polish'd age to please ;
Say, can you listen to the artless woes
Of an old tale, which every school-boy knows
Where to your hearts alone the scenes apply
No merit theirs but pure simplicity.*

*Our bard has play'd a most adventurous
And turn'd upon himself the critic's art :
Stripp'd each luxuriant plume from Fancy's
And torn up similies from vulgar things ;
Nay, ev'n each moral, sentimental stroke,
Where not the character but poet spoke,
He lopp'd as foreign to his chaste design ;
Nor spar'd an useless, tho' a golden line.*

*These are his arts ; if these cannot atone
those nameless errors yet unknown,*

*hunning faults which nobler bards commit,
wants the force to strike th' attentive pit,
ist, and tell him so; he asks advice,
ing to learn, and would not ask it twice.
kind applause may bid him write—beware!
inder censure teach him to forbear.*

Is fix'd for death or conquest? [*He bows.*] To me
Whoever conquers! [*Aside.*] I detain you, sir.
Commend me to my brothers; say, I wish—
But wherefore should I wish? The gods will c
Their virtues with the just success they merit—
Yet let me ask you, sir——

Sold. My duty, lady,
Commands me hence. Ere this they have eng
And conquest's self would lose its charms to m
Should I not share the danger.

*As the Soldier goes out, VALERIA enters, who looks
on him, and then on HORATIA.*

Valeria. My dear Horatia, wherefore wilt
court

The means to be unhappy? Still enquiring,
Still more to be undone. I heard it too;
And flew to find thee, ere the fatal news
Had hurt thy quiet, that thou might'st have lea
From a friend's tongue, and dress'd in gentler te

Horatia. Oh, I am lost, Valeria! lost to virt
Ev'n while my country's fate, the fate of Rome
Hangs on the conqueror's sword, this breast car
A softer passion, and divide its cares.

Alba to me is Rome. Wouldst thou believe it
I would have sent, by him thou saw'st departing
Kind wishes to my brothers; but my tongue
Denied its office, and this rebel heart
Ev'n dreaded their success. Oh, Curiatius!
Why art thou there, or why an enemy?

Valeria. Forbear this self-reproach; he is thy husband,

And who can blame thy fears? If fortune make him
A while thy country's foe, she cannot cancel
Vows register'd above. What tho' the priest
Had not confirm'd it at the sacred altar;
Yet were your hearts united, and that union
Approv'd by each consenting parent's choice.
Your brothers lov'd him as a friend, a brother;
And all the ties of kindred pleaded for him,
And still must plead, whate'er our heroes teach us,
Of patriot-strength. Our country may demand
We should be wretched, and we must obey;
But never can require us not to feel
That we are miserable: nature there
Will give the lie to virtue.

Horatia. True; yet sure
A Roman virgin should be more than woman.
Are we not early taught to mock at pain,
And look on danger with undaunted eyes?
But what are dangers, what the ghastliest form
Of death itself?—Oh, were I only bid
To rush into the Tiber's foaming wave,
“Swol'n with uncommon floods,” or from the height
Of yon Tarpeian rock, whose giddy steep
Has turn'd me pale with horror at the sight,
I'd think the task were nothing! but to bear
These strange vicissitudes of tort'ring pain,
To fear, to doubt, and to despair as I do—

Valeria. And why despair? Have we so idly learn'd

And if then shame may be mine,
Say, shall we thither?—Look not
But answer me. A confidence in
Ev'n in this crisis of our fate, will
Thy troubled soul, and fill thy breast.

Horatia. Talk not of hope; “thou
plain,

“Who hears the victor’s threats,

“Impending o’er him, feels no shame

“Tho’ less delay’d than mine.”
hope?

That Alba conquer?—Curs’d be

Which looks that way! “The
“matrons

“Sound in my ears!”

Valeria. Forbear, forbear, Horatia,
Nor fright me with the thought.

Think on the glorious battles she
Has she once fail’d, though oft she

Protecting gods shall spread their shields around him,
And love shall combat in Horatia's cause.

Horatia. Think'st thou so meanly of him?—No,
Valeria,

His soul's too great to give me such a trial;
Or could it ever come, I think, myself,
Thus lost in love, thus abject as I am,
I should despise the slave who dar'd survive
His country's ruin. Ye immortal powers!
I love his fame too well, his spotless honour,
At least I hope I do, to wish him mine
On any terms which he must blush to own.

Horatius. [*Without.*] What ho! Vindicus.

Horatia. What means that shout?—" Might we
" not ask, Valeria?"

Didst thou not wish me to the temple?—Come,
I will attend thee thither; the kind gods
Perhaps may ease this throbbing heart, and spread
At least a temporary calm within.

Valeria. Alas, Horatia, 'tis not to the temple
That thou wouldst fly; the shout alone alarms thee.
But do not thus anticipate thy fate;
Why shouldst thou learn each chance of varying
war,

" Which takes a thousand turns, and shifts the scene
" From bad to good, as fortune smiles or frowns?"
Stay but an hour perhaps, and thou shalt know
The whole at once.—I'll send—I'll fly myself
To ease thy doubts, and bring thee news of joy.

Horatia. Again, and nearer too—I must attend thee.

Valeria. Hark! 'tis thy father's voice, he comes
cheer thee.

Enter Horatius, and Valerius.

Horatius. [*Entering.*] News from the camp,
child!

Save you, sweet maid! [*Seeing Valeria.*]
Your brother brings the tidings, for, alas!
I am no warrior now; my useless age,
Far from the paths of honour loiters here
In sluggish inactivity at home.
Yet I remember——

Horatia. You'll forgive us, sir,
If with impatience we expect the tidings.

Horatius. I had forgot; the thoughts of what I w
Engross'd my whole attention.—Pray, young soldie
Relate it for me; you beheld the scene,
And can report it justly.

Valerius. Gentle lady,
The scene was piteous, though its end be peace.

Horatia. Peace? O, my fluttering heart! by wh
kind means?

Valerius. 'Twere tedious, lady, and unnecessary
To paint the disposition of the field;
Suffice it, we were arm'd, and front to front
The adverse legions heard the trumpet's sound;
But vain was the alarm, for motionless,
And wrapt in thought they stood; the kindred rank
Had caught each other's eyes, nor dar'd to lift
The fault'ring spear against the breast they lov'd.

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The flight of earth-born kings, w
But tends to lay the face of nature
And blast creation!—How was it
Valerius. As he himself could
transport.

In short, the Roman and the Alb
In council have determin'd, that s
Must have her victims, and each
Aspiring to dominion, scorns to y
From either army shall be chose
To fight the cause alone, and wh
Shall prove superior, there ackno
Shall fix th' imperial seat, and bo
Beneath one common head.

Horatia. Kind Heaven, I thank
Bless'd be the friendly grief that
“ Bless'd be Hostilius for the gen
“ Bless'd be the meeting chiefs!” ar
Which brings the gentle tidings!

Valeria. Now, *Horatia*,
Your idle fears are o'er.

Horatia. Yet one remains.
Who are the champions? Are th
Has Rome——

Valerius. The Roman chiefs no
And ask the presence of the sage

Horatius. [After having seemed
But still, methinks, I li
The Roman cause to such a slend
Three combatants!—'tis dang



fair,
you go,
grateful
all times

,
n.

[*Exit.*
feel his

?

Horatia. [*With some hesitation.*] My
 the sir, you said were well.
 Saw you their noble friends, the Curi
 The truce, perhaps, permitted it.

Valerius. Yes, Lady,
 I left them jocund in your brothers' t
 Like friends, whom envious storms av
 Joying to meet again.

Horatia. Sent they no message ?

Valerius. None, fair-one, but such
 tion

As friends would bring unbid.

Horatia. Said Caius nothing ?

Valerius. Caius ?

Horatia. Ay, Caius ; did he mentio

Valerius. 'Twas slightly, if he did,

now——

O yes, I do remember, when your br
 Ask'd him, in jest, if he had ought to
 " A sigh's soft waftage, or the tender
 " Of tresses breeding to fantastic forr
 To sooth a love-sick maid (your pard
 He smil'd, and cry'd, Glory's the sol
 He smil'd, and cry'd, Glory's the sol

Horatia. Sir, you'll excuse me—so
 portance——

My father may have business——Oh,

[
 Talk to thy brother, know the fatal tr
 I dread to hear, and let me learn to d
 If Curiatius has indeed forgot me.

Valerius. She seems disorder'd !

Valeria. Has she not cause ?

**Can you administer the baneful potion,
And wonder at th' effect ?**

Valerius. You talk in riddles !

Valeria. They're riddles, brother, which your
heart unfolds,

**Though you affect surprise. Was Curiatius
Indeed so cold ? Poor shallow artifice,
The trick of hopeless love ! I saw it plainly.
Yet what could you propose ? An hour's uneasiness
To poor Horatia ; for be sure by that time
She sees him, and your deep-wrought schemes are air.**

Valerius. What could I do ? this peace has ruin'd
me ;

**While war continued, I had gleams of hope ;
Some lucky chance might rid me of my rival,
And time efface his image in her breast.
But me——**

Valeria. Yes, now you must resolve to follow
**Th' advice I gave you first, and root this passion
Entirely from your heart ; for know, she dotes,
Ev'n to distraction dotes on Curiatius ;
And every fear she felt, while danger threaten'd,
Will now endear him more.**

Valerius. Cruel Valeria,
You triumph in my pain !

Valeria. By Heaven, I do not ;
**I only would extirpate every thought
Which gives you pain, nor leave one foolish wish**

For hope to dally with. "When friends are mad,
" 'Tis most unkind to humour their distraction;

"Harsh means are necessary.

"*Valerius*. Yet we first

"Should try the gentler.

"*Valeria*. Did I not? Ye powers!

"Did I not sooth your griefs, indulge your fondness

"While the least prospect of success remain'd?

"Did I not press you still to urge your suit,

"Intreat you daily to declare your passion,

"Seek out unnumber'd opportunities,

"And lay the follies of my sex before you;

"*Valerius*. Alas! thou know'st, *Valeria*, woman
"heart

"Was never won by tales of bleeding love:

" 'Tis by degrees the sly enchanter works

"Assuming friendship's name, and fits the soul

"For soft impressions, ere the fault'ring tongue,

"And guilty-blushing cheek, with many a glance

"Shot inadvertent, tells the secret flame.

"*Valeria*. True, these are arts for those that lo
"at leisure;

"You had no time for tedious stratagem;

"A dang'rous rival press'd, and has succeeded."

Valerius. I own my error—yet once more assist me

Nay, turn not from me, by my soul I meant not

To interrupt their loves.—Yet, should some accident

'Tis not impossible, divide their hearts,

I might, perhaps, have hope: therefore 'till marriage

Cuts off all commerce, and confirms me wretched,

Be it thy task, my sister, with fond stories,
Such as our ties of blood may countenance,
To paint thy brother's worth, his power in arms,
His favour with the king, "but most of all,
"That certain tenderness of soul which steals
"All women's hearts," then mention many a fair,
No matter whom, that sighs to call you sister.

Valeria. Well, well, away—Yet tell me, ere you go,
How did this lover talk of his Horatia?

Valerius. Why will you mention that ungrateful
subject?

Think what you've heard me breathe a thousand times
When my whole soul dissolv'd in tenderness;

'Twas rapture all; what lovers only feel,
Or can express when felt. He had been here,
But sudden orders from the camp detain'd him.
Farewell, Horatius waits me—but remember,
My life, nay, more than life, depends on you. [*Exit.*]

Valeria. Poor youth! he knows not how I feel his
anguish,

Yet dare not seem to pity what I feel.
How shall I act betwixt this friend and brother?
Should she suspect his passion, she may doubt
My friendship too; and yet to tell it her
Were to betray his cause. No, let my heart
With the same blameless caution still proceed;
To each inclining most as most distress;
Be just to both, and leave to Heav'n the rest! [*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Continues. Enter HORATIA and VALERIA.

Horatia.

ALAS, "how easily do we admit
"The thing we wish were true! yet sure," Valer
This seeming negligence of Curiatius
Betrays a secret coldness at the heart.
May not long absence, or the charms of war,
Have damp'd, at least, if not effac'd his passion?
I knew not what to think.

Valeria. Think, my Horatia,
That you're a lover, and have learn'd the art
To raise vain scruples, and torment yourself
With every distant hint of fancied ill.
Your Curiatius still remains the same.
My brother idly trifled with your passion,
Or might, perhaps, unheedingly relate
What you too nearly feel. But see, your father.

Horatia. He seems transported; sure some ha
news
Has brought him back thus early. Oh, my heart
I long, yet dread to ask him. Speak, Valeria.

Enter HORATIUS.

Valeria. You're soon return'd, my lord.

Horatius. Return'd, Valeria!

My life, my youth's return'd, I tread in air!

—I cannot speak ; my joy's too great for utterance.

—Oh, I could weep !—my sons, my sons are chosen

Their country's combatants ; not one, but all !

Horatia. My brothers, said you, sir ?

Horatius. All three, my child,

All three are champions in the cause of Rome.

Oh, happy state of fathers ! thus to feel

New warmth revive, and springing life renew'd

Even on the margin of the grave !

Valeria. The time

Of combat, is it fix'd ?

Horatius. This day, this hour

Perhaps decides our doom.

Valeria. And is it known

With whom they must engage ?

Horatius. Not yet, Valeria ;

But with impatience we expect each moment

The resolutions of the Alban senate.

And soon may they arrive, that ere we quit

Yon hostile field, the chiefs who dar'd oppose

Rome's rising glories, may with shame confess

The gods protect the empire they have rais'd.

Where are thy smiles, Horatia ? Whence proceeds

This sullen silence, when my thronging joys

Want words to speak them ? Pr'ythee, talk of empire,

Talk of those darlings of my soul, thy brothers.

Call them whate'er wild fancy can suggest,

Their country's pride, the boast of future times,

The dear defence, the guardian gods of Rome !—

By Heaven, thou stand'st unmov'd, nor feels
breast

The charms of glory, the extatic warmth
Which beams new life, and lifts us nearer Heaven

Horatia. My gracious father, with surprise
transport

I heard the tidings, as becomes your daughter,
And like your daughter, were our sex allow'd
The noble privilege which man usurps,
Could die with pleasure in my country's cause.
But yet, permit a sister's weakness, sir,
To feel the pangs of nature, and to dread
The fate of those she loves, however glorious,
And sure they cannot all survive a conflict
So desperate as this.

Horatius. Survive! By Heaven,
I could not hope that they should all survive.
No; let them fall. If from their glorious deaths
Rome's freedom spring, I shall be nobly paid
For every sharpest pang the parent feels.
Had I a thousand sons, in such a cause
I could behold them bleeding at my feet,
And thank the gods with tears!

Enter PUBLIUS HORATIUS.

Pub. My father! [Offering to kiss]

Horatius. Hence!

Kneel not to me—stand off; and let me view
At distance, and with reverential awe,
The champion of my country!—Oh, my boy!

That I should live to this—my soul's too full ;
Let this and this speak for me,—Bless thee, bless
thee ! *[Embracing him.]*

But wherefore art thou absent from the camp ?
Where are thy brothers ? Has the Alban state
Determin'd ? Is the time of combat fix'd ?

Pub. Think not, my lord, that filial reverence,
However due, had drawn me from the field,
Where nobler duty calls ; a patriot's soul
Can feel no humbler ties, nor knows the voice
Of kindred, when his country claims his aid.
It was the king's command I should attend you,
Else had I staid 'till wreaths immortal grac'd
My brows, and made thee proud indeed to see
Beneath thy roof, and bending for thy blessing,
Not thine, Horatius, but the son of Rome !

Horatius. Oh, virtuous pride !—'tis bliss too ex-
quisite
For human sense !—thus, let me answer thee.
[Embracing him again.]

Where are my other boys ?

Pub. They only wait
'Till Alba's loit'ring chiefs declare her champions,
Our future victims, sir, and with the news
Will greet their father's ear.

Horatius. It shall not need,
Myself will to the field. Come, let us haste,
My old blood boils, and my tumultuous spirits
Pant for the onset. O, for one short hour
Of vigorous youth, that I might share the toil

Now with my boys, and be the next n

Horatia. My brother!

Pub. My Horatia! ere the dews
Of evening fall, thou shalt with trans
Shalt hold thy country's saviour in thy
Or bathe his honest bier with tears of
Thy lover greets thee, and complains
With many a sigh, and many a longin
Sent tow'rd the towers of Rome.

Horatia. Methinks, a lover
Might take th' advantage of the truce
His kind complaints himself, not trust
To other tongues, or be oblig'd to tel
The passing winds his passion.

Pub. Dearest sister,
He with impatience waits the lucky mo
That may with honour bear him to yo
Didst thou but hear how tenderly he
How blames the dull delay of Alban
And chides the ling'ring minutes as t
'Till fate determines, and the tedious
Permit his absence, thou wouldst pity
But soon, my sister, soon shall every
Which thwarts thy happiness be far av
We are no longer enemies to Alba,
This day unites us, and to-morrow's s
May hear thy vows, and make my frie

Horatius. [*Having talked apart with*
truly Roman.—Here's a maid
Laments her brother lost the glorious

Of dying for his country.—Come, my son,
Her softness will infect thee; prythee, leave her.

Horatia. [*Looking first on her father, and then tenderly
on her brother.*] Not 'till my soul has pour'd
its wishes for him.

Hear me, dread god of war, protect and save him!
[*Kneeling.*]

For thee, and thy immortal Rome, he fights!
Dash the proud spear from every hostile hand
That dare oppose him; may each Alban chief
Fly from his presence, or his vengeance feel!
And when in triumph he returns to Rome, [*Rising.*
Hail him, ye maids, with grateful songs of praise,
And scatter all the blooming spring before him;
Curs'd be the envious brow that smiles not then,
Curs'd be the wretch that wears one mark of sorrow,
Or flies not thus with open arms to greet him.

Enter TULLUS HOSTILIUS, VALERIUS, and Guards.

Valerius. The king, my lord, approaches.

Horatius. Gracious sir,

Whence comes this condescension?

Tullus. Good old man;

Could I have found a nobler messenger,
I would have spar'd myself th' ungrateful task
Of this day's embassy, for much I fear
My news will want a welcome.

Horatius. Mighty king!

Forgive an old man's warmth—They have not sure

Made choice of other combatants!
Must they not fight for Rome?

Tullus. Too sure they must.

Horatius. Then I am blest!

Tullus. But that they must engage
Will hurt thee most, when thou
whom.

Horatius. I care not whom.

Tullus. Suppose your nearest friend
The Curiatii, were the Alban choice
Could you bear that? Could you, yet
A conflict there?

Pub. I could perform my duty,
Great sir, though even a brother should

Tullus. Thou art a Roman! Let
thee.

Horatius. And let thy father call
arms.

Tullus. [To Publius.] Know thou
be thine. The Albans
With envy saw one family produce
Three chiefs, to whom their country
The Roman cause, and scorn'd to

Horatia. Then I am lost indeed;
For this, I pray'd!

Pub. My sister!

Valeria. My Horatia! Oh, support

Horatius. Oh, foolish girl, to share
Here, bear her in.

[Horatia is carried in, Valeria

am concern'd, my sovereign,
That even the meanest part of me should blast
With impious grief a cause of so much glory.
But let the virtue of my boy excuse it.

Tullus. It does most amply. She has cause for
sorrow.

The shock was sudden, and might well alarm
A firmer bosom. "The weak sex demand
Our pity, not our anger; their soft breasts
Are nearer touch'd, and more expos'd to sorrows
Than man's experter sense. Nor let us blame
That tenderness which smooths our rougher na-
tures,

And softens all the joys of social life."
We leave her to her tears. For you, young soldier,
You must prepare for combat. Some few hours
Are all that are allow'd you. But I charge you
Try well your heart, and strengthen every thought
Of patriot in you. Think how dreadful 'tis
To plant a dagger in the breast you love;
To spurn the ties of nature, and forget
In one short hour whole years of virtuous friendship.
Think well on that.

Pub. I do, my gracious sovereign;
And think the more I dare subdue affection,
The more my glory.

Tullus. True; but yet consider,
Is it an easy task to change affections?
In the dread onset can your meeting eyes
Forget their usual intercourse, and wear

And tell me if thy breast be still un-

Pub. Think not, oh, king, how
combat,

I sit so loosely to the bonds of nature
As not to feel their force. I feel it
I love the Curiatii, and would serve
At life's expence : but here a noble
Demands my sword : for all connect
All private duties are subordinate
To what we owe the public. Part
Of son and father, husband, friend
Owe their enjoyments to the public
And without that were vain.—Nor
Cast off humanity, and to be heroes
Cease to be men. As in our earlier
While yet we learn'd the exercise of
We strove together, not as enemies
Yet conscious each of his merit.

Of vulgar heroes, but the firm resolve
Of virtue and of reason. He who thinks
Without their aid to shine in deeds of arms,
Builds on a sandy basis his renown;
A dream, a vapour, or an ague fit
May make a coward of him.—Come, Horatius,
Thy other sons shall meet thee at the camp,
For now I do bethink me, 'tis not fit
They should behold their sister thus alarm'd.
Haste, soldier, and detain them. [*To one of the guards.*]

Horatius. Gracious sir,
We'll follow on the instant.

Tullus. Then farewell.
When next we meet, 'tis Rome and liberty!

[*Exit with guards.*]

Horatius. Come, let me arm thee for the glorious
toil.

I have a sword, whose lightning oft has blaz'd
Dreadfully fatal to my country's foes;
Whose temper'd edge has cleft their haughty crests,
And stain'd with life-blood many a reeking plain.
This shalt thou bear; myself will gird it on,
And lead thee forth to death or victory. [*Going.*]
—And yet, my Publius, shall I own my weakness;
Though I detest the cause from whence they spring,
I feel thy sister's sorrows like a father.
She was my soul's delight.

Pub. And may remain so.
This sudden shock has but alarm'd her virtue,
Not quite subdued its force. At least, my father,

Time's lenient hand will teach her to endure
The ills of chance, and reason conquer love.

Horatius. Should we not see her?

Pub. By no means, my lord;

You heard the king's commands about my brother
And we have hearts as tender sure as they.
Might I advise, you should confine her closely
Lest she infect the matrons with her grief,
And bring a stain we should not wish to fix
On the Horatian name.

Horatius. It shall be so.

We'll think no more of her. 'Tis glory calls,
And humbler passions beat alarms in vain.

As HORATIUS goes off, HORATIA enters at Door.

Horatia. Where is my brother?—Oh, my
Publius,

If e'er you lov'd Horatia, ever felt
That tenderness which you have seem'd to feel
Oh, hear her now!

Pub. What wouldst thou, my Horatia?

Horatia. I know not what I would—I'm on the
Despair and madness tear my lab'ring soul.

—And yet, my brother, sure you might relieve

Pub. How! by what means? By Heaven,
to do it.

Horatia. You might decline the combat.

Pub. Ha!

Horatia. I do not

Expect it from thee. Pr'ythee, look more kindly.

—And yet, is the request so very hard?

I only ask thee not to plunge thy sword

Into the breast thou lov'st, not kill thy friend;

Is that so hard?—I might have said thy brother.

Pub. What canst thou mean? Beware, beware,
Horatia;

Thou know'st I dearly love thee, nay, thou know'st
I love the man with whom I must engage.

Yet hast thou faintly read thy brother's soul,

If thou canst think intreaties have the power,

Though urg'd with all the tenderness of tears,

To shake his settled purpose: they may make

My task more hard, and my soul bleed within me,

But cannot touch my virtue.

Horatia. 'Tis not virtue

Which contradicts our nature, 'tis the rage

Of over-weening pride. Has Rome no champions

She could oppose but you? Are there not thousands

As warm for glory, and as tried in arms,

Who might without a crime aspire to conquest,

Or die with honest fame?

Pub. Away, away!

Talk to thy lover thus. But 'tis not Caius

Thou wouldst have infamous.

Horatia. Oh, kill me not

With such unkind reproaches. Yes, I own

I love him, more——

Pub. Than a chaste Roman maid

Should dare confess.

Horatia. Should dare! What means my brother
I had my father's sanction on my love,
And duty taught me first to feel its power.
—Should dare confess!—Is that the dreadful cry
Alas, but spare him, spare thy friend, Horatius,
And I will cast him from my breast for ever.
Will that oblige thee?—"Only let him die"
"By other hands, and I will learn to hate him."

Pub. Why wilt thou talk thus madly? Love
still!

And if we fall the victims of our country,
(Which Heav'n avert!) wed, and enjoy him free

Horatia. Oh, never, never. What, my country
bane!

The murderer of my brothers! may the gods
First "tear me, blast me, scatter me on winds,
"And" pour out each unheard-of vengeance on

Pub. Do not torment thyself thus idly—Go,
Compose thyself, and be again my sister.

Re-enter HORATIUS, with the Sword.

Horatius. This sword in Veii's field—What
thou here?

Leave him, I charge thee, girl—Come, come
Publius,

Let's haste where duty calls.

Horatia. What! to the field?

He must not, shall not go; here will I hang—
Oh, if you have not quite cast off affection!
you detest not your distracted sister—

Horatius. Shame of thy race, why dost thou hang
upon him ?

Wouldst thou entail eternal infamy
On him, on me, and all ?

Horatia. Indeed I would not,
I know I ask impossibilities ;
Yet pity me, my father !

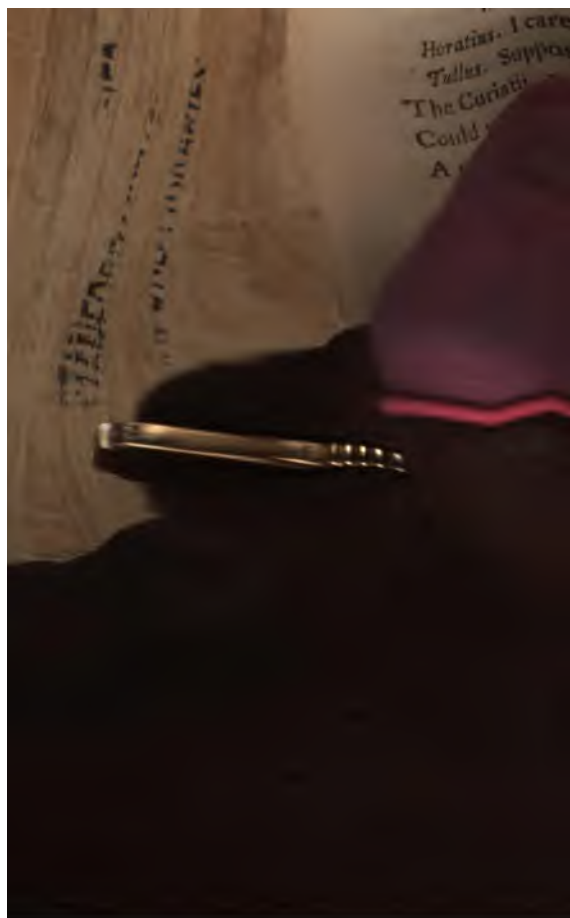
Pub. Pity thee !
Begone, fond wretch, nor urge my temper thus.
By Heaven, I love thee as a brother ought.
Then hear my last resolve ; if Fate, averse
To Rome and us, determine my destruction,
I charge thee wed thy lover ; he will then
Deserve thee nobly. Or, if kinder gods
Propitious hear the prayers of suppliant Rome,
And he should fall by me, I then expect
No weak upbraidings for a lover's death,
But such returns as shall become thy birth,
A sister's thanks for having sav'd her country. [*Exit.*]

Horatia. Yet stay—Yet hear me, Publius—But one
word.

Horatius. Forbear, rash girl, thou'lt tempt thy fa-
ther
To do an outrage might perhaps distract him.

Horatia. Alas, forgive me, sir, I'm very wretched,
Indeed I am—Yet I will strive to stop
This swelling grief, and bear it like your daughter.
Do but forgive me, sir.

Horatius. I do, I do—
Go in, my child, the gods may find a way



Horatius. I care
Tullus. Suppos
The Coriati
Could
A

She seeks th' indulgent friend, whose sober sense,
Free from the mists of passion, might direct
Her jarring thoughts, and plead her doubtful cause.

Valerius. Am I that friend? Oh, did she turn her
thought

On me for that kind office?

Valeria. Yes, Valerius.

She chose you out to be her advocate
To Curiatius; 'tis the only hope
She now dares cherish; her relentless brother
With scorn rejects her tears, her father flies her,
And only you remain to sooth her cares,
And save her ere she sinks.

Valerius. Her advocate
To Curiatius!

Valeria. 'Tis to him she sends you,
To urge her suit, and win him from the field.
But come, her sorrows will more strongly plead
Than all my grief can utter.

Valerius. To my rival!
To Curiatius plead her cause, and teach
My tongue a lesson which my heart abhors!
Impossible! Valeria, pr'ythee say
Thou saw'st me not; the business of the camp
Confin'd me there. Farewell. [Going.]

Valeria. What means my brother?
You cannot leave her now; for shame, turn back;
Is this the virtue of a Roman youth?
Oh, by these tears!——

Valerius. They flow in vain, Valeria:

Nay, and thou know'st they do. Oh, earth and heaven!

This combat was the means my happier stars Found out to save me from the brink of ruin; And can I plead against it, turn assassin On my own life?

Valeria. Yet thou canst murder her Thou dost pretend to love; away, deceiver! I'll seek some worthier messenger to plead In beauty's cause; but first inform Horatia, How much Valerius is the friend she thought him. [Going.]

Valerius. Oh, heavens! stay, sister; 'tis an arduous task.

Valeria. I know the task is hard, and thought knew

Thy virtue too.

Valerius. I must, I will obey thee. Lead on.—Yet pr'ythee, for a moment leave me, 'Till I can recollect my scatter'd thoughts, And dare to be unhappy.

Valeria. My Valerius! I fly to tell her you but wait her pleasure.

Valerius. Yes, I will undertake this hateful or It never can succeed.—Yet at this instant It may be dangerous, while the people melt With fond compassion.—No, it cannot be; His resolution's fix'd, and virtuous pride Forbids an alteration. To attempt it Makes her my friend, and may afford hereafter

A thousand tender hours to move my suit.

That hope determines all.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Another Apartment. Enter HORATIA and VALERIA.

HORATIA with a Scarf in her Hand.

Horatia. Where is thy brother? Wherefore stays
he thus?

Did you conjure him? did he say he'd come?

I have no brothers now, and fly to him

As my last refuge. Did he seem averse

To thy entreaties? Are all brothers so?

'Alas, thou told'st me he spake kindly to thee!

'Tis me, 'tis me he shuns; I am the wretch

Whom virtue dares not make acquaintance with.

'Yet fly to him again, entreat him hither,

'Tell him for thy sake to have pity on me.

'Thou art no enemy to Rome, thou hast

'No Alban husband to claim half thy tears,

'And make humanity a crime."

Valeria. Dear maid,

Restrain your sorrows; I've already told you

My brother will with transport execute

Whatever you command.

Horatia. Oh! wherefore then

Is he away? Each moment now is precious;

If lost, 'tis lost for ever, and if gain'd,

Long scenes of lasting peace, and smiling years
Of happiness unhop'd for wait upon it.

Valeria. I will again go seek him ; pray, be c
Success is thine if it depends on him. [

Horatia. Success ! alas, perhaps even now too
I labour to preserve him ; the dread arm
Of vengeance is already stretch'd against him,
And he must fall. Yet let me strive to save him
Yes, thou dear pledge, design'd for happier hours
[To the

The gift of nuptial love, thou shalt at least
Essay thy power.

Oft as I fram'd thy web,

He sate beside me, and would say in sport,
This present, which thy love designs for me,
Shall be the future bond of peace betwixt us :
By this we'll swear a lasting love, by this,
Through the sweet round of all our days to come
Ask, what thou wilt, and Curiatius grants it.
O I shall try thee nearly now, dear youth ;
Glory and I are rivals for thy heart,
And one must conquer.

Enter VALERIUS and VALERIA.

Valerius. Save you, gracious lady ;
On the first message which my sister sent me
I had been here, but was oblig'd by office,
Ere to their champions each resign'd her charge
To ratify the league 'twixt Rome and Alba.

Horatia. Are they engag'd then ?

Valerius. No, not yet engag'd ;
Soft pity for a while suspend the onset ;
The sight of near relations, arm'd in fight
Against each other, touch'd the gazers hearts ;
And senators on each side have propos'd
To change the combatants.

Horatia. My blessings on them !
Think you they will succeed ?

Valerius. The chiefs themselves
Are resolute to fight.

Horatia. Insatiate virtue !
I must not to the field ; I am confin'd
A prisoner here ; or sure these tears would move
Their flinty breasts.—Is Curatius too
Resolv'd on death ?—O, sir, forgive a maid,
Who dares in spite of modesty confess
Too soft a passion. Will you pardon me,
If I entreat you to the field again,
An humble suitor from the veriest wretch
That ever knew distress.

Valerius. Dear lady, speak !
What would you I should do ?

Horatia. O bear this to him.

Valerius. To whom ?

Horatia. To Curatius bear this scarf :
And tell him, if he ever truly lov'd ;
If all the vows he breath'd were not false lures
To catch th' unwary mind—and sure they were not !
To tell him how he may with honour cease
To urge his cruel right ; the senators

Of Rome and Alba will approve such mil
Tell him his wife, if he will own that nam
Intreats him from the field ; his lost Hora
Begs on her trembling knees he would not
A certain fate, and murder her he loves.
Tell him, if he consents, she fondly swear
By every god the varying world adores,
“ By this dear pledge of vow'd affection,
To know no brothers and no sire but him
With him, if honour's harsh commands r
She'll wander forth, and seek some distan
Nor ever think of Rome or Alba more.

“ *Valeria*. Well, well, he will. Do
thyself.

[*Horatia catches hold of the scarf, wh
upon attentively while Valeria spoke*

“ *Horatia*. Look here, Valeria, where
art

“ Has drawn a Sabine virgin, drown'd in
“ For her lost country, and forsaken frien
“ While by her side the youthful ravisher
“ Looks ardent love, and charms her grie
“ I am that maid distress'd, divided so
“ 'Twixt love and duty. But why rave
“ Haste haste to Curiatius—and yet stay ;
“ Sure I have something more to say to I
“ I know not what it was.”

Valerius. Could I, sweet lady,
But paint your grief with half the force I
I need but tell it him, and he must yield

Horatia. It may be so. Stay, stay ; be sure you tell him,

If he rejects my suit, no power on earth
Shall force me to his arms. I will devise——
I'll die and be reveng'd !

Valeria. Away, my brother !
But, Oh, for pity, do your office justly !

[*Aside to Valerius.*

Let not your passion blind your reason now ;
But urge your cause with ardor.

Valerius. By my soul,
I will, *Valeria.* Her distress alarms me ;
And I have now no interest but hers. [*Exit.*

“ *Valeria.* Come, dearest maid, indulge not thus
your sorrows ;
“ Hope smiles again, and the sad prospect clears.
“ Who knows th' effect your message may produce ?
“ The milder senators ere this perhaps
“ Have mov'd your lover's mind ; and if he doubts,
“ He's yours.”

Horatia. He's gone—I had a thousand things—
And yet I'm glad he's gone. Think you, *Valeria,*
Your brother will delay ?—They may engage
Before he reaches them.

Valeria. The field's so near,
That a few minutes brings him to the place.
“ And 'tis not probable the senators

“ So soon should yield a cause of so much justice.

“ *Horatia.* Alas ! they should have thought on that
before.

" 'Tis now too late. The lion when he's ro
 " Must have his prey, whose den we mi
 pass'd

" In safety while he slept. To draw the sw
 " And fire the youthful warrior's breast to
 " With awful visions of immortal fame,
 " And then to bid him sheath it, and forge
 " He ever hop'd for conquest and renown—
 " Vain, vain attempt !

" *Valeria.* Yet when that just attempt
 " Is seconded by love, and beauty's tears
 " Lend their soft aid to melt the hero down
 " What may we not expect ?

" *Horatia.* My dear Valeria !
 " Fain would I hope I had the power to m
Valeria. My dear Horatia, success is your
Horatia. And yet, should I succeed, the ha
 strife

May chance to rob me of my future peace.
 He may not always with the eyes of love
 Look on that fondness which has stabb'd hi
 He may regret too late the sacrifice
 He made to love, and a fond woman's weak
 And think the milder joys of social life
 But ill repay him for the mighty loss
 Of patriot-reputation !

Valeria. Pray, forbear ;
 And search not thus into eventful time
 For ills to come. " This fatal temper, frie
 " Alive to feel, and curious to explore

“ Each distant object of refin’d distress,
 “ Shuts out all means of happiness, nor leaves it
 “ In fortune’s power to save you from destruction.”
 Like some distemper’d wretch, your wayward mind
 Rejects all nourishment, or turns to gall
 The very balm that should relieve its anguish.
 He will admire thy love, which could persuade him
 To give up glory for the milder triumph
 Of heart-felt ease and soft humanity.

Horatia. I fain would hope so. Yet we hear not of
 him.

Your brother, much I fear, has su’d in vain.
 Could we not send to urge this slow express ?—
 This dread uncertainty! I long to know
 My life or death at once.

“ *Valeria.* The wings of love
 “ Cannot fly faster than my brother’s zeal
 “ Will bear him for your service.

“ *Horatia.* I believe it,
 “ Yet doubt it too. My sickly mind unites
 “ Strange contradictions.”

Valeria. Shall I to the walls ?
 I may from thence with ease survey the field,
 And can dispatch a messenger each moment,
 To tell thee all goes well.

Horatia. My best Valeria !
 Fly then ; “ I know thy heart is there already.”
 Thou art a Roman maid ; and though thy friendship
 Detains thee here with one who scarce deserves
 That sacred name, art anxious for thy country.

ROMAN FATHER.

A distant object of refin'd distress,
 What all means of happiness, nor leaves it
 Crime's power to save you from destruction.
 Some distemper'd wretch, your wayward mind
 And nourishment, or turns to gall
 The balm that should relieve its anguish.
 Love, which could persuade him
 To the milder triumph
 Of soft humanity.
 And hope so. Yet we hear not of

My fear, has staid in vain.
 Urge this slow express;—
 I long to know
 Once.

Angs of love
 Than my brother's zeal
 Your service.

Be it,
 My sickly mind unites
 Tions."

To the walls;
 With ease survey the field,
 Messenger each moment,
 As well.

Valeria!
 Thy heart is there already."
 ; and though thy friendship
 One who scarce deserves
 Anxious for thy country.
 E ij

But yet for charity think kindly of me ;
For thou shalt find by the event, Valeria,
I am a Roman too, however wretched. [*Exit Valeria.*
Am I a Roman then ? Ye powers ! I dare not
Resolve the fatal question I propose.
If dying would suffice, I were a Roman :
But to stand up against this storm of passions,
Transcends a woman's weakness. Hark ! what noise ?
'Tis news from Curiatius !—Love, I thank thee !

Enter a Servant.

Well, does he yield ? Distract me not with silence.
Say, in one word——

Serv. Your father——

Horatia. What of him ?

Would he not let him yield ? Oh, cruel father !

Serv. Madam, he's here——

Horatia. Who ?

Serv. Borne by his attendants.

Horatia. What mean'st thou ?

Enter HORATIUS, led in by his Servants.

Horatius. Lead me yet a little onward ;
I shall recover straight.

Horatia. My gracious sire !

Horatius. Lend me thy arm, Horatia—So—My
child,

Be not surpris'd ; an old man must expect
These little shocks of nature ; they are hints
To warn us of our end.

Horatia. How are you, sir ?

Horatius. Better, much better. My frail body could
not

Support the swelling tumult of my soul.

Horatia. No accident, I hope, alarm'd you, sir !

My brothers——

Horatius. Here, go to the field again,
You, Cautus and Vindicius, and observe
Each circumstance. I shall be glad to hear
The manner of the fight.

Horatia. Are they engag'd ?

Horatius. They are, Horatia. But first let me thank
thee

For staying from the field. I would have seen
The fight myself ; but this unlucky illness
Has forc'd me to retire. Where is thy friend ?

*Enter a Servant, who gives a paper to HORATIA, and
retires.*

What paper's that ? Why dost thou tremble so ?
Here, let me open it. [*Takes the paper and opens it.*]
From Curiatius !

Horatia. Oh, keep me not in this suspense, my
father !

Relieve me from the rack.

Horatius. He tells thee here,
He dare not do an action that would make him
Unworthy of thy love ; and therefore——

Horatia. Dies !——
Well—I am satisfied.

Horatius. I see by this

Thou hast endeavour'd to persuade thy lover
To quit the combat. Couldst thou think, *Horatia*,
He'd sacrifice his country to a woman?

Horatia. I know not what I thought. He proves
too plainly,

Whate'er it was, I was deceiv'd in him
Whom I applied to.

Horatius. Do not think so, daughter;
Could he with honour have declin'd the fight,
I should myself have join'd in thy request,
And forc'd him from the field. But think, my child,
Had he consented, and had *Alba's* cause,
Supported by another arm, been baffled,
What then couldst thou expect? Would he not curse
His foolish love, and hate thee for thy fondness?
Nay, think, perhaps, 'twas artifice in thee
To aggrandize thy race, and lift their fame
Triumphant o'er his ruin and his country's.
Think well on that, and reason must convince thee.

Horatia. [*Wildly.*] Alas I had reason ever yet the
power

To talk down grief, or bid the tortur'd wretch
Not feel his anguish? 'Tis impossible.
Could reason govern, I should now rejoice
They were engag'd, and count the tedious moment
Till conquest smil'd, and *Rome* again was free.
Could reason govern, I should beg of Heaven
To guide my brother's sword, and plunge it de
n in the bosom of the man I love;

I should forget he ever won my soul,
Forget 'twas your command that bade me love him,
Nay, fly perhaps to yon detested field,
And spurn with scorn his mangled body from me.

Horatius. Why wilt thou talk thus? Pry'thee, be
more calm.

I can forgive thy tears; they flow from nature;
And could have gladly wish'd the Alban state
Had found us other enemies to vanquish.
But Heaven has will'd it, and Heaven's will be
done!

The glorious expectation of success
Buys up my soul, nor lets a thought intrude
To dash my promis'd joys! What steady valour
Beams from their eyes: just so, if fancy's power
May form conjecture from his after-age,
Rome's founder must have look'd, when, warm in
youth,

And flush'd with future conquest, forth he march'd
Against proud Acron, with whose bleeding spoils
He grac'd the altar of Feretrian Jove—
Methinks I feel recover'd: I might venture
Forth to the field again. What ho! Volscinius!
Attend me to the camp.

Horatia. My dearest father,
Let me entreat you stay; the tumult there
Will discompose you, and a quick relapse
May prove most dangerous. I'll restrain my tears,
If they offend you.

Horatius. Well, I'll be advis'd.

THE ROMAN FATHER.

Twere now too late; ere this they must have conquer'd.

And here's the happy messenger of glory.

Enter VALERIA.

Valeria. All's lost, all's ruin'd! freedom is no more!

Horatius. What dost thou say?

Valeria. That Rome's subdu'd by Alba.

Horatius. It cannot be. Where are my sons? All dead?

Valeria. Publius is still alive—the other two have paid the fatal debt they ow'd their country.

Horatius. Publius alive! You must mistake, Valeria. He knows his duty better.

Valeria. Thousands as well as I beheld the cor-

After his brother's death he stood alone, and acted wonders against three assailants;

Till forc'd at last to save himself by flight—

Horatius. By flight! And did the soldiers pass?

Oh, I am ill again!—The coward villain!

[Throwing himself into

Horatia. Alas, my brothers!

Horatius. Weep not for them, girl. They've died a death which kings themselves

envy;

And whilst they liv'd they saw their country

Oh, had I perish'd with them!—But for

Whose impious flight dishonours all his

Tears a fond father's heart, and tamely barter
For poor precarious life his country's glory,
Weep, weep for him, and let me join my tears!

Valeria. What could he do, my lord, when three
oppos'd him?

Horatius. Die!

"He might have died. Oh, villain, villain, villain!"
And he shall die; this arm shall sacrifice
The life he dar'd preserve with infamy.

[*Endeavouring to rise.*]

What means this weakness? 'Tis untimely now,
When I should punish an ungrateful boy.
Was this his boasted virtue, which could charm
His cheated sovereign, and brought tears of joy
To my old eyes?—So young a hypocrite!
Oh, shame, shame, shame!

Valeria. Have patience, sir; all Rome
Beheld his valour, and approv'd his flight,
Against such opposition.

Horatius. Tell not me!

What's Rome to me? Rome may excuse her traitor;
But I'm the guardian of my house's honour,
And I will punish. Pray ye, lead me forth;
I would have air. But grant me strength, kind gods,
To do this act of justice, and I'll own,

Whate'er 'gainst Rome your awful wills decree,

You still are just and merciful to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in HORATIUS's House. Enter HORATIUS,
VALERIA following.

Horatius.

Away, away!—I feel my strength renew'd,
And I will hunt the villain thro' the world:
No deserts shall conceal, nor darkness hide him.
He is well skill'd in flight; but he shall find
'Tis not so easy to elude the vengeance
Of a wrong'd father's arm, as to escape
His adversary's sword.

Valeria. Restrain your rage
But for a moment, sir. When you shall hear
The whole unravell'd, you will find he's innocent.

Horatius. It cannot be.

Valeria. And see, my brother comes.
He may perhaps relate——

Horatius. I will not hear him;
I will not listen to my shame again.

Enter VALERIUS.

Valerius. I come with kind condolance
king,

To sooth a father's grief, and to express—

Horatius. I've heard it all; I pray you
blushes.

I want not consolation ; 'tis enough
They perish'd for their country. But the third——

Valerius. True, he indeed may well supply your loss,
And calls for all your fondness.

Horatius. All my vengeance :
And he shall have it, sir.

“*Valerius.* What means my lord ?
“Are you alone displeas'd with what he has done ?

“*Horatius.* 'Tis I alone, I find, must punish it.”

Valerius. Vengeance !

“Punish,” my lord ! What fault has he committed ?

Horatius. Why will you double my confusion thus ?
Is flight no fault ?

Valerius. In such a cause as his
'Twas glorious.

Horatius. Glorious ! Oh, rare sophistry !
To find a way through infamy to glory !

Valerius. I scarce can trust my senses—Infamy !
What, was it infamous to save his country ?
Is art a crime ? Is it the name of flight
We can't forgive, though it's ador'd effect
Restor'd us all to freedom, fame, and empire ?

Horatius. What fame, what freedom ? Who has
sav'd his country ?

Valerius. Your son, my lord, has done it.

Horatius. How, when, where ?

Valerius. Is't possible ! Did not you say you knew ?

Horatius. I care not what I knew—Oh, tell me all !
Is Rome still free ?—Has Alba ?—Has my son ?——
Tell me——

Horatius. Oh, let me clasp thee t
Were there not three remaining ?

Valerius. True, there were ;
But wounded all.

Horatius. Your sister here had t
That Rome was vanquis'd, that m

Valerius. And he did fly ; but 't
serv'd us.

All Rome as well as she has been d

Horatius. Let me again embrace
late it.

Did I not say, Valeria, that my boy
Must needs be dead, or Rome vict
I long to hear the manner—Well,

Valerius. Your other sons, my lord
They ow'd to Rome, and he alone
'Gainst three opponents, whose uni
Tho' wounded each, and robb'd of
Was still too great for his. A whi

Nor did the first, till 'twas too late, perceive
His fainter brothers panting far behind.

Horatius. He took them singly then? An easy conquest;

'Twas boy's play only.

Valerius. Never did I see
Such universal joy, as when the last
Sunk on the ground beneath Horatius' sword;
Who seem'd a while to parley as a friend,
And would have given him life, but Caius scorn'd it.

Valeria. Caius! Oh, poor Horatia!

Horatius. Peace, I charge thee.
Go, dress thy face in smiles, and bid thy friend
Wake to new transports. Let ambition fire her.
What is a lover lost? There's not a youth
In Rome but will adore her. Kings will seek
For her alliance now, and mightiest chiefs
Be honour'd by her smiles. Will they not, youth?

[*Exit Valeria.*]

Valerius. Most sure, my lord, this day has added
worth

To her whose merit was before unequall'd.

Horatius. How could I doubt his virtue!—Mighty
gods!

This is true glory, to preserve his country,
And bid, by one brave act, the Horatian name
In fame's eternal volumes be enroll'd.

“ Methinks already I behold his triumph.

“ Rome gazes on him like a second founder;

“ The wond'ring eye of childhood views with awe

"The virtue I suspected!"—Grac
Where is he?—Let me fly, and at h
Forget the father, and implore a pa
For such injustice.

Valerius. "You may soon, my lo
"In his embraces lose the fond rem
"Of your mist-ken rage." The ki
Hes from the field dispatch'd him;
"Till he could send him home with
nouns

"Of scatter'd wreaths, and gratefu
"For till to-morrow he postpones t
"Of solemn thanks, and sacrifice to
"For liberty restor'd." But hark
Which sounds from far, and seems t
Of thousands, speaks him onward o

Heratius. How my heart dances
meet him.

Shall be obey'd ; and I will meet the conqueror,
But not in smiles.

Valerius. Oh, go not, gentle lady !
Might I advise——

Valeria. Your griefs are yet too fresh,
And may offend him. Do not, my Horatia.

Valerius. Indeed 'twere better to avoid his presence ;
It will revive your sorrows, and recall——

Horatia. Sir, when I saw you last I was a woman,
The fool of nature, a fond prey to grief,
Made up of sighs and tears. But now my soul
Disdains the very thought of what I was ;
'Tis grown too callous to be mov'd with toys.
Observe me well ; am I not nobly chang'd ?
From my sad eyes, or heaves my breast one groan ?
No : for I doubt no longer. 'Tis not grief,
'Tis resolution now, and fix'd despair.

Valeria. My dear Horatia, you strike terrors thro'
me ;
What dreadful purpose hast thou form'd ? Oh, speak !

Valerius. “ Talk gently to her.”—Hear me yet,
sweet lady.

You must not go ; whatever you resolve,
There is a sight will pierce you to the soul.

Horatia. What sight ?

Valerius. Alas, I should be glad to hide it ;
But it is——

Horatia. What ?

Valerius. Your brother wears in triumph
The very scarf I bore to Curiatius.

Horatia. [Wildly.] Ye gods, I thank ye! 'tis with joy I hear it.

If I should falter now, that sight would rouse
My drooping rage, and swell the tempest louder.
—But soft; they may prevent me; my wild passion
Betrays my purpose.—I'll dissemble with them.

[*She sits down.*]

Valerius. She softens now.

Valeria. How do you, my *Horatia*?

Horatia. Alas, my friend, 'tis madness which I
utter—

Since you persuade me then, I will not go.

But leave me to myself; I would sit here;

Alone in silent sadness pour my tears,

And meditate on my unheard-of woes.

Valerius. [To *Valeria*.] 'Twere well to humour
this. But may she not,

If left alone, do outrage on herself.

Valeria. I have prevented that; she has not near her
One instrument of death.

Valerius. Retire we then.

“But, Oh, not far, for now I feel my soul

“Still more perplex'd with love. Who knows, *Valeria*,

“But when this storm of grief has blown its fill,

“She may glow calm, and listen to my vows.”

[*Excunt Valerius and Valeria.*]

After a short Silence, HORATIA rises, and comes forward.

Horatia. Yes, they are gone; and now be firm, my
soul!

This way I can elude their search. The heart,
Which dotes like mine, must break to be at ease.
Just now I thought, had Curiatius liv'd,
I could have driven him from my breast for ever.
But death has cancell'd all my wrongs at once.
— They were not wrongs; 'twas virtue which un-
did us,
And virtue shall unite us in the grave.
I heard them say, as they departed hence,
That they had robb'd me of all means of death.
Vain thought! they knew not half Horatia's purpose.
Be resolute, my brother; let no weak
Unmanly fondness mingle with thy virtue,
And I will touch thee nearly. Oh, come on,
'Tis thou alone canst give Horatia peace. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Street of Rome. Chorus of Youths and Virgins singing
and scattering Branches of Oak, Flowers, &c. Then
enters HORATIUS, leaning on the Arm of PUBLIUS
HORATIUS.*

CHORUS.

THUS, for freedom nobly won,
Rome her hasty tribute pours;
And on one victorious son
Half exhausts her blooming stores.

THE ROMAN FATHER,

Horatia. [Wildly.] Ye gods, I should
joy I hear it.
I should falter now, that sigh
y drooping rage, and swell the
But soft; they may prevent me
betrays my purpose. — I'll dissuade

Valerius. She softens now.
Valeria. How do you, my Ho-

Horatia. Alas, my friend,

le me then,
myself; I

adness pa-
on my unh-

To Valer-
But me-

ends. — You must permit

Not but my soul,
 charms of praise :
 when the mind
 with honest pride
 to its music.

to sustain'd require
 and every sense

Let me leave you, friends ;
 and would be private now :
 meet your kind attendance
 and waft our thanks to Heaven.

Exit off. HORATIA rushes in.

Is this mighty chief ?

Daughter's voice !

She has forgot her sorrows,

My child

My child

My child

nobly soars

the inapious title ;

ack my husband,

Curiatius !

antry.

But thou must triumph in thy guilt, and wear
His bleeding spoils !—Oh, let me tear them from th
Drink the dear drops that issu'd from his wounds
More dear to me than the whole tide that swells
With impious pride a hostile brother's heart.

Horatia. Am I awake, or is it all illusion !
Was it for this thou cam'st ?

Pub. *Horatia*, bear me,
Yet I am calm, and can forgive thy folly ;
Would I could call it by no harsher name.
But do not tempt me farther. Go, my sister,
Go hide thee from the world, nor let a Roman
Know with what insolence thou dar'st avow
Thy infamy, or what is more, my shame,
How tamely I forgave it.—Go, *Horatia*.

Horatia. I will not go.—What, have I touch'd t
then ?

And canst thou feel ?—Oh, think not thou shalt
Thy share of anguish. I'll pursue thee still,
“ Urge thee all day with thy unnatural crimes,
“ Tear, harrow up thy breast ; and then at night
I'll be the fury that shall haunt thy dreams ;
Wake thee with shrieks, and place before thy sig
Thy mangled friends in all their pomp of horror.

Pub. Away with her ! 'tis womanish complaint
Think'st thou such trifles can alarm the man
Whose noblest passion is his country's love ?
“ —Let it be thine, and learn to bear affliction.”

Horatia. Curse on my country's love, the trid
teach us

ake us slaves beneath the mask of virtue ;
b us of each soft endearing sense,
iolate the first great law within us,
n the impious passion.

i. Have a care ;

'st touch'd a string which may awake my ven-
geance.

ratia. [*Aside.*] Then it shall "do it."

b. Oh, if thou dar'st prophane
sacred tie which winds about my heart,
eaven I swear, by the great gods who rule
fate of empires, 'tis not this fond weakness
h hangs upon me, and retards my justice,
ven thy sex, which shall protect thee from me.

[*Clapping his hand on his sword.*]

ratius. Drag her away—thou'lt make me curse
thee, girl——

ed she's mad.

[*To Publius,*]

ratia. Stand off, I am not mad——

draw thy sword ; I do defy thee, murderer,
arian, Roman !——Mad ! The name of Rome
es madmen of you all ; my curses on it,
o detest its impious policy."

rise, ye states (Oh, that my voice could fire
tardy wrath !) confound its selfish greatness,
its proud walls, and lay its towers in ashes !

b. I'll bear no more—— [*Drawing his sword,*]

ratius. Distraction !—Force her off——

ratia. [*Struggling.*] Could I but prove the Helea

This curs'd unsocial state, I'd die with transport:
Gaze on the spreading fires—'till the last pile
Sunk in the blaze—then mingle with its ruins.

Pub. Thou shalt not live to that. [*Exit after he*
Thus perish all the enemies of Rome. [*Withou*

Re-enter VALERIUS.

Valerius. Oh, horror! horror! execrable act;
If there be law in Rome; if there be justice,
By Rome, and all its gods, thou shalt not 'scape. [*Exi*

Re-enter PUBLIUS, followed by HORATIA wounded.

Horatia. Now thou'st indeed been kind, and I for
give you

The death of Curiatius; this last blow
Has cancell'd all, and thou'rt again my brother.

Horatius. Heavens! what a sight!
A daughter bleeding by a brother's hand!
My child! my child!

Horatia. What means this tenderness? I thou
to see you

Inflam'd with rage against a worthless wretch
Who has dishonour'd your illustrious race,
And stain'd its brightest fame: in pity look not
Thus kindly on me, for I have injur'd you.

Horatius. Thou hast not, girl;
I said 'twas madness, but he would not hear me.

Horatia. Oh, wrong him not; his act was
justice,
Forc'd him to the deed; for know, my father

It was not madness, but the firm result
Of settled reason, and deliberate thought.
I was resolv'd on death, and witness, Heaven,
I'd not have died by any hand but his,
For the whole round of fame his worth shall boast
Through future ages.

Horatius. What hast thou said? Wert thou so bent
on death?

Was all thy rage dissembled?

Horatia. Alas, my father!

All but my love was false; what that inspir'd
I utter'd freely.

But for the rest, the curses which I pour'd
On heaven-defended Rome, were merely lures
To tempt his rage, and perfect my destruction.
Heaven! with what transport I beheld him mov'd!
How my heart leap'd to meet the welcome point,
Stain'd with the life-blood of my Curiatius,
Cementing thus our union ev'n in death.

Pub. My sister live! I charge thee live, Horatia!
Oh, thou hast planted daggers here.

Horatia. My brother!

Can you forgive me too! then I am happy.
I dar'd not hope for that? Ye gentle ghosts
That rove Elysium, hear the sacred sound!
My father and my brother both forgive me!
I have again their sanction on my love.
Oh, let me hasten to those happier climes,
Where, unmolested, we may share our joys,
Nor Rome, nor Alba, shall disturb us more. [Exit.

Horatius. 'Tis gone, the prop, the comfort of my age.

Let me reflect; this morn I had three children,
No happier father hail'd the sun's uprising:
Now, I have none, for, Publius, thou must die:
Blood calls for blood—to expiate one parricide,
Justice demands another—Art thou ready?

Pub. Strike! 'tis the consummation of my wishes
To die, and by your hand.

Horatius. Oh, blind old man!
Wouldst thou lift up thy sacrilegious hand
Against the chief, the god that sav'd thy country?
There's something in that face that awes my soul,
Like a divinity. Hence, thou vile weapon,
Disgrace my hand no more.
[*A cry without.*] Justice! Justice!
What noise is that?

Enter VOLSCINIUS.

Vols. All Rome, my lord, has taken the alarm, and
crowds
Of citizens enrag'd, are posting hither,
To call for justice on the head of Publius.

Horatius. Ungrateful men! how dare they? Let
them come.

Enter TULLUS, VALERIUS, and Citizens.

Valerius. See, fellow-citizens, see where she lies,
The bleeding victim.

Tullus. Stop, unmanner'd youth!

think'st thou we know not wherefore we are here ?
test thou yon drooping sire ?

Horatius. Permit them, sir.

Tullus. What would you, Romans ?

Valerius. We are come, dread sir,
the behalf of murder'd innocence ;
murder'd by him, the man——

Horatius. Whose conquering arm
has sav'd you all from ruin. Oh, shame ! shame !
as Rome no gratitude ? Do ye not blush
to think whom your insatiate rage pursues ?
own, down, and worship him.

1st Citizen. Does he plead for him ?

2d Citizen. Does he forgive his daughter's death ?

Horatius. He does,

and glories in it, glories in the thought
that there's one Roman left who dares be grateful ;
you are wrong'd, then what am I ? Must I
be taught my duty by th' affected tears
of strangers to my blood ? Had I been wrong'd,
know a father's right, and had not ask'd
his ready-talking sir to bellow for me,
and mouth my wrongs in Rome.

Valerius. Friends, countrymen, regard not what he
says ;

stop, stop your ears, nor hear a frantic father
thus plead against his child.

Horatius. He does belie me.

That child have I ? Alas ! I have but one !
and him you would tear from me.

All Citizens. Hear him ! hear him !

Pub. No ; let me speak. Think'st thou, ungrateful youth,

To hurt my quiet ? I am hurt beyond
Thy power to harm me. Death's extremest tortures
Were happiness to what I feel. Yet know,
My injur'd honour bids me live ; nay, more,
It bids me even descend to plead for life.
But wherefore waste I words ? 'Tis not to him,
But you, my countrymen, to you, I speak ;
He lov'd the maid.

1st Citizen. How I lov'd her !

Pub. Fondly lov'd her ;

And, under shew of public justice, screens
A private passion, and a mean revenge.
Think you I lov'd her not ? High Heaven's my witness

How tenderly I lov'd her ; and the pangs
I feel this moment, could you see my heart,
'Twould prove too plainly I am still her brother.

1st Citizen. He shall be sav'd.

Valerius has misled us.

All Citizens. Save him ! save him !

Tullus. If yet a doubt remains,
Behold that virtuous father, who could boast
This very morn, a numerous progeny,
The dear supports of his declining age ;
Then read the sad reverse with pitying eyes,
And tell your conscious hearts they fell for you.

Horatius. I am o'expaid by that, nor claim I ou

On their accounts ; by high Heaven, I swear,
I'd rather see him added to the heap,
Than Rome enslav'd.

ist. Citizen. Oh, excellent Horatius !

All Citizens. Save him ! save him !

Tullus. Then I pronounce him free. And now,
Horatius,

The evening of thy stormy day at last
Shall close in peace. Here, take him to thy breast.

Horatius. My son, my conqueror ! 'twas a fatal
stroke,

But shall not wound our peace. This kind embrace
Shall spread a sweet oblivion o'er our sorrows ;

Or, if in after times, though 'tis not long
That I shall trouble you, some sad remembrance,
Should steal a sigh, and peevish age forget

Its resolution, only boldly say

Thou sav'dst the state, and I'll intreat forgiveness.

I. O ye Romans, on how sure a base

Is his happiness ;

Whom in endless round succeed,

When our children bleed ;

Must that hero prove,

Whose passion, is his country's love.

[Exeunt omnes.]

EPILOGUE.

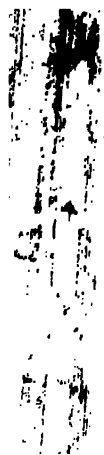
*LADIES, by me our courteous author sends
His compliments to all his female friends,
And thanks them from his soul for every bright
Indulgent tear which they have shed to-night.
Sorrow in virtue's cause proclaims a mind,
And gives to beauty graces more refin'd.
Oh, who could bear the loveliest form of art,
A cherub's face, without a feeling heart!
'Tis there alone, whatever charms we boast,
'Though men may flatter, and though men may toast,
'Tis there alone they find the joy sincere,
The wife, the parent, and the friend are there.
All else, the veriest rakes themselves must own,
Are but the paltry play-things of the town;
The painted clouds, which glittering tempt the chase
Then melt in air, and mock the vain embrace.
Well then; the private virtues, 'tis confess,
Are the soft inmates of the female breast.
But then, they fill so full that crouded space,
That the poor public seldom finds a place.
And I suspect there's many a fair-one here,
Who pour'd her sorrows on Horatia's bier;
That still retains so much of flesh and blood,
She'd fairly hang the brother, if she could.*

7

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